THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustra… …n
Founded A° D° 17…

Volume 196, Number 39

MARCH 28, 1925

5c. the Copy

Henry C. Rowland
Garet Garrett—Ben Ames Williams—Freeman Tilden—C. D. Williams
Kenneth L. Roberts—Maude Parker Child—Grace Sartwell Mason

Sliced PEACHES

Have them now!

And why not?

Under the DEL MONTE label you will find Sliced Peaches as delicious and tempting as though you had just brought them in from the orchard.

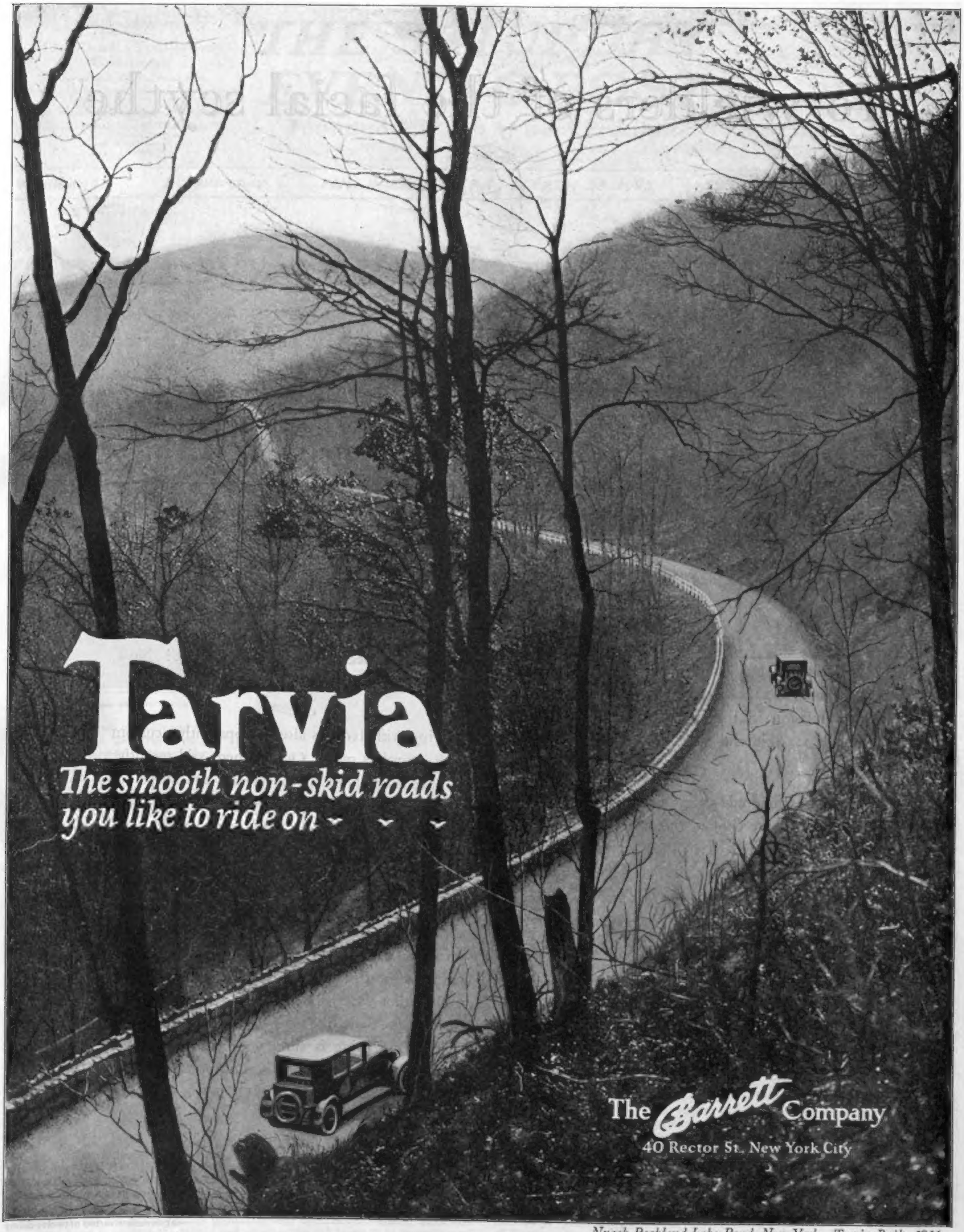
But they have one advantage over even the choicest fresh summer fruit. They're all prepared and sliced for you—ready for instant service whenever you want them.

That's why they're so convenient in many simple, every-day dishes—for instance, with ice cream, on left-over cake, in bread pudding, or in peach pie.

Only—no matter how you serve them—be sure to get them at their best. Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE—and make certain of the uniform high quality which this label always guarantees.

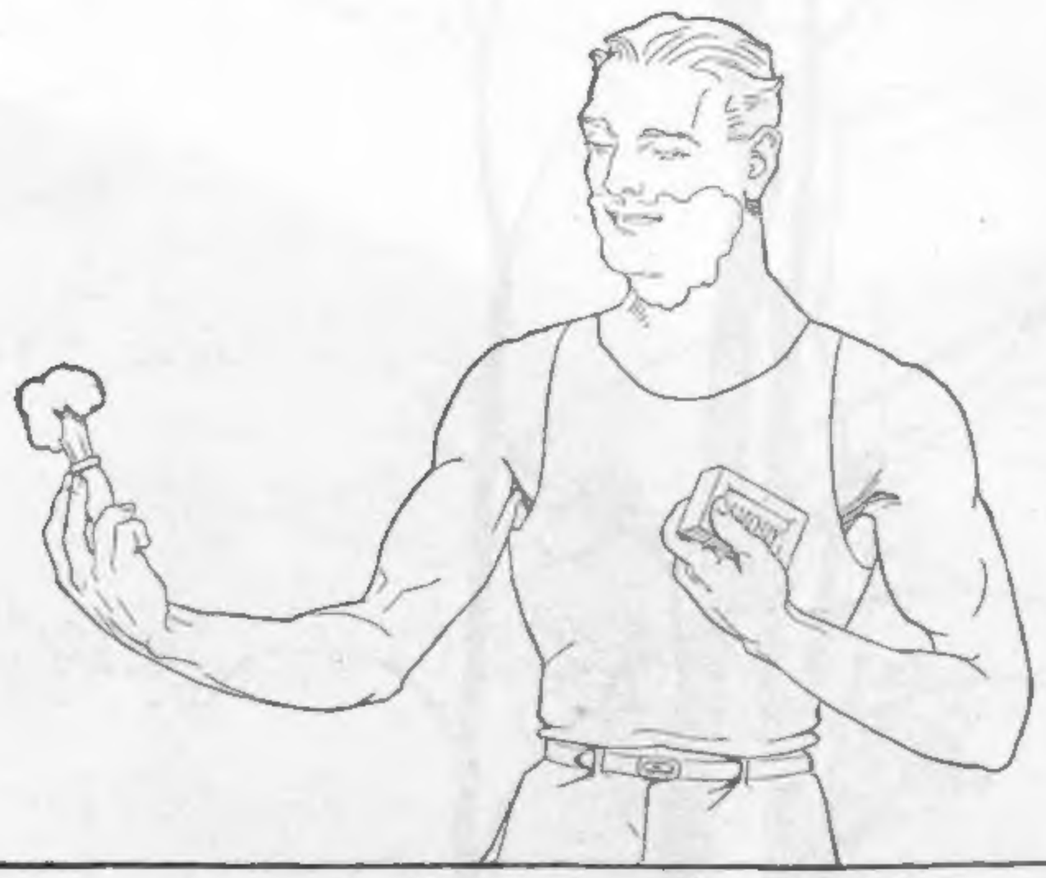
~but be sure you say

DEL MONTE



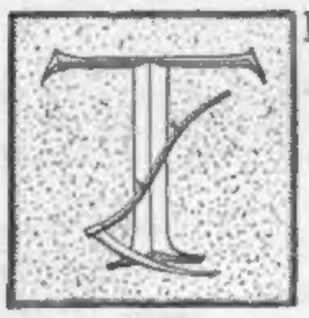
Nyack-Rockland Lake Road, New York. Tarvia-Built, 1916.

To wielders of the facial scythe



Otho Cushing

Gentlemen:



THIS advertisement is a forced move—a desperate gesture of defense. Out of charitable consideration for the Ivory cakes which are already called upon to perform such a multiplicity of duties, we have hesitated to appoint them an unofficial reparations commission in the daily struggle of Brush and Blade vs. Skin and Stubble.

But the hundreds of accusing letters from you men that have choked our mail bags during the past year compel us, in sheer self-justification, to address to you this public reply:

"Yes, we do know that you can
get a grand shave with Ivory"

We contemplate the effect of this insidious announcement with apprehension. We see the millions of men who meet Ivory every morning in tub and washbowl all seize their beautiful white cakes with an exultant cry of sinister joy: "Aha! So you've been holding out on me! All these years you've been idling on the job here, doing nothing but bathing me and my family, shampooing us, washing our faces and hands and clothes, and heaven knows what else, when you might have been helping me to shave! Now, darn you, get to work!"

Shaving with Ivory is already apparently a custom with countless men. One of them said recently: "I have tried about all the creams and soaps advertised; but not one of them, as a gift, could now find a place on the bathroom shelf so long as Old Reliable is obtainable."

Experts in the art tell us that with an average stubble, one need merely wet the face, rub Ivory on thick, and shave; while with a really tough crop, the best plan is to use Ivory like a shaving stick, lather well with the brush and then cleave through the foam like a cup-defender on the home tack. One thing is sure, your skin will never mourn its loss—Ivory is as soothing as a love-pat.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE IT FLOATS

WIVES who desire to preserve their own personal cakes of Ivory from the rigors of manhandling should have a private supply of Guest Ivory—a convenient carton of twelve dainty cakes.

© 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

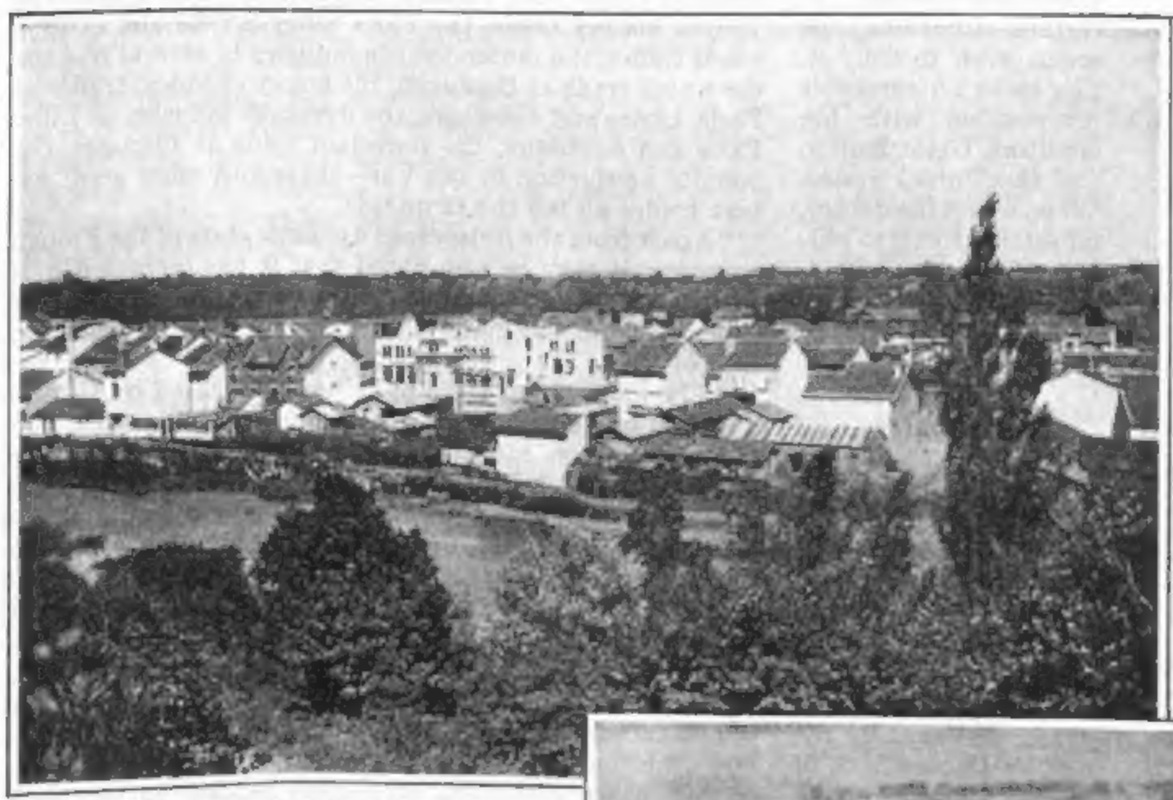
Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain,
Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

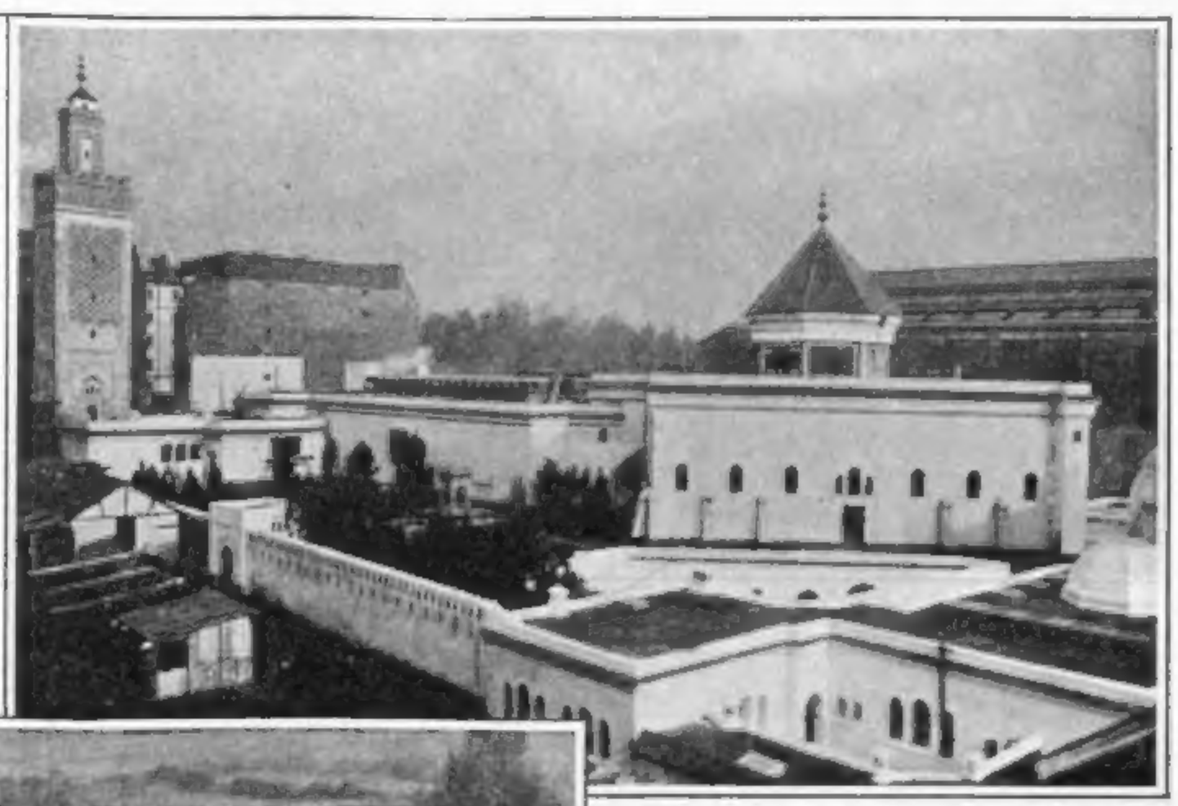
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 197 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., MARCH 28, 1925 — $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription — Number 39

France Mends Her Stocking With Magic Thread—By Garet Garrett



Varennes as it is Today



The Mosque on the Bank of the Seine

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS, PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY

Varennes as the American Forces First Saw It. This is Where They Started in the Argonne

ON THE state of visible and audible facts, the French people, who idolize reason, are suddenly very difficult to comprehend. What controls them is an event of the mind. It is not an idea; they seem unconscious of it. From this arises the complex probability that they do not comprehend themselves.

The three principal physical facts are these:

First, since the war, their ancient power of agriculture has declined. Yet one would have expected this to be the first power restored by all means.

Second, since the war, their industrial power has increased. It is now greater than ever before.

Third, the apparent economic prosperity of France is the first wonder of Europe.

It cannot be that the decline of French agriculture is owing to the scars of war. The scars are deep. Emotionally and politically, they are deep. Physically, as touching the product of the fields, they are not extensive.

The dead—how little room they take! Here and there a few acres of wooden crosses, weather-graying, so thickly planted arm to arm that they seem to be supporting one another. In the quiet pastoral landscape a rusty tank, lying where and as the sudden end was, holding still its clumsy gesture. They have plowed around it, for that was easier than to bury it. Of the trenches, soft, blurred traces only, grasses running into them.

Is it the loss of man power, perhaps, that hinders agriculture? If that were so, industry had been bound to suffer from the same cause—even more. This has not happened. No; the reason is that since the war, the drudgery of agriculture has been less esteemed. The cities are brighter, richer, more alluring. Industry offers higher wages and shorter hours. Hence the urban drift, which the state views with dismay and knows not how to check. With one hand it makes grants of credit for urban housing schemes so that the increasing city population may be more comfortable, while with the other hand it untaxes the farmer and employs the public credit to promote rural electrification works, thinking to make country life more attractive by providing it with light, power and labor-saving devices.

Nevertheless it is clear that France, hitherto potentially self-sustaining in food, with a precious economic equilibrium between industry and agriculture, has set her feet in a new road. If she pursues it, then more and more, like England, she will buy her food, exchanging for it the products of her fabricating skill and artistry.

It is the immemorial way of empire, already old in the time of ancient Greece.

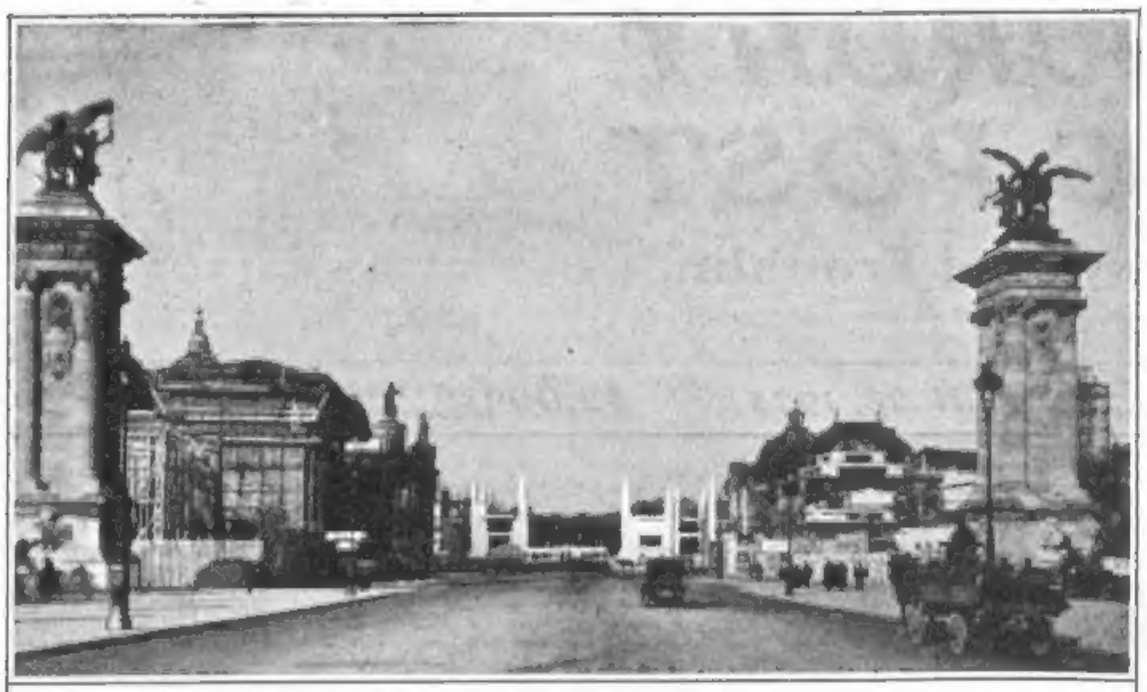
Meanwhile, of course, the price of bread is rising, to everybody's wonder, and the French parliament, in the silly way of parliaments, votes 100,000,000 francs to make the price behave.

The food imports of France now are greater than before the war, amounting to nearly 4,500,000 tons annually; her exports are correspondingly greater of such things as wines, perfumes, soaps, silks, cotton and woolen textiles, styles, baubles and metallurgical products. Before the war 54 per cent of her population was rural; now it is less than 49 per cent, and falling.

Thus a change is taking place at the base of the structure. The consequences may be momentous. Another great nation added to the list of those that keep their stomachs away from home, drawing sustenance from afar through umbilical commercial cords, and having for that reason vital trade routes to protect at any cost.

Why? Was it intended? Does a nation cast lightly aside the economical and political security represented by the power to produce its own food?

A similar change took place long ago in the economic structure of Great Britain, then later in that of Germany and that of Japan; but in all three of these cases for the same reason—namely, increase of the population beyond the limits of its own food supply. No such necessity has appeared in France. Her native population is stationary. Since the war she has been importing population from the other countries of Europe. Nor had she the incentive to industrialize herself that operated in the



The Court of Honor, 1925 Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts

A New Concrete Stand at the Auteuil Race Course

A Footbridge Across the Seine, for Visitors to the Exposition

Cutting a New Boulevard Through the Grand Boulevards

Demolishing the Old Ramparts to Make Room for New Dwellings

United States—namely, that of increasing the urban population in order that the country might be able to consume its own surplus of food. She had no such surplus of food. She did have what was rare in the world—an equilibrium, as has been said, between agriculture and industry; and she now presents the enigma of having spent enormous sums of capital to upset it, perhaps as shall appear to destroy it forever.

Yet there is that dazzling result indicated in the premise of apparent facts. Her economic prosperity in these last two or three years has been the great rumor of the Old World. She herself says as little about it as possible. In certain situations, she seems even to deny it. She seeks an agreeable composition with her creditors, Great Britain and the United States. When was it the debtor, on setting forth to parley with his creditor, anointed himself with optimism and arrayed his person in silks?

Revival

BUT take it from the British. They watch these things much more attentively than we do and they know whereof they see. A Report on the Economic Conditions in France, 224 pages, prepared by the British Department of Overseas Trade, revised to June 30, 1924, and printed by His Majesty's Stationery Office in London, begins as follows:

"The brilliant economic revival that ensued in the early months of 1922 has yet suffered no eclipse. . . . The reconstruction of the devastated areas has been vastly accelerated, and for all practical purposes of industrial output it may be said to be terminated. The output of the damaged or destroyed mines will soon exceed the prewar figure." This has happened. "Not only have their general plant, coal-getting equipment and power stations been immensely improved, but the efficiency of the industry has made immense strides by the increased or new provision for all manner of by-products. In particular, a vital deficiency in the French raw material production—her underproduction of coke—has, under the spur of the cutting off of the Ruhr supplies, been so far repaired that France now produces at the rate of 5,000,000 tons a year, or nearly 2,000,000 more than in 1913.

"Her ore-mining industry has recovered. Her potash industry has got into its stride and is increasing its export to markets formerly possessed by Germany. The linen, cotton, woolen and jute industries of these areas, all of which were severe sufferers in the war, have finished the reëquipment of their works, and have been producing to the full extent of their labor supply. The metallurgical, engineering, chemical and miscellaneous industries of the same areas have likewise completed their reconstruction and have been unusually active, especially since all misgivings relative to the coke, and therefore of the steel supply, were dissipated."

Increase of Natural Resources

"OUTSIDE these areas the great trades have been and are equally prosperous. The Lyons silk trade, the lace trade at Calais and Caudry, the artificial silk trades, the Troyes hosiery trade, the Paris fancy-article and luxury-goods trades, the motor-vehicle industry in several centers, the watch trade at Besançon, the heavy chemical trades at Paris, Lyons and elsewhere, the dyestuffs industry at Lille, Paris and elsewhere, the porcelain trade at Limoges, the bauxite production in the Var—these and other great export trades all tell the same tale.

"Apart from the prosperous dynamic state of the French economy, it may be also noted that it has increased in a permanent fashion its industrial capacity, which is now far superior, from the material and technical standpoints, to that of 1914.

"The natural resources have been increased by the acquisition of Alsatian ores, potash and oil. Manufacturing power has been increased by the acquisition of highly developed and varied textile and engineering industries in Alsace; but far more through two main currents of expansion—namely, the wholesale reconstruction of nearly the entire range of textile industries, of coal and iron mines, metallurgical and engineering works, glass and chemical works, and so forth, in the devastated areas, and the transplantation of industry from these regions during the war, which led to the employment of old or the establishment of new factories in the Lyons, Grenoble, Bordeaux, Rouen and other localities throughout France. Moreover, as in certain other countries, employers tended to devote a considerable portion of war profits to the extension and improvement of works. As a consequence, French manufacturing industry as a whole has modernized and reequipped its undertakings on a large scale."

Current reports to our own Department of Commerce are of the same character. One comments upon the surprising trade record. As early as 1922 French exports exceeded those of prewar time in weight. In her commerce with the world in 1924 France sold goods to the value of 1,333,000,000 francs more than she bought, achieving thereby what is called a favorable balance of trade. In the year last before the war she had bought from the world goods to the value of 1,500,000,000 francs more than she sold, having therefore a deficit, or a balance to pay.

Another report to our Department of Commerce notes the singular infelicity that, owing to the prosperity and new extent of the woolen-textile industry in France, certain

British manufacturers were moved to propose an export tax on wool to keep France from draining England of its raw supplies. And another discovers "among both agricultural and industrial workers a markedly higher standard of living than existed before the war."

The standard of living has been rising generally in Europe, save perhaps only in Russia; but in France the evidence is positive.

One who goes directly from breakfast in London to dinner in Paris will be sensible of a startling contrast. It is not only that the people of Paris—the Parisian people—seem better dressed. That may be only a matter of taste. Waiving this, you will not mistake the signs that here life is in a state of higher tension. Mass vitality is very high. Note the word; before the war, one said "vivacity." Their bodies are buoyant, their feet run lightly together, their minds are extended. There is an air of dynamic impatience about them. This is new. An American especially will be struck by the symptoms and shrewdly surmise the cause.

It is the boom. It is the translated reality of that economic prosperity of France otherwise written in tables of imports and exports, in statistics of production, in dull trade summaries. Here it touches the people; in this manner they react to it.

The spectacle is pleasing. It makes one feel very genial. And one asks what is wrong. Why is it said there is anything wrong? Is prosperity not its own witness? The people are better off. Therefore their new way is right. The method pays. They can afford to buy their food.

Yet there is a grotesque contradiction. What is wrong is intangible. You do not see it.

Notwithstanding the material prosperity that is the envy of other countries; notwithstanding the higher standards of living, the greater well-being of people, the brilliant trade record, the increase of industrial power of which the translation is what you see—despite or because—the financial condition of France is desperate.

Since the war the value of the franc has fallen from eighteen cents to less than five, and although it has recovered a little, nobody can imagine that it will ever go back to where it was. The government's credit is low and running out. Its bonds sell at a discount even among its own people; and how to balance the state budget—that is, how to make income equal outgo and bring the state back to a condition of solvency—is a problem of such difficulty that there seems no immediate solution. The rich have been discovered trying to get their capital out of France because they think it will be safer in American dollars or Swiss francs, and the state has been hindering them by edicts of embargo. If you are caught taking money out of France, above a modest minimum for traveling expenses, you are legally liable to be stopped, Frenchman or foreigner. The government owes more than it knows how to pay. It keeps going by postponing the day, by giving new bonds for old ones, by straining its credit dangerously, and no one may say where the breaking point is.

More Wealth, Lower Credit

HIGH economic prosperity and embarrassed finance at the same time. More dynamic wealth among them than they ever knew before, and worse credit in their public treasury. What has brought them to this absurdity?

Answer, the invisible circumstance, or that event of the mind which controls them unawares. This now is to be regarded.

During and since the war, the mentality of the French people has changed. Anciently, their mentality was that of lenders. Suddenly it becomes the mentality of borrowers. This is an extraordinary thing to have happened all at once. If they had changed their religion, or embraced one, the consequences would be less bewildering. And this they do not know. At least they have made no effort to rationalize it.

You must remember what they were. Always they had been lenders. Their dominant economic characteristic was thrift. Their idea of how to get rich was to save. The economic difference between an American and a Frenchman was this—that when an American wanted to get rich he thought only of making it, whereas a Frenchman with the same desire thought first and naturally of saving it. And as they were great savers, so they were great lenders.

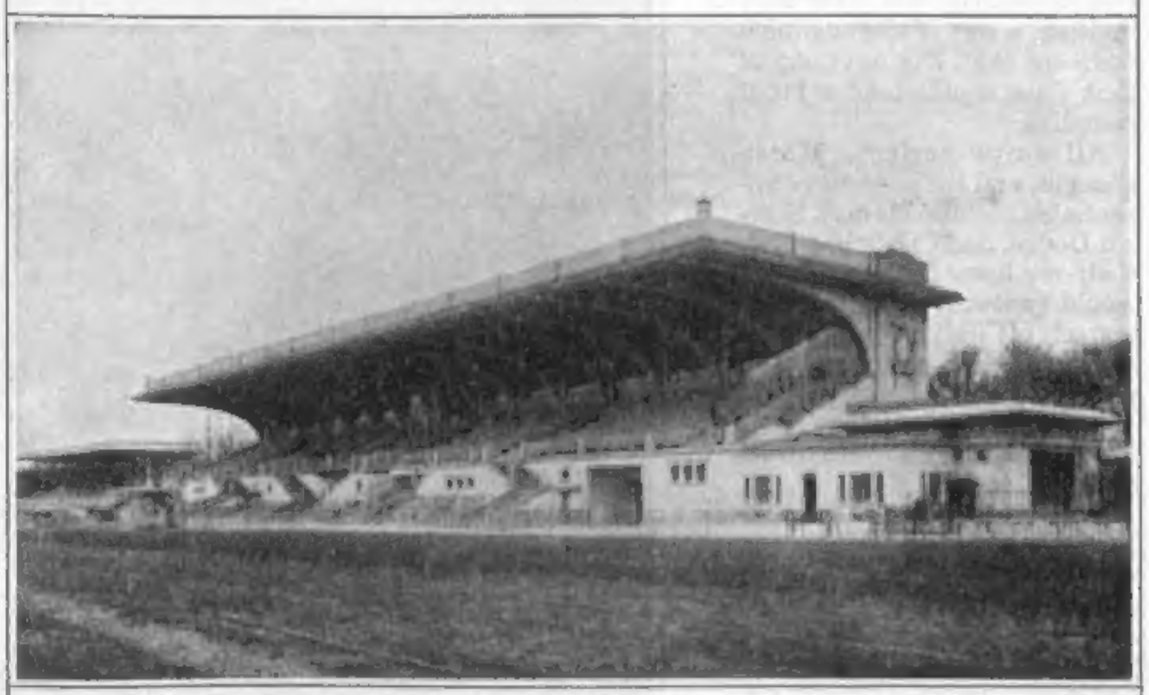
Lenders

THE British were notable lenders, too, but by another principle. They were traders; they made money by trade and loaned away their gains to make more trade. The French were much less interested in trade, being economically more self-contained; their motive, therefore, was interest. They loaned their savings to people who were impatient, who wanted things immediately, who were willing to pledge their future for the present. The French themselves had none of that impatience. They knew almost nothing of the magic of credit, whereby one may have the thing first and pay for it later.

During the war they discovered it. Necessity revealed it to them. Their own resources, even if they had been able to mobilize them completely, would not have sufficed to save them. And as they were cut off immediately from the immense sums of capital they had loaned to Russia,

(Continued on Page 142)

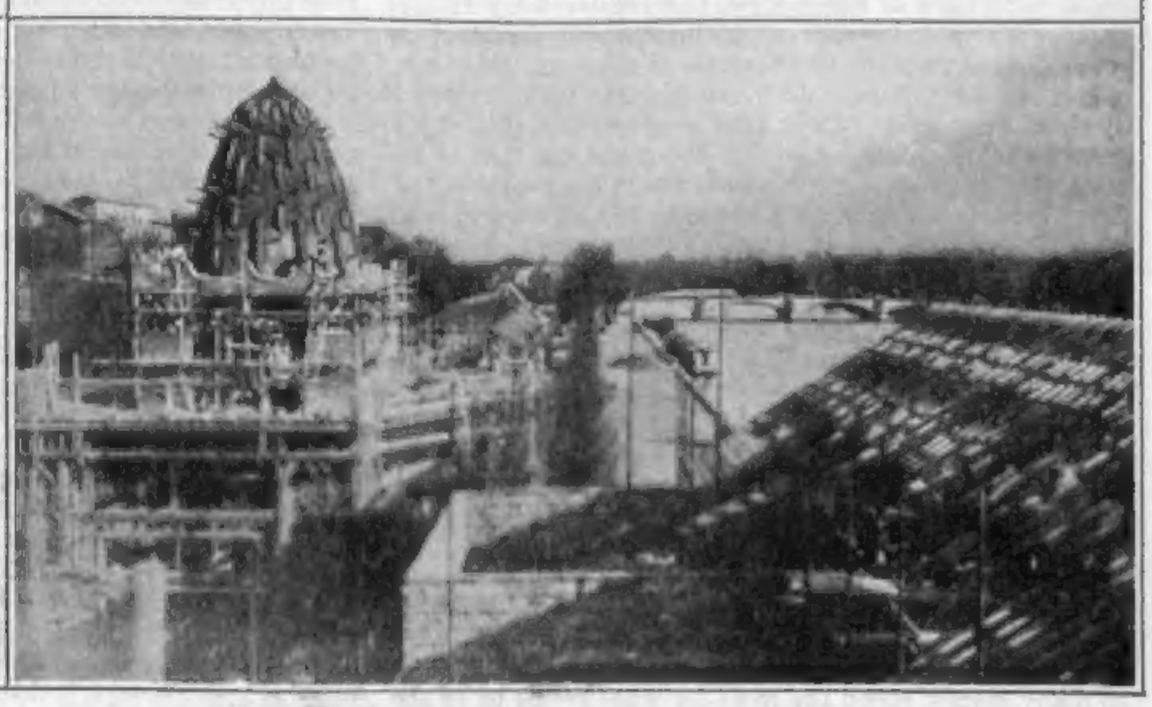
The Main Street of Rheims as It Appears Today



A New Stand at the Vincennes Trotting Track

A General View of the Exposition in Paris

New City University Buildings at Parc Montsouris



Buildings in Construction for the Exposition

DEAD BIRDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

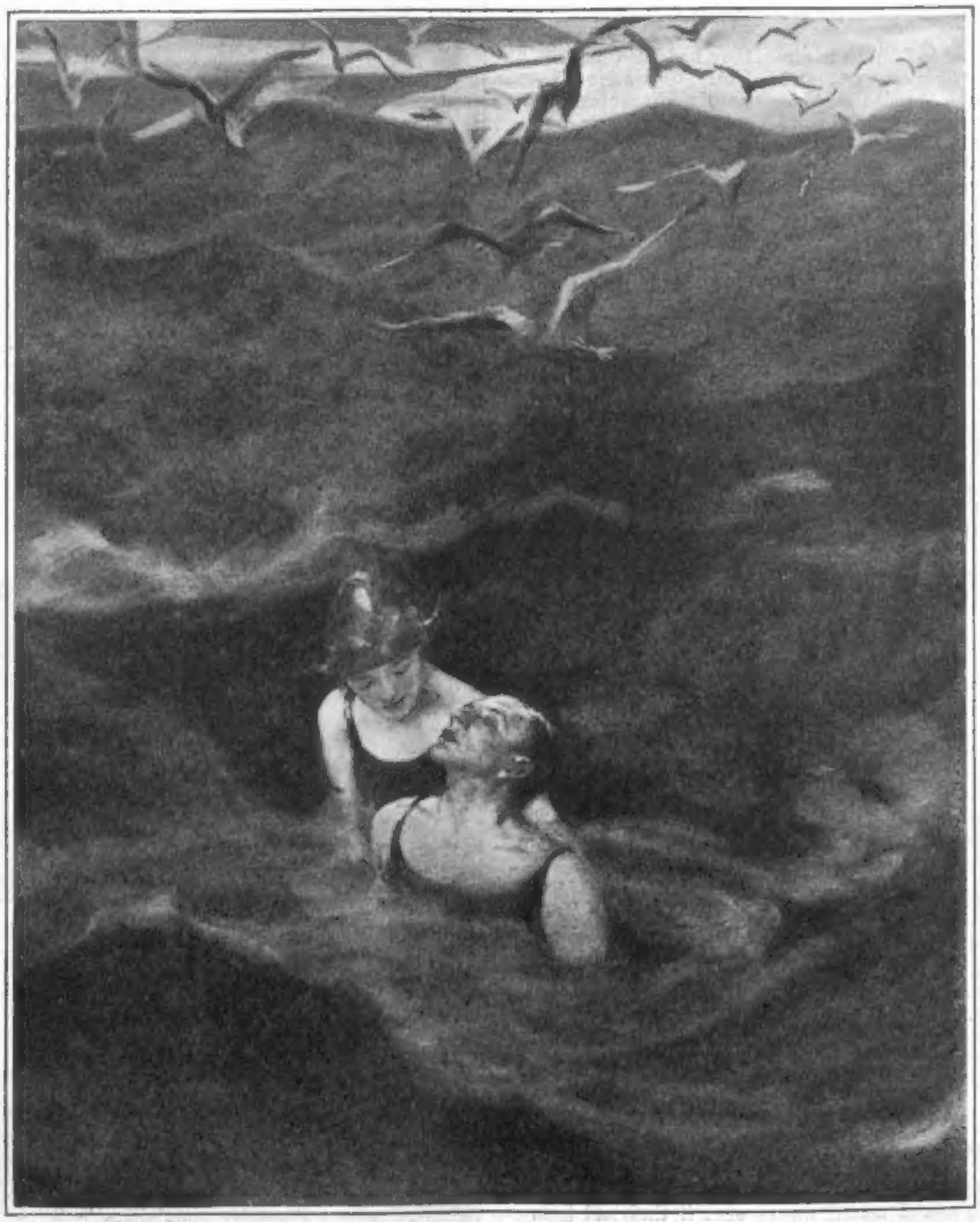
ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

WHEN the valet had unpacked him and gone out, Marsh McQuentin looked round him, languidly at first, then with growing interest and appreciation. He perceived that his accommodations were the very last word in what might be described as comfort or luxury, depending on what a person requires or enjoys, and that their elegance was as unobtrusive as Nature or the perfection of an art. The bedroom, moderately spacious, had, despite its immaculate perfection, no impalpable cover glass with its warning, Do not touch. It was courteously and informally inviting, a sort of thoroughbred bedroom that, like anything of that class, could stand a bit of rumpling.

All quite perfect, Marsh thought, and the more to be appreciated because his host, Sherrill Dodge, and Cicely had been their own home decorators. One would expect it of Dodge, but scarcely of Cicely, who impressed one as more of a modern than as a connoisseur of periods and objects of art. She might know how to furnish bedrooms though.

The truth was, Marsh reflected, that both father and daughter inherited from several generations of rich and cultured ancestors the faculties required to furnish and decorate a big house faultlessly. They did not have to learn it by degrees as some people do.

Take his bathroom, for instance. No suggestion of antiseptic surgery, but relieved and gayed up by a pretty fresco outlining, bath mats that were not bathmatty, face-cloths embroidered in delicate colors, and towels that did not look as if a nurse had just taken them out of the steam sterilizer. There was a framed etching after Alma-Tadema, pretty girls before, during and after their dip, and a small marine of the Gulf Stream.



"Don't Struggle," Said a Limpid Voice. "Let Yourself Go. I've Got You"

Well, no doubt there were a good many people who could do the same if they had the money. There were lots of people of taste and knowledge, and even more rich ones. The science and art of living, of how to be rich and elegant, had in the case of the Dodge family been mastered a great many years ago, when such a course did not present so many complications. The bewilderments of modern conditions that assail the newly rich had presented themselves to this household as no perplexing problems because superimposed on a basis of *savoir-faire*, like trigonometry to the student whose knowledge of arithmetic and geometry is sound; merely an advanced course in domestic economy.

Hot and dusty from a stifling morning in town, followed by the train journey, Marsh took a shower and dressed for golf. Cicely had said something about playing that afternoon. Other guests were due to arrive in the course of the day, Marsh understood; but not until late, probably; and Mrs. Williams, the other Dodge daughter, would be there to receive them. Like Marsh, they had been invited for a week. Just who they were he had not yet learned. He had met Mrs. Williams the winter before at Dodge's city house on upper Fifth Avenue. She was young and pretty, a war widow; and, with her little boy, was now spending the summer at her father's summer home.

As Marsh went out and along the wide corridor to go down, a cheery voice hailed him from a room that looked on the Sound. "That you, Marsh? Come in."

Sherrill Dodge was sitting by the open window smoking a cigar. He was a youngish-looking man, of medium height, lean, trim of build and with fine clear skin and eyes that bespoke athletic exercise and temperate living. The right sort of American who gets the most out of life, where today so many merely spend the most for what seems to be the least return.

"Come here to the window and take a look at your hand-and-brain child," Dodge said. "Isn't she a picture?"

Marsh looked out across a splendid sweep of lawn that sloped flawlessly to the rim of rock along the shore, over the sparkling stretch of water to where a big three-masted auxiliary yacht lay in docile fashion at her moorings. This was the Trilby, designed by Marsh to the order of Sherrill Dodge and built under Marsh's close supervision. As an achievement, this last creation pleased him vastly more than the series of cup winners that during the past few years had brought him into prominence, placed him high in his profession. A trial run to Bermuda and back in May, when on the return voyage a hard southeast gale was purposely encountered, had enabled the Trilby to show her splendid qualities. Her designer was entitled to look upon his work and find it good. "Gaze and admire," Dodge said. "That's getting to be my favorite passive sport."

"A vicious habit in yachting," Marsh said. "Lots of owners do that when they ought to be on the high seas. Sit in a rocker on the yacht-club porch and wait for some gal to come along and say, 'There's a beaut, I'll tell the sea-sick world. Wonder who owns her?'" Dodge laughed.

"When they ought really to shout, 'Wonder who designed her,' eh what? Well, I'll bet you fall for it yourself."

"Not very often. I'd rather see 'em sail. Just the other day I called down Commodore Kane for that very thing. Told him if I'd known I was designing him a lightship I could have saved him some money on his boat. . . . What a perfect lawn you've got. Like an English one. Starlings and everything."

"English colonial," Dodge amended. "Bermuda turf. And I could do without the starlings. Like many old-country importations, it doesn't take much encouragement to make them undesirable aliens."

Marsh, despite his disclaimer, was staring at the yacht.

"I'm not sure yet but what an old-fashioned clipper bow mightn't have dignified her."

"No, her face fits her perfectly. So does her name, I think, though some of my friends are knocking it."

Cicely came in and having greeted her guest continued the discussion. She was the sort of girl who suggests a Valkyrie in certain moods and a hamadryad in others.

"Never mind, daddy dear. At least you didn't name her as some people do. Nowadays if a man intends to run a floating bar he names his boat Sobriety, or if a solid loaf is what he wants, Industry. Wild parties usually take place aboard a yacht named Virtue, or something of the sort. It doesn't seem quite fair to the ones that worked so hard to make her that thing of beauty that should be a joy forever, not only the designer but the ship joiners and ironworkers and calkers and riggers and sailmakers."

"I'm glad you get that, Cicely," Marsh said. "It's the composite soul of a boat that makes her valiant. Kipling was right."

Luncheon was announced. They went down, only the three at table, a trinity, as Cicely observed.

"The lull before the storm, Marsh. A whole *corvet* to arrive about six, but we'll be back by then. I'm afraid it will hardly be a rest cure for a poor tired toiler. But then, there's no such thing."

The fuller sense of this was borne in on Marsh when some hours later he went down to meet his fellow guests, of whom there were six. These, in order of a precedence to puzzle their hostess, comprised the Right Reverend John Starr, bishop emeritus; a Senator Aussy and his wife; a young French diplomat attached to the embassy, Captain Peuplier; and a Major Smith-Curran, visiting the United States with his daughter Iona.

The immediate family of Sherrill Dodge was composed of his two daughters—Mrs. Williams, the elder; Cicely, who administered the household for her father; and a son, Barclay, now serving as an undersecretary to the American Embassy in London.

Although this was the first occasion on which his entertainment at the Dodge home had been of an intimate sort, entirely free of any professional relationship, Marsh had become very well acquainted with the daughters of the house. For the past two years he had met them frequently in yachting channels, at Newport and Bar Harbor and the Florida beaches. Cicely had attracted him more in a generic than personal way, as the type of young woman which taken full and by he most admired. Her thoroughbred qualities walked hand in hand with clean-cut physical attractions, and she possessed a sort of distinguished common sense and level-headedness rather rare in this hectic epoch, something of the feudal chatelaine of a noble estate such as one pictures administering the high justice, the middle and the low in her domestic personnel, scrutinizing corners that might be dusty, with a bunch of keys at her girdle.

This picture did not interfere with a certain amount of gayety on Cicely's part, and some of the mannerisms of the younger set of present-day America. Her speech, for instance, was not invariably classic. Like her father, she had on Marsh's arrival appeared to find a change in their friendly relations that warranted the intimacy of a family friend, where hitherto they had been semiprofessional.

"Let's drop the miss and mister," she said, "and get on a Marsh and Cicely basis."

It was from this moment that Marsh began to view her at closer focus, as if when cruising down the coast he had, on nearing his prospective port, laid aside the small-scale for the large-scale harbor chart.

Passing to the bishop, this distinguished churchman and Sherrill Dodge had been roommates through college and close friends in their subsequent careers, if indeed the mere administration of the Dodge estate, with certain public services of a detached inconspicuous sort, can be considered a career. Bishop Starr, on inheriting a considerable fortune, had retired from active ecclesiastical work for that of mission organization. A strong advocate of a celibate clergy, he had never married. In person he was a portly, handsome, jovial man, constitutionally righteous, as one might say, devout without being ascetic, liberal in his attitude toward human frailties and ready to forgive anything in the individual who despite lapses still remained an adherent and supporter of the church.

The bishop in fact enjoyed rubbing elbows with sinners, was interested in prison reform, post-penitentiary salvage, spent a good deal of his time in penal institutions and was the author of an able book entitled Religion and the Public Peace. Perhaps he got a sort of vicarious satisfaction in his contacts with the criminal class, appeased that lawless factor of the cosmos that is to be found in all strong men, fought evil for the gusto of the fight.

He had a deep sense of humor and no small degree of choler on occasion. He hated a well-behaved infidel with such an animosity as he could never have visited on a transgressor of religious conviction, without much reference to what the sect might be. His principal weakness lay in his firm belief that had he not been called to holy orders he would have made a brilliant criminologist.

Senator and Mrs. Aussy impressed Marsh as being the sort of people that an author or playwright might have selected had he needed such merely as background props—a proper sort of senator and his wife; rich, worthy, correct, and a bit dull; trite, a trifle pedantic, slow, safe and sure.

The young French military attaché, Captain Peuplier, was charming, well-bred, tactful, young for his thirty-five years and distinguished military record, with a sort of spontaneous gayety that shells had been powerless to shock. He was naïvely wife hunting and confessed himself handicapped through the lack of a title.

"Officier de la Légion d' Honneur, yes," he said to Marsh with a wry smile, "and decorations enough to trim a Christmas tree. But that is no good. A woman cannot call herself after them. Marquise or comtesse or even baronne would be better."

And so to the couple who left Marsh entirely at sea in his attempt to get an observation on their altitude—Major Smith-Curran and his daughter Iona. The girl was placed opposite him at the dinner table, next to the Frenchman, who kept her attention on his French patter except for intervals when politeness required a few words to the senator's wife, who was deaf. Marsh, next to Cicely, examined Iona with a surreptitious interest.

At first sight he had thought her one of those ugly-pretty women who repel, just as certain ill-featured ones attract. He changed this opinion when the attaché managed to make her show genuine amusement. French gentlemen, he knew, were infinitely discreet with young girls of position, but not with older ones; and besides, there was something about Iona that suggested the grown-up hotel child. Marsh could visualize her as a leggy little girl with stagy eyes and a great deal of hair, romping in the Peacock Alleys of a round-the-world belt of hotels.

Before dinner Marsh had observed her lithe shapeliness, of a sort that seems unclothed in certain postures even if wearing heavy mourning; a sort of accent that is neither grave nor acute nor even circumflex over the feminine salients. There seemed to be vibrations coming from her, though she was not a wriggler. On the contrary, her thick lusterless red hair, and eyes that were hot and dusky, like scorched saddle leather, were features in which light and motion seemed quenched. In repose, she looked still and sulky; but her smile loosed thrills in the beholder, like a crimson ray of sunlight through a gray solid rampart of nimbus.

Major Smith-Curran was baffling also to Marsh, in that he looked far less than the fifty-and-odd years that must be due Iona's father. There was a distinct family resemblance between them, however; the same straight, well-bridged nose; the same facial angle of ninety degrees; the chin on the same vertical as the plane of the forehead. The major was the distinct type of British Empire builder who sits about colonial clubs in riding breeches and pith helmet, talking about home and never going there. He looked hard as teak, ruddy as rosewood from a long combination of sun and whisky, and toughly yielding like bamboo. His eyes reminded Marsh of veined agates. A hard-boiled bird, Marsh thought.

After dinner there were bridge and dancing and the sort of general moving about that happens in a big country house of a sultry evening. Marsh, in obedience to some compelling summons that was not entirely distasteful, asked Iona to dance, and discovered immediately that he had never encountered such light-flowing synthetic rhythm before in any woman he had ever danced with. It was like being caught up in the eddy of a swirling torrent, because his movements seemed to be actually in response to hers without his being conscious of it, as a swimmer might be in a vortex.

Pausing presently, she said, "It's really too hot to dance—even the minimum physical exertion of dancing with you."

"Your compliment," said Marsh, "is like your dancing."

"That remark," she said, "is subtle too. I thought we should understand each other. I also am an artist like yourself. It seems to me that a man who has a feeling, an instinct for anything so elusive as the lines that go to make a boat swift or sluggish or stable or crank, and combines them as you do, is more than artisan or artist. He must have understanding, of boats and other feminine creatures."

"I know more about boats," Marsh answered.

"Well, no doubt you've had more experience of boats, and everybody admits their gender. Some drown you while others merely starve you."

"You appear to understand boats too."

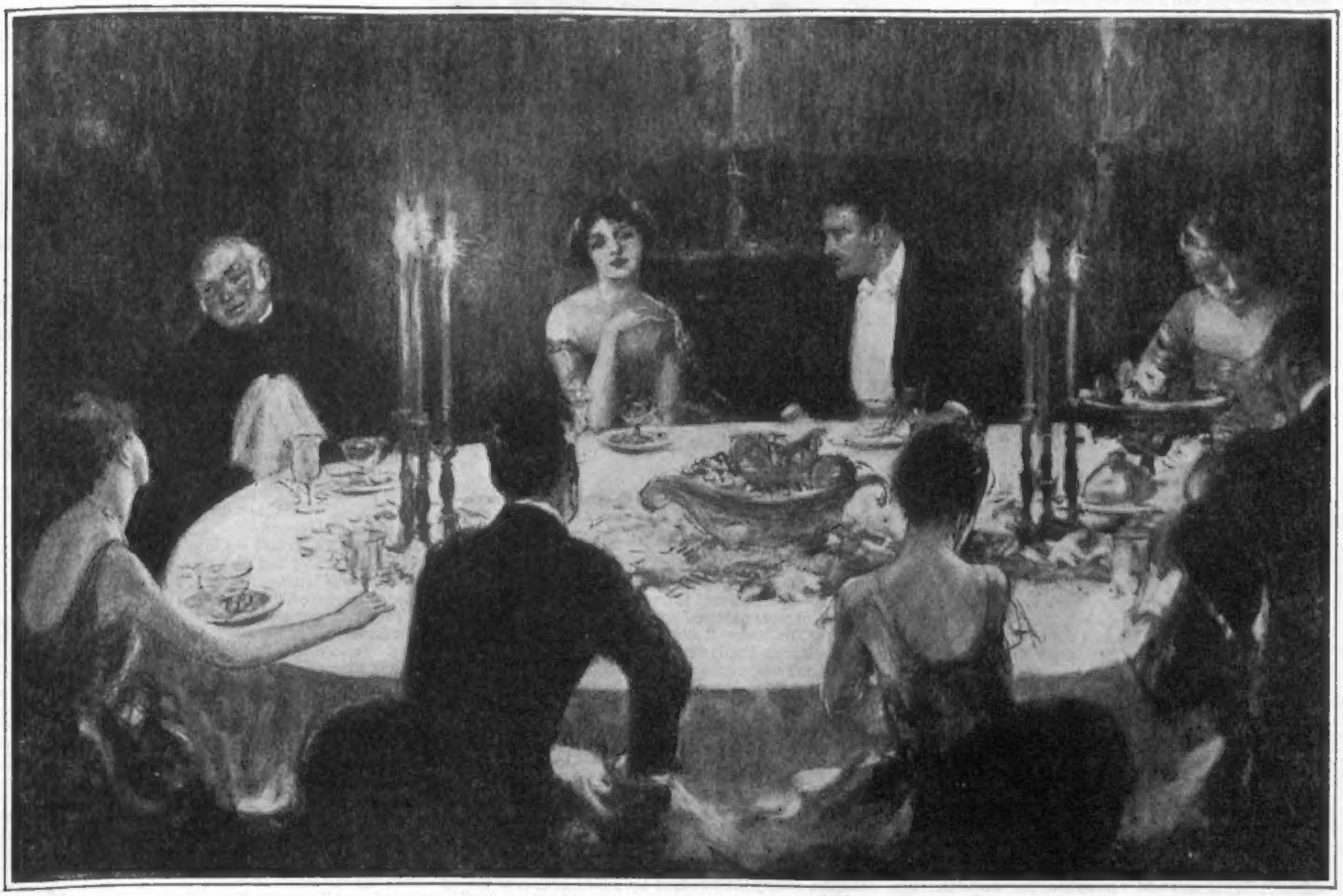
"Yes, I've made long voyages on all sorts of vessels, some of which were yachts—other people's yachts. My father is a sailor of some experience, like all West Coast of Ireland folk. Let's walk down to the front."

A little unwillingly, Marsh allowed himself to be drifted along by this new current. Coming presently to one of those iron spring settees so indispensable to French gardens which, despite their comfort and precedent, still look tawdry to most Americans, Iona paused.

"I think I'd like to rest."

They seated themselves on the yielding structure. Marsh felt uncomfortably that this was not quite in order, that his first evening at the house ought properly to be

(Continued on Page 90)



March, Next to Cicely, Examined Iona With a Surreptitious Interest

TO PLEASE THE LADIES

By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

WHENEVER Benson Reeves, the owner of the Everton Daily Record, had a new journalistic idea, he tried it first on his private stenographer, Miss Bean. He always prefaced his scheme with the words: "Now, Miss Bean, I want your unbiased opinion about this." And Miss Bean invariably gave her employer an opinion just as free from bias as the testimony of a dog owner in a bite case.

Miss Bean was forty, lean, timid and gaspy. She had never fully recovered from a certain childish wonder that her services should be worth anything to anybody. If Benson Reeves was gruff she trembled, though she knew that he was one of the biggest waisted and hearted men in the world. If he had told her that he was one of the four original horsemen of the Apocalypse, or that he had taught Reed Smoot all he knew about politics, Miss Bean would have received the information with awe, and would have murmured, "Yes, Mr. Reeves. I think it's wonderful. How do you think of such things?"

And then Benson Reeves would light a cigar and cock his feet on the desk slide and wonder how he did think of such things. He had to unbutton the top of his vest to give his heart a chance to swell. But being at bottom a man of intelligence, now and then Benson Reeves would fall to wondering whether perhaps Miss Bean was a wholly unprejudiced judge.

On such occasions of doubt he would go down to the countingroom to talk the matter over with Ferguson, the cashier. This was like moving from Palm Beach to Santa Barbara.

Ferguson was the kind of cashier who wore a straw hat and black armlets and still counted paper money with a thumb-and-tongue movement in spite of the germ theory. Thirty years before Benson Reeves inherited the Record, Ferguson had made a mistake of six dollars in his accounts, and though the error was in favor of the company, he still regarded himself as a man with something to live down. Consequently he was not nearly so unbiased, as a critic of the boss, as Miss Bean was. Miss Bean was content to look merely paralyzed in the presence of so much genius. Ferguson became almost a mental wreck whenever Reeves began to confide in him, and before the big point had been reached he could only let his head totter from side to side and say, "Ah, ah!"

For a man who wanted a million dollars' worth of applause free of charge, the combination of Miss Bean and Aleck Ferguson would have been hard to beat outside a convention of the Progressive Party. But for a man who was looking for valuable constructive criticism, any lawn party of lunatics would have served the purpose just as well.

Benson Reeves knew this. But we all know a lot of things which we blink. We know our feet hurt when we place them in stylish lasts; we know that lobster, ice cream and coffee are not the signboards pointing toward longevity; we know that sawing wood is a heap more beneficial as an exercise than golf; we know that the time to put coal in the cellar is in April. Benson Reeves knew that the man on the Record who would give him a totally ungarnished criticism of a scheme for improving the newspaper was Joe Jolliffe, the city editor. So he stayed away from Joe Jolliffe till all the apple sauce had lost its flavor and the tumult and the shouting died.

Besides, Joe was honest; Joe was loyal; Joe was the soul of honor; but Joe was so lacking in artistic appreciation. Hang it all, you want an audience to burst into spontaneous approbation now and then. Joe consistently sat on his hands. Whenever the boss approached Joe with one of his very best ideas, Joe's eye became like the retina of a cold-storage haddock. He sat back with a weary sigh, as though to say, "Well, spill it, boss, spill it. I know it's going to be rotten, but you're the one that pays the wages." What splendid conception can withstand the shattering power of a barrage like that?

At the Sight of Fannie, Jolliffe Became Almost Cheerful. There Was a Chinaman's Chance, He Thought, That She Might Cut Loose With a Few Ruth St. Denis Steps

So when Benson Reeves got his great idea of the special edition—the most special special edition ever attempted in Everton—he mentioned it first to Miss Bean.

"I want your unbiased opinion about this."

"Yes, Mr. Reeves," and Miss Bean clutched her heart to keep it from leaping out upon the typewriter keys.

"Before I tell you the scheme—I suppose you read about that speech Mrs. Percy Sheets made the other afternoon lambasting the Everton newspapers?"

Miss Bean, who had read nothing in the newspapers for the past ten years except the death column and the advice to correspondents who desired to become beautiful, nodded feebly. She knew that Mrs. Percy Sheets was the president of the Everton Forward and Upward Society, which met every Friday afternoon and wrestled with current events, with a view to finding some way to stop it, whatever it was.

"She didn't mention the Record, but she put us all in the same category. She says we're nothing but vulgar scandalmongers, soiling the minds of the young people, as well as the old. She says nobody can get anything from reading the local newspapers but a pair of dirty hands and astigmatism. She says the average mentality of the people who produce these diseased newspapers is below that of Mexican hairless dogs. At least if she didn't say that in so many words, she intimated it. She says that every householder who has the best interests of his family at heart should quarantine against us. She says—— Well, I guess that's about all. Other than those defects, I take it, we're all right."

"She'd better mind her own business. They say she drove her husband into his grave by badgering him day and night," said Miss Bean, who was both loyal and feminine.

"Yeah? Well, I don't know about that. But I do know that Mrs. Percy wields a whole lot of influence among the women here in Everton, and among the ministers and the upwards and the forwards, and she's capable of doing the newspapers a lot of harm. Naturally, we can't talk back to her. When she advises people not to take the Record into their homes she's hitting pretty close to the belt. It's one of those things you can't just laugh at. . . . Now I've got an idea."

"Yes, Mr. Reeves?" This was breathless.

"I'm going to get in touch with Mrs. Percy Sheets and ask her to edit the Record."

"Oh, Mr. Reeves!"

"Yeah; for one day. Yes, sir, that's what I'm going to do. If she has anything besides a meaningless grouch in her head she must have some notions about what a good newspaper should be. Well, I'll give her a chance to show us what the ideal newspaper is. She can choose her own staff, she can write her own editorials, she can edit the copy to suit herself, and we'll stand by and print the result, whatever it may be. Like it?"

Miss Bean liked it rather less than any idea she had ever heard from the boss. She did not like Mrs. Sheets, and she didn't relish the idea of that lady attaining any such Himalayan elevation, even for one day, as editing the Record. But who was she, a poor typist, to contend with this master journalist? Miss Bean made several ineffective sounds in her throat and showed so much collapse that the boss inferred a unanimous vote. So he then went down to try the idea on Ferguson.

Mr. Ferguson was annihilated with the brilliance of the scheme. He lurched against the corner of his cage and gave freedom to a merriment which was as rich as boarding-house gravy. He said he didn't see how the idea could ever occur to anybody. Mr. Reeves himself didn't see how it could occur to anybody—else. Reeves seized Ferguson by the arm and called him a grand old man or something to that effect. Aleck was so overcome, altogether, that half an hour afterward he put his finger into the pencil sharpener instead of his pencil.

"And now," said the boss, with a sinking feeling under his ribs, "I'll go up and spring the idea on Joe Jolliffe."

But on the sidewalk, outside the business office, the proprietor halted and took thought.

He paused at the separate entrance that led to the editorial rooms, while the image of the stone-faced city editor flitted before his eyes.

"I guess I'll go and see Mrs. Percy Sheets first," concluded Reeves. "And then I'll tell Joe, if she falls for the scheme. Joe is always more in favor of things that have already happened."

Therefore, instead of returning to the editorial rooms, Mr. Reeves hailed a taxicab and was driven to the home of Mrs. Sheets.

Mrs. Percy Sheets was at home. She was secretly glad to see Benson Reeves; particularly as up to the present moment her blistering speech, though faithfully recorded in the Everton newspapers, had not attracted so much attention as a second-degree assault and battery. She was a large woman, who, in spite of excluding potatoes and bread and butter from her diet, was still a problem for the ready-made departments. When she spoke, which she did incisively, she drew in her breath at the end of each sentence, making a slight hissing sound. This hissing sound, combined with a drilling quality of the eyes, plus bobbed hair of the more defiant sort, gave Mrs. Sheets perfect freedom from any flirtatious advances on the part of strange men. She did not like men. She had said so frequently.

Hence when Benson Reeves was shown in she glared at him belligerently, held his card as disdainfully as one can hold a card, and altogether indicated that if he had come to talk nonsense he was in peril. But when Mrs. Sheets had heard the proposal of the newspaper owner she softened. Editing a newspaper was one of the things she felt she could do better than anything else. She thanked Mr. Reeves for his invitation and said she would consider it.

Mrs. Sheets proved to be Everton's lightning cogitator, for when Benson Reeves arrived back at the office she had already called him on the telephone. He got in touch with the lady at once. Mrs. Sheets was perfectly willing to edit the Daily Record for one day, provided she could have absolute control of all the editorial and news matter which was printed on that day. She also desired the right to censor the advertising; but Mr. Reeves, perspiring dreadfully, finally succeeded in avoiding that business catastrophe. She should have the right to select a staff of her own writers and reporters. She should insist, of course, on having a certain amount of office assistance from the regular Record staff, as there were technical matters concerning make-up, headlines and proofs which her new staff were not skilled in. But as editor in chief for one day, she must be allowed to produce a newspaper which was exactly her idea of the ideal journal. In other words, her word must be final. If she was going to edit she was going to edit.

Benson Reeves cheerfully assented to all this and the bargain was made. It was June. The late spring push of business was dwindling, the paper was down to fourteen pages, there had been a surprising dearth of important news lately, and altogether it looked like a good time to try the experiment.

"Let's see," said Reeves; "today is Monday, the eighth. Could you get your staff ready to get out next Friday's paper? That would be the issue of—the twelfth; but of course you would do all the work on it Thursday. You understand that, Mrs. Sheets?"

"Perfectly," replied Mrs. Percy.

Then, and not until then, did Benson Reeves seek the advice of his city editor, Joe Jolliffe.

The boss made what theatrical people call a good entrance into his city room. He opened the door and propelled himself through it as though in obedience to a mad impulse which had just seized him.

"Oh, Joe!"

Mr. Jolliffe laid down his blackened corncob pipe and pushed back the green shade from his eyes.

"What's up, boss?" he asked.

"Joe, I've got a great idea. Before I tell you, have you noticed any reaction from that hammering the Everton newspapers got from Mrs. Percy Sheets at the Forward and Upward Society the other day?"

Jolliffe shook his head.

"Does one nut falling from the tree rock the universe?" he answered casually. "Why, boss, nobody except Mrs. Sheets and a few of her friends knew that she had said anything. We should worry."

Reeves scratched behind one of his ears reflectively for a moment.

"I don't know, Joe," he went on slowly. "That sort of thing is capable of doing us a lot of harm. You might not get the reaction at once. Anyway, Joe, I'm going to pull a beauty. I'm going to give Mrs. Sheets a chance to make good—put up or shut up. I'm going to let her edit the Record for one day—next Friday's edition. She thinks she knows what a good newspaper ought to be. We'll see. Isn't that a bird of an idea?"

"I'm not game for any kidding today, boss," replied Jolliffe, picking up his pipe again. "I never knew a duller time for news. I'm trying to wangle out some lead story for the first page tomorrow morning."

"I'm not kidding, Joe; I mean it. I've asked Mrs. Sheets to do it and she's taken it on."

Joe Jolliffe rose from his chair with a fallen jaw and stared at his employer with blank incredulity. Then, seeing affirmation written over Reeves' countenance, the city editor uttered not a word, but walked slowly over to the locker where his hat and coat hung. He took his hat, jammed it on his head, slid into his coat, and then said with pathetic earnestness, "Boss, I'm through. You can fill my place. I guess there's such a thing as working too long in one chair. I've given you, and your father before you, the best I had. I'm not kicking, y'understand; but I know when to quit."

"You poor simp, what are you talking about?—quitting! Who wants you to quit? What ails you anyway? You act like a prima donna," bawled Reeves. "Just because I want to put over a little stunt you begin to fly upstage; or I suppose you've already staked out another job and you think this is a good way to jump us."

The city editor looked sorrowfully at the author of this unjust reflection and shook his head.

"No, boss; when I leave here I'm done with the newspaper game. I'll try to get a job on the fire department. They can use me for a false alarm."

"Aw, now, Joe!" cried Reeves, melting and seizing Jolliffe by the arm. "Joe, listen, will you? You know right well I wouldn't let you leave the Record. Why, Joe, you are the Record. But have a heart, Joe. Do this for me just once. I've let myself in for it now and I can't go back on my word. I wanted to do something to please the ladies. See? We've got to get something into the paper to please the ladies."

"Please the ladies? What dy'mean—please the ladies?" retorted Jolliffe. "If I haven't been aiming to please the wimmenfolk with my newspaper, then I've been getting money under false pretenses."

"Oh, I know you have, Joe," went on the boss, getting a firmer grip on the city editor's sleeve, "and I haven't a kick in the world. But we do run to murders and suicides a little, don't we? Maybe we have skimped on the fine things of life, as Mrs. Sheets says."

"You're crazy!" yelped Jolliffe, stung to the quick. "Haven't I got a sister? Don't I know what she likes? Ain't she a regular woman? Why, my sister would rather read a good murder than go to see a sheik on the fillums! Any little unromantic murder will do—even a plain homicide, without fixin's; but give her an ax killing, with a lot of love letters connected with it and blood all over the carpet, and she'll sit up all night with the newspaper and have the finest shudder you ever saw. 'The finer things of life!' My necktie! Here I been sittin' for hours, hoping for a good murder mystery to break so's the wimmin readers could have a little enjoyment—and you come in and try to tell me I don't know my business. I guess no city editor would stand that, would they? Lemme go."

But it all ended in the usual manner. Jolliffe was married to the Record by church, state, temperament and the right and left ventricles of his loyal heart. Jolliffe without the Record, the Record without Jolliffe, were unthinkable. Little by little the wheedling tactics of the stout Reeves took effect. Joe began by admitting that he would reconsider his resignation. He wanted to go home and think it over. Then he admitted that he would remain in

(Continued on Page 174)

"It Would be Terrible if it Got Into the Newspapers." "That's What We Thought," Began the Young Woman

SPEED COP—By Forrest Crissey

Trying to Beat the Train

MAKING the world safe for democracy was one job; making the streets and highways of America safe for human beings is another. One way of looking at it, it's an impossible job, for there are now 17,000,000 more automobiles and about 40,000,000 more people in America than there were twenty-six years ago. Also every child born to Uncle Sam in these days begins to grab for a steering wheel about as soon as it ceases to strain for the nursing bottle. Incidentally, there were about 20,000 deaths from automobile accidents in 1924. The serious automobile accidents in 1924 were 576,300 and the property damage was $510,000,000.

From another angle this job of making America's streets and highways safe for her men, women and children is not impossible—because in the bright lexicon of the automobile industry there seems to be no such word as impossible. Again, the ablest engineering and executive minds of this country are now sharply focused on this problem of reducing the sacrifice of human life.

Traffic More Deadly Than Guns

THIS new safety job is everybody's job; it concerns the sequestered tenement mother of the third-floor-back, who never bought or burned a gallon of gas, quite as directly as it does the speedy young millionaire with an extensive stable of high-powered motor cars. From Mr. Hoover down to Little Chester, we are all in on this great safety job, and the business of the hour is to put it over big. First take a look at it, fore and aft, just to get a perspective of its size and reach.

I never attempt to visualize the modern miracle of an autoized world without thinking of a certain assignment given me by the editor of a Chicago newspaper back in 1899. Captain John J. Healey—Western army scout, fur trader, Indian fighter, frontier sheriff and prospector—had just come out of Alaska, bringing bags of gold nuggets. He spilled his yellow spoils on a mahogany desk to put a real kick into his talk about Alaskan gold fields. His steady blue eyes were of the kind that seemed to belong at the trigger end of a gun. To his interviewer he instantly became a type of the frontiersman to whom fear was unknown. After the interview he left the office with me. When we reached the street a hesitant, almost timid look passed over the face of this fighting plainsman. Pausing, he exclaimed, "Just look at that street jam! A man takes his life in his hands when he attempts to cross. I'll tell you, young man, that I'll be glad to get back to Alaska, where a man is safe so long as he minds his own business."

That terrifying traffic did not contain a single automobile! Hacks, hansoms, family carriages, express and delivery wagons and drays were the vehicles which had inspired this astonishing utterance—all suggesting the external permanence of the horse!

What would the old plainsman and Indian fighter say if he could today stand at the corner of Jackson Boulevard and Michigan Avenue at the peak hour of motor traffic of any week day? And I am hopelessly unqualified to guess what would have been his language if he had seen what I saw lately—a man intently reading a newspaper as he slowly walked across a busy traffic street which often carries 3000 motor cars an hour. Now Chicago has 310,000 motor vehicles, and pedestrians cross the lake-front boulevard at the wink of an automatic stop-and-go signal. Only two horse-drawn hacks now survive in the city whose harness traffic threw such a scare into the old frontiersman. This incident always helps me to realize the fact that the automobile has been the most revolutionary physical element that has yet touched the life of man.

The recent Hoover safety conference not only set a new style in national conferences, but its practical results to the American people will, perhaps, outweigh those of any other conference in this country. It was not the typical touch-and-go, hands-across-the-table, industrial good-fellowship gathering. Its actual work was begun more than six months in advance of the conference itself. Eight committees, composed of men known to be outstanding authorities on the special subjects to which they were assigned, threshed the chaff from the wheat in advance, and presented to Mr. Hoover and the conference the winnowed grain in the form of definite facts and recommendations. These committees covered statistics, traffic control, construction and engineering, city planning and zoning, insurance, education, the motor vehicle and public relations.

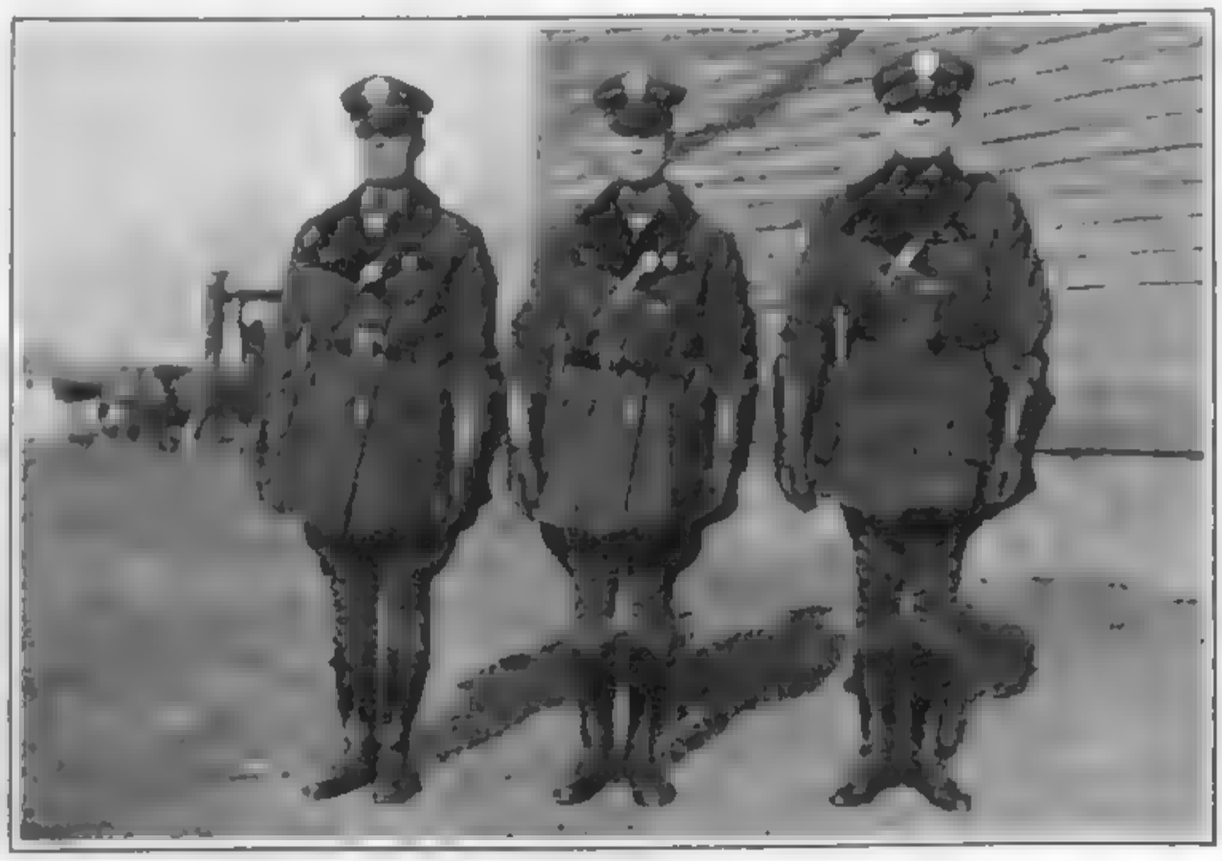
The national organizations coöperating with the United States Department of Commerce in organizing and financing this historic conference are: American Automobile Association, American Electric Railway Association, American Mutual Alliance, American Railway Association, Chamber of Commerce of the United States, National Association of Taxicab Owners, National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, National Bureau of Casualty and Surety Underwriters, National Safety Council. This list suggests, although inadequately, the scope of the elements and interests represented. In dismissing this remarkable meeting Secretary Hoover handed his conferees a gem of practical statesmanship.

Mr. Hoover's Ideas

"I HAVE conceived this conference," he declared, "and other conferences of this character as perhaps the first step in the new conception of government. Not government from a central authority, but government by stimulation of the local community to its responsibilities and the education of the local community to intelligent action. That, to me, is a far wiser, a far greater solution than the constant drive to centralize the Government of the United States. That has been the sense of this conference and should be the sense of its continuing organization."

As the automobile is the greatest agency of decentralization which civilization has thus far developed, this utterance has the highest possible keynote quality. Every state legislator will do well to paste it on his desk. Virtually every principle of traffic regulation recommended by this conference is applied in one state or another and has been proved sound and workable. No recommendation was more emphatic and unqualified than those declaring that "no unlicensed person should be permitted to operate a motor vehicle," and that every person receiving such a license should first pass a careful examination to "determine his physical and mental fitness and his knowledge of the laws" and should give an actual demonstration of his ability to operate a motor vehicle.

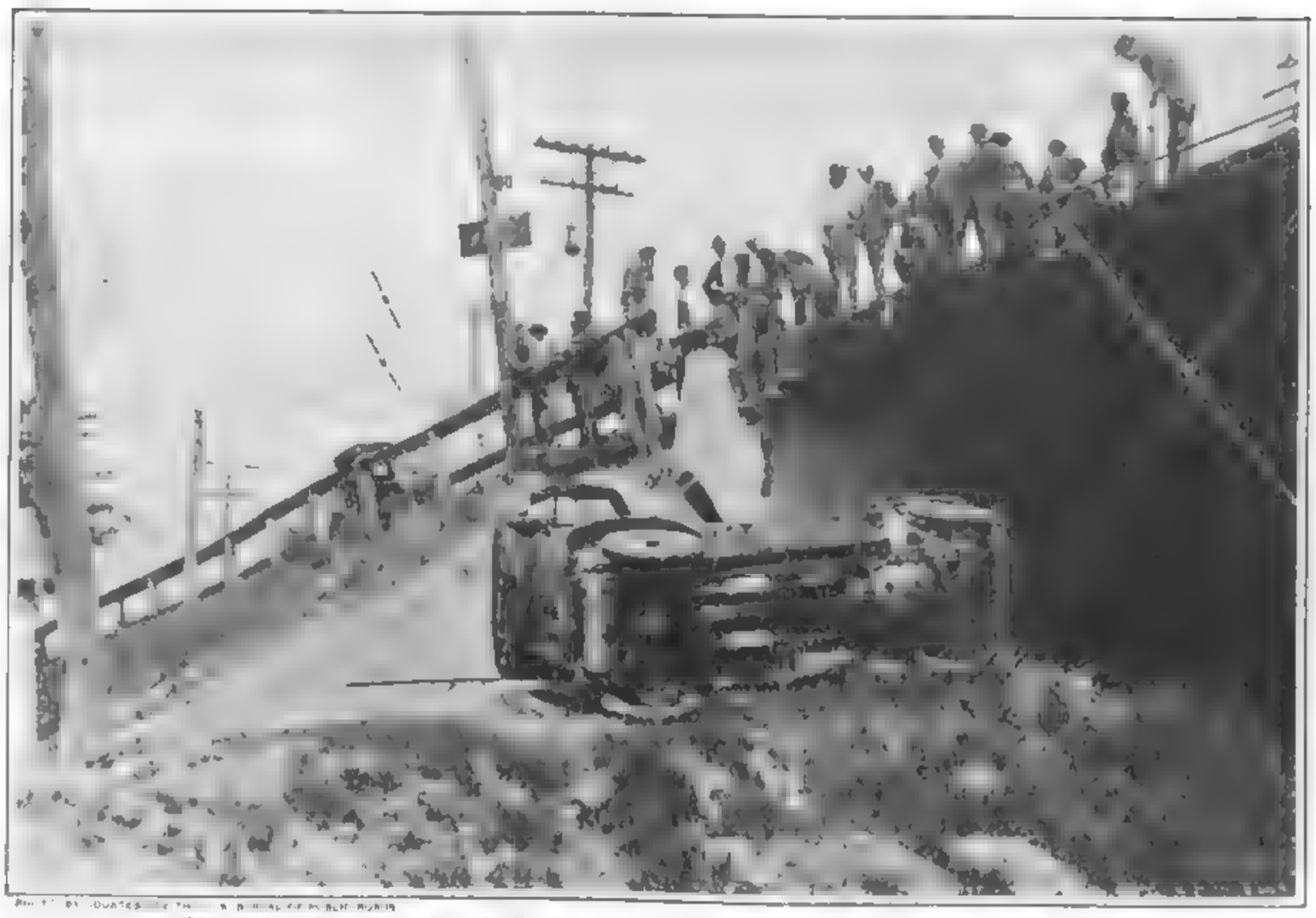
Right here is where every rural legislator is supposed to rise up and pound his desk in protest. Farmers are presumed to be almost solidly opposed to such a law. This, however, is not true of those farmers who live



Highway Patrol Sub-Station

under such a system and know its advantages at first hand. Again, after the Western farmer has had a little education on this subject—and he is going to be given a liberal helping from now on—he is likely to tell his legislators that a small license examination fee is the cheapest form of highway safety insurance ever devised, and is worth far more than the price of admission. The American farmer is not so dumb! Neither is he so unprogressive as some truculent politicians suppose. He has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to keep pace with the progress parade. He is thoroughly sold on improved highways and is a choice prospect for anything soundly intended to give him larger and safer use of such highways.

The assumption that the farmer must be opposed to a law requiring every driver to be carefully examined and licensed rests upon the fact that the farm automobile, to meet the peculiar service requirements of the farm family and the farm itself, must be driven by every member of the household old enough to run it with reasonable safety. Many emergencies of farm life demand this.



This Driver Was Traveling So Far to the Right That He Struck the Side of the Bridge

The Operator's License Law

TO LIMIT the driving privilege of the farm car to the farmer himself would be not only an inconvenience but an actual hardship in the average case. But the license would not, of itself, impose any such arbitrary limitation, except in the case of a member of the farm family unfitted to drive. The whole question, then, is one of examination and license fees. One farmer put his situation in this way:

"There are six members of our family who drive the car. Often we've seen the emergency when we had to have something from town at once, and the youngest girl was the only one who could be spared to drive without serious interference with work. But do you suppose I can afford six license fees for the privilege of having the car make a trip to town when it is necessary?"

"That," I answered, "depends upon the cost of the licenses and upon what the highway safety resulting directly from the license system is worth to you. In New Jersey, for example, the initial examination fee is fifty cents and the license three dollars. In Connecticut the examination is two dollars and the license three dollars."

"I guess," he laughed, "we'd manage to take out the licenses somehow. The young folks would probably pay for their own rather than be denied the free use of the car. But, just the same, the farmer is in a different situation from the town man as to the number of drivers his car must have in order to give full family service and pay its way. We can't go anywhere without the car; it's all the transportation we have."

A maximum family rate, with individual examinations and licenses, has been suggested as a means of reducing farmer opposition to the operator's license law. However, the shortest cut to selling the Western farmers the operator's license law is on its merits as the most essential measure of highway safety known. Again, I have yet to meet the first Western farmer who did not resent the suggestion that down-East farmers could afford anything that the farmers of the prairie states could not afford. Well, the farmers of New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and other Eastern states are affording this kind of protection, and wouldn't be without it. "Cheap safety insurance," they say.

Driver Tests

THAT the examination and license system for all operators of motor cars affords more protection from street and highway accidents than can be had by any other means is apparently accepted as a fact by all automobile, highway and traffic authorities. Why? Every other element of highway safety is inconsequential compared with the human element. The roadbed, the curves, the warning signs, the signals, the police system and the automobile itself may be one hundred per cent perfect according to present standards, and yet the human element, in the form of a reckless, careless or physically or mentally deficient driver, will instantly reduce all these safeguards to complete impotence and make the highway a path of peril to all who happen to share it with him.

The net of all automotive and highway experience enforces the conclusion that a denial of the rights of the highway to all who are, for any reason, unfitted to drive on it with reasonable safety to themselves and others, is the only effective means of controlling the human element. A perfunctory, for-revenue-only operator's license system is worthless; to be effective it must involve the careful and impartial examination of every applicant, a practical driving test in traffic, and reëxamination at reasonable intervals, to guard against driving disabilities which did not exist when the first examination was made.

Unfortunately, a well-earned license to operate a motor car is not a sure charm against deafness, failure of sight,

(Continued on Page 162)

PHOTO BY HARPER, LEBANON, PA.

Students Undergoing Instruction at Patrol School, Hershey, Pennsylvania

THE ACCIDENT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY L. EVANS PARCELL

He Waited So Long That His Nerves Steadied and His Excitement Gave Way to a Cool Intent

ALAN DOMES was, most people agreed, the foremost trial lawyer in the city; Park Gender, by the same token, stood at the head of another branch of the same profession. He was a consultant, occasionally assisting at the preparation of a more important case. Each man was preeminent in his own field, and when it began to be reported that they would join forces to form a single firm, everyone was interested. First Gender and then Domes denied that the report was true; nevertheless, it persisted, and, as a matter of fact, the plan was already well developed at the time of their conventional denials.

The two men had never come into contact; their paths had not crossed. Domes spent most of his time in court, and tales were told of the skill with which he handled witnesses. He had an uncanny gift for making the most of a man's testimony, or the least. Some of his exploits were a part of the anecdotal lore of the whole profession; and, by the same token, the cool wisdom of Gender's counsels had an equal repute among a smaller but perhaps a more select circle. Each was at the head of a firm; but in each case the other members of the firm were inadequate, failing to measure up to the standard set by these two men. The projected union between them would bring together a combination almost invincible.

They, as well as others, appreciated the importance and the public interest attaching to the step they planned; so they took some pains to prevent their formal announcement from being anticipated. For this reason they avoided meeting at either office; and their preliminary discussions, arising at first out of a chance conversation at the club of which they were both members, were carried on at first at the apartment where Domes lived.

Domes was an unmarried man; a man still under fifty, with a vigorous body to support the strength of his mind. His physical presence was a considerable asset in court and he made the most of it. It was agreed that he was entirely unscrupulous as to the means he should use in dealing with his witnesses. He could cajole a man or threaten a man, seduce him, betray him or beguile him with an equal skill; and back of everything he did was his keen and active wit, waiting to seize upon the least advantage. His methods with women on the witness stand were sometimes criticized; he hesitated neither to frighten a woman nor to insult her; but he knew also how to soothe her with subtle flattery and deference, leading her imperceptibly into such a position that she found herself irretrievably lost.

This indifference on his part to the restraints which bound other attorneys was supported—the fact was common knowledge—by an equally contemptuous attitude toward women in his private life. He was almost defiantly a bachelor; and his discussions of the advantages of his state as compared to that of matrimony had a frankness and a brutality which silenced even the most hardened listeners.

He had made a great deal of money, this Domes; his income was enormous; and he was not in the habit of denying himself anything. The fact that he had an appetite was for him sufficient reason to proceed to its satisfaction, and he drove straight ahead in such matters with a cool ferocity which had made him feared. That this was always a cool ferocity, that he never lost his head, and that a certain native sense of the limits of human toleration prevented his encroaching on forbidden ground alone saved him from being both feared and ostracized. In a different society, less trammeled by opinion and by convention, Domes would have been a frightful and appalling personality; as it was, he wore a certain glamour, wore it like a gay cloak, and was tolerated and even courted by those who found a faint exhilaration in playing with fire.

Gender knew the man by reputation; he also knew him personally. The amalgamation of their offices was proposed by Domes; but Gender was quick to see its potential advantages and quite willing to listen to Domes while the latter expounded his plan. They met once or twice at Domes' apartment; and eventually, without any thought that it might lead to harm, Gender invited the other to have dinner at his home. Thus Domes first met Alice Gender.

Mrs. Gender was a gracious gentlewoman, somewhat younger than her husband, with an aristocratic background and a very definite personal beauty and charm. There were no other guests at dinner save Domes; and when they left the table, Mrs. Gender presently withdrew to leave the two men to discuss the matter which had brought them together. There was, during the evening, nothing in the demeanor of his guest which attracted Gender's notice; but when Domes left the house he decided to walk to his apartment, two or three miles away, and he walked at a stride so swift and at the same time so vigorous that it had a certain ferocity about it. He walked home without for an instant relaxing or relenting in this pace of his; and his eyes blazed in their sockets, so that persons whom he met and who encountered his fixed and burning glance felt a curious and definite alarm and were glad to hurry past and to depart without looking backward at this man. He wore the mien of one intoxicated and at the same time tortured, and when he arrived at his apartment he was wet with perspiration.

The man who let him in, after a single glimpse of his master's countenance, hurriedly effaced himself. Domes threw aside his hat and coat and strode into the living room; he sat down in a great chair before the unlighted fire and he stared straight ahead of him for minutes on end. After a time he filled a glass with whisky from a decanter on the table beside him, and drank it, not gulpingly, but with a swift appetite, savoring the burning liquid with each swallow; and when the glass was empty he filled it again.

He was still thus sitting when dawn came through the windows; the decanter, which had been full, was almost empty and his eyes were red as embers in his head.

Domes had never stifled his passions. He had, for propriety's sake, ridden them under a mild curb, but at the same time he had permitted them to feed fat. Thus he had nurtured within himself a flame which was ready to spring and leap to devour fresh fuel. Half a thousand years ago such a man as Domes, situated as he found himself situated tonight, would have thought first of gold and then of violence; and thought would quickly have fathered deed as he drove straight toward the goal he saw so fair. He was gripped and caught up and urged forward by an avid and overpowering determination. Such emotions as those which mastered him this night have been the springs of great dramas and appalling tragedies. In the ordinary man, either these emotions have become attenuated or he has learned to master them and has taught them a docile subservience to the society in which he lives. But Domes was not an ordinary man; he was the house in which dwelt tremendous strength. It is not accurate to say that he possessed this strength; there were times when this strength possessed him. He was in the grip of his own passion now, like a man possessed of devils.

Yet Domes was strong enough, if not to master the flame within himself, at least to control it. During the succeeding days, seeing Gender again and again, he avoided betraying himself by the least sign. Only when Gender again invited him to dinner at home, Domes declined the invitation.

"You can as well come to my rooms," he remarked. "I imagined it, no doubt; but it seemed to me Mrs. Gender tolerated rather than welcomed my presence in your home."

Gender showed mild surprise and disbelief.

"I am quite sure that was your imagination," he urged. "She spoke of you afterward—said she was much impressed with you."

Domes felt his fingers bite his palm; but his voice was steady.

"Take my word for it," he replied. "I can quite understand her feeling. You understand that I have no social graces, very little tolerance for the amenities which govern in such matters. This is common gossip, which she must have heard. Her attitude is natural."

He maintained his refusal, and he was able to hide from Gender the fact that he dared not trust himself again in Mrs. Gender's presence for fear of self-betrayal. The negotiations looking toward a partnership went forward and approached consummation. They were in the end completed, and the two men united in a public announcement of their decision. This was early in October; the arrangement was to take effect on the first of January.

"In the meantime," Domes suggested to Gender the day the thing was done, "I think you and I ought to get better acquainted. We've known each other a good many years, but only formally. A better knowledge will do no harm."

Gender agreed with him, courteously enough.

"I look forward to our association with pleasure," he said. "I know your abilities."

"And I know yours," Domes assented. "But I don't know your disabilities." He smiled. "And you don't know mine. I think we might well expand our mutual understanding along these lines."

Gender said agreeably, "I see you have something in mind."

Domes nodded.

"Yes; come up in the woods with me."

"The woods?"

"I always go to Maine for a fortnight about this time of year. Tramp about, harden up, shoot a deer, eat hearty food and burn it up with exercise, get fit for the winter. I want you to come along."

Gender said uncertainly, "I'm not an outdoor man."

"Have you ever tried what I suggest?"

"Once or twice, a good many years ago. I remember I killed a rather nice buck two years after I finished law school. But I had an idea that nowadays the woods were overrun with gunners, the air full of bullets. I'm afraid I think of the forest as a place as deadly as a battlefield."

Domes laughed.

"That is true—in some localities," he assented. "But I've a little cabin on some of the paper company's land, where no one else is allowed. Twenty-two miles from the

nearest sporting camp. We won't hear a rifle except our own all the time we're there. But you'll find out whether I snore unpleasantly, and I'll discover whether you're in bad humor till you've had your morning coffee; and when we come back we'll know our mutual faults as well as we know our mutual abilities."

In response to Gender's reluctance, Domes amplified this theme, and in the end Gender was persuaded to make the trip. They left by the night train for Bangor, and Mrs. Gender drove with her husband to the station. When she said good-by to them she clasped Domes' hand.

"I'm counting on you to treat him tenderly," she said with a whimsical smile. "He's rather a babe in the woods."

Domes, his hand touching hers, was unable to speak for the hot constriction in his throat; he nodded uncertainly and drew his hand away; and thus relieved, he managed to say, "You need have no misgivings for him, Mrs. Gender. I'll bring him back to you a new man."

She kissed her husband, and Domes had a momentary glimpse, an unforgettable picture, of her upraised face and her faintly parted lips as Gender bent to kiss her. He was appalled at the tumult evoked within himself by this incident, and when he and Gender turned into the train shed, Domes fought to keep from flinging himself at the other man with hands clutching for a throat hold and death in his heart. But by the time they reached their compartment he was composed again. Gender remarked only a certain unusual exhilaration in the other's manner; he attributed this to the relaxation already induced by the beginning of their vacation.

Dave Burgin met them next day. They had reached Bangor at early morning, transferred their belongings to another train and continued the journey till toward noon. Burgin gathered up as much of their kit as he could carry; the two men themselves bore the remainder, and they walked from the station a block or so to a wharf at the foot of the lake. A small, dirty and uncertain motorboat took them the length of this lake and deposited them, late that afternoon, at another landing, behind which, set against a background of tall spruce, a dozen frame buildings of differing sizes stood in an uneven row. Gender saw the pit marks of calked boots in the boards of the wharf; and the silent men who stood about, watching their arrival, impressed him as belonging in these remote surroundings. They were for the most part either youngsters or men past their middle years, and when he and Domes were alone, Gender remarked upon this circumstance. Domes nodded indifferently.

"Most of the lumbermen are either boys or old-timers," he agreed. "They're getting a crew in here to cut spruce up that mountain back of the landing this winter."

"This isn't where we stay?" Gender suggested.

"A night here," Domes replied. "It will take us all day tomorrow. Can you walk ten miles?"

"It's the only exercise I'm accustomed to take," Gender assured him.

"Good enough," Domes said abstractedly; and then Burgin came to show them the room in which they would sleep, and they followed him and found an upper chamber in one of the larger buildings, with a single sagging bed.

"Couldn't get two rooms for you," Burgin said apologetically.

He was a lean, gray-haired man who habitually chewed tobacco; a man with quiet blue eyes and an impassive countenance.

Domes turned down the covers of the bed.

"Clean, anyway," he said to Gender, and Gender nodded.

"We can manage it for one night," he agreed, hiding his distaste under a determination to play his part fittingly. "After all, it is a bed. I trust you're not an uneasy sleeper."

A certain saturninity was revealed by the other man.

"If I am, you'll know it before morning," he replied; and Gender, a little surprised at his tone, looked at him for a moment and then turned away. He thought Domes had been quite right in predicting that they would each see new aspects of the other.

Burgin said mildly, "Supper's ready now any time you want," and left them to wash hands and faces in the heavy bowl in one corner of the room.

After supper, they sat in the office downstairs, where half a dozen of the woodsmen also congregated. Burgin and three of the others played cribbage, their usual stoic poise occasionally broken by an exclamation of satisfaction or disgust. Gender thought Domes showed a desire to avoid his company; he was faintly regretful that he had come, then attributed the other's manner to the discomfort attaching to their lodging for the night. They went early to bed, and Gender fell asleep.

Domes, rigid and still as stone, lay for hours with his eyes wide open, his elbow almost touching the other's body; and once Gender stirred in his sleep, and as he turned, his hand encountered the other's shoulder. Gender, without awakening, patted Domes' shoulder softly with his hand; and Domes, unable to endure this, bounded out of bed. Gender did not rouse, and thereafter Domes stood by one of the open windows till the night air chilled him; then got heavy garments from his luggage and clothed himself in them and sat down in a chair. Daylight came and found him so; he perceived the possibility of awkward questioning, so he undressed and once more got into bed.

Gender was awakened, opened his eyes, asked drowsily, "Morning?"

"Yes," said Domes, through a choking throat.

"Sleep well?"

"Bad night," Domes confessed. "I have them now and then. Guess I'll get up. We want to get an early start anyway."

So the two men dressed, and Gender was pleasant and courteous; and Domes, his nerves tormented by his sleepless night, was irascible and curt. Gender, perceiving this, fell silent. They went downstairs together and found Burgin waiting for them and breakfast already hot on the table, which showed by the disorder of the plates that other men had already eaten and departed.

"I've got the stuff in the canoe," Burgin told Domes; "all but what's in your room."

"Get that," Domes said curtly. "We'll be ready as soon as we're through here."

He ate in silence, drinking cup after cup of the strong coffee; and his manner began to change, so that by the time they left the table he was, Gender thought, more nearly normal again. Gender attributed the other's manner to his sleepless night and felt a decent sympathy.

After breakfast, he asked, "Won't be any chance to send out mail, I suppose?"

Domes shook his head, grinned.

"Man, you're going into the woods," he explained.

"I'll take time then for a line to Alice," Gender explained. "Five minutes?"

"Go ahead," Domes assented, and his tone had hardened.

Gender heard, but decided this must have been his imagination. He wrote a few lines to Mrs. Gender and committed them to Burgin to be mailed. Then the three men went down to the canoe together.

The journey that day was a long one. A motorboat towed the loaded canoe—the three men making this part of the trip in the motorboat—two or three miles along the lake shore, and then some two miles up the stream which flowed into it, till the water became so shoal the motorboat could go no farther. Then Domes took the bow paddle and Burgin the stern, Gender bestowing himself amidships, and they continued upstream. Almost at once Domes pointed out a group of cabins on the shore, where two or three men waved to them.

"That's the last camp you'll see," he explained.

Gender asked, "Shouldn't we have another canoe? This one's well loaded."

"That's the usual thing," Domes said, over his shoulder; "two guides and a cook and three canoes. But I prefer to take mine stiff, do my share of the work. And I know this country as well as any guide."

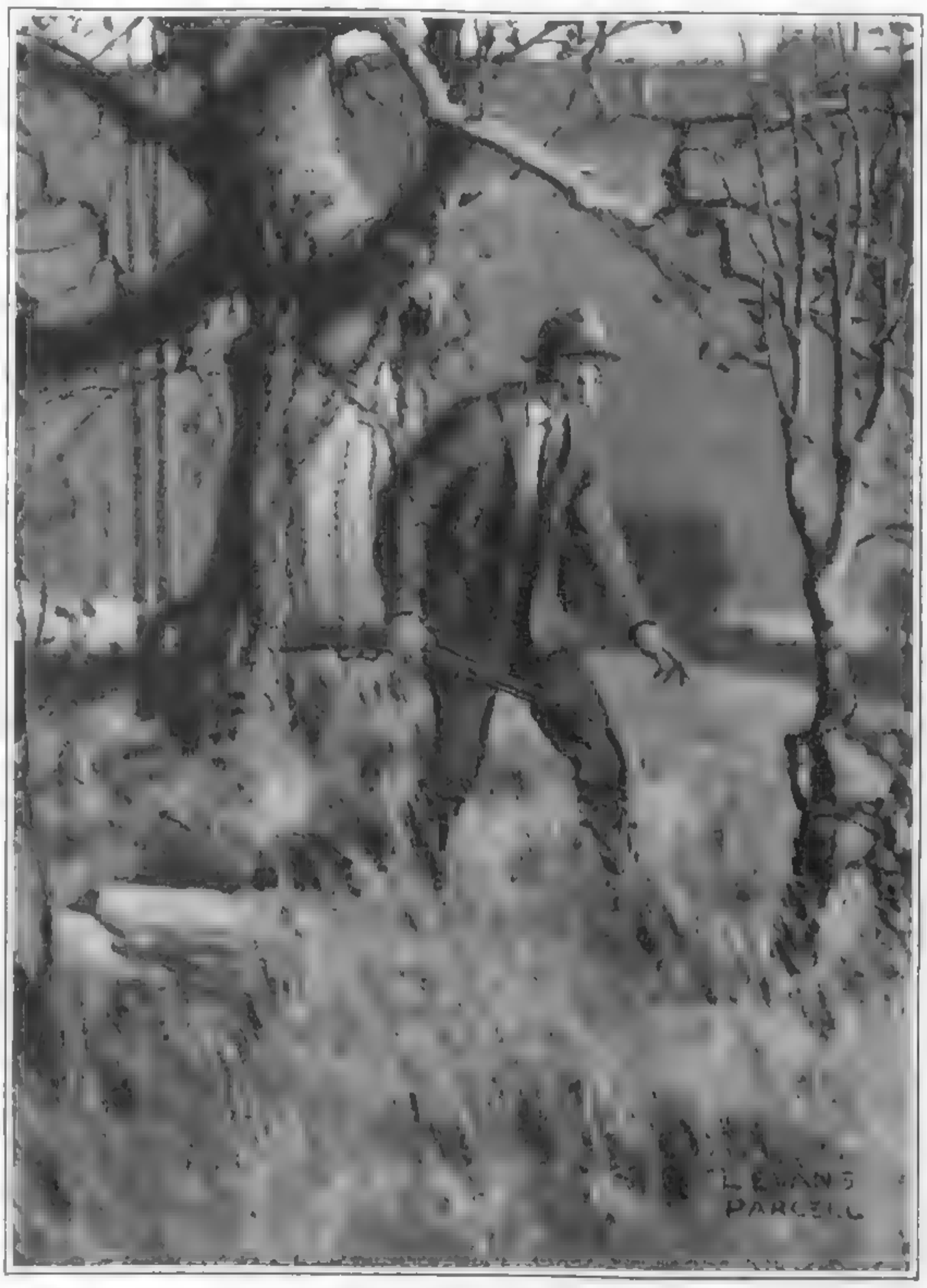
"I'll take the paddle any time you say," Gender offered.

"This is a part of my pleasure," Domes replied. "Take it easy. You'll be tired by night."

Burgin, from the stern, said, "I've packed the stuff in, all but what there is here. We can take some of this, the bulk of it, and I'll come out and get the rest tomorrow."

Thereafter they all fell silent, and there was no sound except the dip and the hissing stroke of the paddles through the water. The canoe surged ahead, paused between strokes, and surged forward again. The stream narrowed; they avoided an occasional rock; and now and then in shallow water Burgin stood erect and took his pole. On either side, the banks were clad in hardwood; tall elms rose from the water's edge; younger birch, with an undergrowth of spruce and cedar, backed the elms. Once Domes saw a deer ahead as they rounded a bend; but, although he pointed it out to Gender, he did not shoot.

(Continued on Page 171)



Domes Became Possessed of an Increasing Exultation. Matters Were Going So Exactly as He Planned

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

CARTOONS BY WYNCIE KING

By Kenneth L. Roberts

In Which the Senator From Texafornia, Mr. Firbolg, Addresses the Senate in His Usual Manner on the Menace of the Cross-Word Puzzle Craze

MR. FIRBOLG: Mr. President and senators, I desire to call the attention of the Senate for a very few moments to a well-organized and liberally financed movement on the part of certain newspapers, magazines and publishing houses to encourage the people of the United States in a form of activity that threatens to destroy the sanctity of the American home and imperil the very foundations of the Republic. The activity to which I refer, Mr. President and senators, is the cross-word puzzle, which constitutes as grave a menace, if we have but the vision to see it, as the Big Fog which caused such grievous suffering among the noble farmers of our great Western commonwealths during the early years of our nation's history, or as any of the terrible scourges that cast consternation and misery into the hearts of the honest but ignorant inhabitants of Europe during the Middle Ages.

You are all familiar, senators, with the works of the great historian Lecky, and the vivid and terrifying picture that Lecky has drawn of the manner in which the great epidemic of croup swept across the Himalayas in the year 485—that terrible epidemic which caused all Europe to live in darkness for sixteen months, because whenever a candle or a rush light was lighted a sufferer from the croup would cough and blow it out. Oh, Mr. President ——

MR. MUSHHEART: Mr. President ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER *(Mr. Gashwin in the chair)*: Does the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from Idazona?

MR. FIRBOLG: I yield.

MR. MUSHHEART: I have not heard all the senator's speech; but did he point out that one of the chief causes for the distress of the farmers in my state was due to the tremendous increase of operating expenses on the part of the railroads after the railroads had been turned over from government operation to private operation, and that the increase thus pushed upon the back of the honest and long-suffering farmer, Mr. President, by operators who were members of the Republican Party, Mr. President, was five billion, nine hundred and eighty-six million, four hundred and thirty-two dollars and nine cents?

MR. HODSWORTH: The senator is only five billion dollars out of the way.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Does the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from New Jersaware?

MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield. It has come to be almost impossible, Mr. President, for a senator to deliver a serious speech without being subject to innumerable and petty delays at the hands of those who are seeking to further their own ends by the playing of party politics.

In my state, Mr. President, the great state of Texafornia, home of that great statesman and scholar, Jeremiah T. Whistleberry, and seat of those two great universities, Fiddleback University and the University of Ashcan, named after that great public-spirited corporation, the Ashagash Canning Company—in that state, Mr. President, men meet men face to face, eye to eye, foot to foot, nose to nose, tooth to tooth. Frankness and openness and square dealing are the only actions with which the men of Texafornia are familiar, Mr. President. The petty, roundabout attack, Mr. President, made for the purpose of playing party politics, is unknown.

If we do not like each other, Mr. President, we openly stand up, man to man, and take a hearty, healthy, manly swing at the person we dislike. We do not quibble and argue the point, Mr. President. We hit him first, and then if he is able to talk about it, he is at liberty to do so.

Or if we dislike him enough we step up to him and shoot him or hit him over the head with an umbrella; but we do not make mean underhanded remarks to him of the sort that the distinguished senator from New Jersaware *(Mr. Hodsworth)*, for whom I entertain the deepest respect, attempted to make to my friend the senator from Idazona *(Mr. Mushheart)*.

What he attempted to do, Mr. President, was to discredit the figures of the senator from Idazona *(Mr. Mushheart)*. Oh, I know, Mr. President, that the railroad companies, those great, corrupt, ruthless corporations, claim that the senator from Idazona *(Mr. Mushheart)* misquotes figures concerning the railroads on the floor of this chamber; but as between the word of the senator from Idazona *(Mr. Mushheart)* and the word of all the certified accountants in the world, Mr. President, I prefer to take the word of the senator. We know that the senator gets no money from the railroads, and we know that the public accountants do get money from the railroads—a fact which speaks for itself.

Now, Mr. President, I am glad that the distinguished junior senator from Idazona *(Mr. Mushheart)* asked the question that he did ask about the distress of the farmers in his state, because I yield to no man in my admiration and respect for the American farmer, whether he tills the earth and enriches it with the products of the fertilizer trust in Idazona or in the state of the distinguished senator from Michikota or in my own glorious state of Texafornia, Mr. President, that vast empire of mountain peaks and fertile valleys, where the very birds are so full of happiness and the joy of living that they sing in their sleep.

Yes, Mr. President, I love the farmer, and I think I may say that I understand the problems of the farmer, and it

makes my blood boil, Mr. President, when I see the farmer and his wife and his little, helpless children crushed down by the cruel and ruthless hand of that giant octopus, that great corrupt Frankenstein, the fertilizer trust.

Yes, Mr. President, I see the farmer and his innocent, sweet-faced wife and his beautiful little kiddies stretching out their hands to this legislative body for relief from the troubles that afflict them and from the cruel, slavering jaws of the trusts that are trampling on them. But what relief do we give them? What relief have we given them? What are we doing for the farmer? Ask yourselves, senators, what are you doing for the farmer. Oh, Mr. President ——

MR. SKEED: Will the senator yield?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from Delavania *(Mr. Skeed)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: I do not wish to take up too much of the Senate's time, and I therefore decline to yield.

MR. SKEED: If the senator would stop talking for a month or so, maybe we could do something for the farmer.

MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield.

MR. SKEED: I beg the senator's pardon. I thought he yielded.

MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield.

MR. SKEED: The senator only yields to Democratic senators who are willing to place anti-Republican remarks in his mouth.

MR. FIRBOLG: Mr. President, I decline to yield.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The senator declines to yield.

MR. FIRBOLG: Yes, Mr. President, I decline to yield in order to furnish petty political ammunition to the petty players of party politics on the other side of the aisle, and in order to gratify these senators' love of filibustering and time wasting.

The senator from Delavania has accused me of deliberately working against the interests of the farmer, to whom I yield to no man in the interests of whom, or that is to say, in whose interests there is no other man than whom I am for, and then he has accused me of being unable to formulate my own thoughts. It is such ——

MR. SKEED: The senator quotes me with more accuracy than he quotes most people.

MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield to the senator. Yes, Mr. President, the distinguished senator thus casts misinformation and aspersion and incomprehension on my motives with the usual fair-mindedness that is found on the other side of the aisle, and attempts to hide behind the farmer's skirts; but he cannot hide, Mr. President and senators; no, he cannot hide, for he will be found out and pointed out with the finger of contempt and scorn and contumely and disgust, just as that silent, vindictive man in the White House will be found out and pointed out for his silent efforts to influence the votes of members of this chamber for bills which he doesn't care anything for except his overweening pride for which.

Oh, Mr. President, I know there are people in this country who think that the President of the United States is not a man like all the rest of us, but some great sacred divinity; but I say to you, senators, I cannot be intimidated by that strong silent man in the White House, because he is not strong enough or silent enough to eat more buckwheat cakes for breakfast than I can eat, or any other man from the glorious state of Texafornia, of which I have the honor to be from, and there is no power on earth that is capable of turning me or deflecting me or halting me in my firm and inconquerable determination to defend the truth and to protect the great common people of this nation, of whom I am proud to number myself among, from the depredations of the trusts and the petty players of party politics.

MR. GRILL: I hope that the senator, in the course of his speech on the trusts, will ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from Orekota *(Mr. Grill)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield, and I will say to the distinguished senator, for whose mental attainments and delightful person I have the utmost affection and regard, that if he spent as much time on the floor of the Senate as he does in the cloakroom listening to stories, he would know that I was addressing the Senate on the menace of the cross-word-puzzle craze, and not on the trusts. My mention of the trusts is purely incidental.

Oh, Mr. President and senators, look back over the history of this nation and search your own hearts, and then say to yourself, if you are willing to countenance such an untruth, that there has ever been any great disaster in this country that has not been due entirely to the insane desire for power and pelf on the part of some great, corrupt, ruthless trust.

Everybody knows, Mr. President, that the Revolutionary War was caused entirely by the tea trust. The War of 1812, if you will search the secret documents in the archives of the State Department, was due to the cupidity of the shipping trust. Then came the Mexican War, Mr. President, which was brought on by the hemp trust. The Civil War, at bottom, was caused by the cotton trust, and the Spanish-American War was caused by the sugar trust, working in conjunction with the tobacco trust. Finally, Mr. President, came the World War, brought on solely by the international bankers and the munitions trust.

Hand in hand with the trusts, Mr. President, walks Wall Street, and it is scarcely necessary for me to remind the senators of the terrific cataclysms that Wall Street has brought upon the farmers of America and the long-suffering world at large. Look, senators! Look at the terrible potato famine in that lovely little gem of the Eastern Atlantic, Ireland; poor suffering Ireland! Look at that famine, senators, all due to the cupidity and greed of Wall Street.

If there had been no Wall Street, there would have been no Chicago fire, no San Francisco earthquake, no loss of life at Messina, no sinking of the Titanic, no sudden drops in the price of wheat and cotton, no sudden rises in the price of gasoline and bread and meat and shoes and rents and theater tickets and books. In the stricken countries of Europe there would have been no pale-faced women and children starving to death because of depreciated currency.

Yes, Mr. President, these are the facts in the case, in spite of the conspiracy on the part of the writers for the press, the great, corrupt press, and the great corrupt editors to keep the true facts from reaching the people.

And why, Mr. President, why is there a conspiracy on the part of the writers and the editors to keep the facts from the public? It is because, Mr. President, Wall Street controls and owns every newspaper and magazine in the country that champions the cause of the capitalist and the political candidates for high office that are sponsored by Wall Street.

Look, Mr. President and senators, look at the evil conspiracy that caused a nation-wide outcry in favor of adopting the Mellon plan of taxation—that foul and nefarious plan that would have lightened the taxes of the capitalists and left the great middle class of people in the United States to bear the fruit of the nation's cruel taxes. Like parrots, mouthing the jungle sounds of the upper Amazon and chattering an imitation of the monkeys that swing in the Amazonian tree tops, the newspapers and magazines of this country echoed the shrieks of the capitalists and the bankers and Wall Street in favor of the Mellon plan.

It was the best plan, they said, senators! The best plan! How did they know it was the best plan? Oh, senators, they knew it was the best plan because the bankers and the political economists told them that it was the best plan!

Was there ever a more flagrant evidence of conspiracy? When they wanted to find out about the merits of a tax plan, they took the advice of the men who were going to be benefited by that plan, instead of taking the advice of people who paid no taxes at all. Why?

Senators, the person who would in all seriousness take the advice of a banker on Mellon's tax plans would take the advice of an engineer on engineering problems, and would probably go to a doctor to be cured of sickness. It must be apparent to any thinking man, Mr. President, that it is to the advantage of any doctor to keep any sick person from getting well, for if the person gets well the doctor will cease to receive fees. So there is a conspiracy among doctors to keep sick persons from getting well; and there was a conspiracy on the part of Wall Street and the bankers to persuade this nation that the Mellon tax plan was a

(Continued on Page 197)

INTERNATIONAL COURTSHIP

By Maude Parker Child

DURING several years' residence abroad, in the diplomatic atmosphere in Rome as well as in other capitals and other environments, nothing has interested me more than the observation of the effect of Europe upon Americans.

A recent trip to many European capitals has confirmed my belief that the startling increase in the numbers of transatlantic affiliations, of marriage, business and personal ties, presents a totally new set of social problems.

The more one sees of the great number of our countrymen, and especially our countrywomen, who are at home abroad, the more one realizes the existence of subtle and elusive, but nevertheless vital, contrasts between the old and the new worlds

In no relationship is this gulf deeper or more uncharted than in the courtship of the American girl by the European man.

Take the case of Susan.

Susan's mother telephoned me at the embassy in Rome one day, and expressed such an urgent desire to see me alone that I asked her to come to tea that afternoon. Just as she was announced, however, an Italian friend of ours appeared, and the servant showed them both into the drawing-room together.

Molly Chose a Restaurant With Dancing Rather Than an Art Gallery

The Italian was a delightful man nearing sixty, whom we may call the Count di R——. As his wife, who was now dead, had been an American, he was always very much at home with her compatriots.

On this occasion Susan's mother plied him with questions regarding the European social structure. She listened attentively to his penetrating and witty comments on some of the differences between the two sides of the Atlantic, and finally put one significant question.

"Except for the army, the navy or diplomacy," she said, "are there any professions open to young men of the aristocracy?"

These Hand-Kissing Charmers

HIS eyes twinkled. "There is always that charming profession of courting the rich American girl."

"Oh, but seriously ——" she protested.

"Madame, I am very serious." He put an expressive hand on his heart. "And who should know better than I? Not from my own experience, for my dear wife was not rich—though, of course she had a comfortable income—nor had I a great title. When I was a young man, you see, it was customary for the big titles to get the big fortunes. Nowadays this is not always true. However, I have seen, year after year, my wife's friends, and, in time, their daughters, who have come abroad. For some years I was honorary attaché at various capitals, so I have had many opportunities for observing other Europeans court the American girl or the American widow."

"And you call it a profession?" There was shocked surprise in her voice.

"But yes. Courtship is a profession, a fine art, and what you call a skilled trade, all combined."

"Good gracious! I never thought of it that way. My husband never gave it a thought when he courted me."

"Pardon, madame, but your husband he is American, is he not? Neither the American nor the Englishman ever does give it a thought. That is what makes it so much easier for the Continental!"

"Oh!" She remained silent for sometime, while he and I chatted of mutual friends, and he repeated an amusing bit of gossip about the faux pas of a newly arrived diplomat

When he rose to go he of course bent over and kissed my hand and then kissed the hand of Mrs. Smith.

Now she was a woman of almost fifty, who, without belonging to the ultra-rich international group, has traveled extensively and in her own native city is noted for her executive ability and poise. She is the sort of woman who can get up on a platform and make an excellent extemporaneous speech introducing the new senator or the visiting novelist. But this perfunctory act of kissing her hand, done, to be sure, with the grace and charm in which the well-bred Italian excels, brought to her rather severe cheeks a faint flush of pleased self-consciousness.

She had let her tea get cold and as I poured a fresh cup for her she sighed.

"Goodness, how attractive they are! Now at home can you imagine a man going to tea with two women and being so thoroughly entertaining as this man, and so interested in all they had to say?"

The combination of a brightly burning wood fire and the China tea made me too pleasantly lazy to go deeply into a subject so controversial. But her next words roused me.

"I asked to come here today to talk to you about my daughter, Susan. I've been so worried about her. You may remember she came with me to your reception last week?"

I recalled her easily. She was an unusually tall girl, about nineteen, with honest brown eyes beautifully placed in her rather broad face, but she was so shy and self-conscious that she appeared twice as tall as she really was.

"Susan chose to come over here for the winter rather than to stay at home and come out," her mother went on.

"She's grown so fast that the doctor didn't want her to go to college this year, and I had hoped she'd just be frivolous at home. But she's never been very popular with young men. Or at least," she amended, "with American men."

A Clew

THIS gave me the first clew to the difficulties of Miss Susan

"Then she has been more popular over here?"

"Yes! It's the most extraordinary thing, but just after we arrived she met two or three young officers at our hotel after dinner one night, and they all danced with her. One of them was immediately attracted to her. Immediately! I've never seen anything like it."

I had heard this story so often in various forms that I became alarmed. "But it's not serious, is it? She told me the other day that she intended to go home and finish college."

"She did intend to when she came," her mother agreed. "But last night she said that she thought higher education for women was absurd. She said, too, that America was so crude and young and lacking in true culture that she couldn't bear the thought of ever going back there to live!

"You don't want her to marry over here?"

"I don't know. I've always been opposed to international marriages, but he is such a charming boy and has such beautiful manners that I can see why she might be happier. I wouldn't stand in her way. But her father would be furious! He's the best man in the world, but his point of view about foreigners is hopelessly insular. He won't even come abroad if he can help it."

"Have you written him about it?"

"N-no. You see, Francesco hasn't actually proposed He has told me that he had never seen anyone he cared about until he saw Susan, that the moment she came into the hotel dining room he felt that destiny had ordained that they should meet."

"Yes, yes." I could supply the other phrases. "But who is he? Where does he come from?"

"Why, he's—well, he's obviously an aristocrat. He comes from a very old family in Sicily. The family castle was near Messina."

"Destroyed in the earthquake, no doubt?"

"Yes, it was. Do you know him?"

I wanted to say "I know a hundred of him," but the moment was not auspicious. I did say, "Have you verified his story, or would you like to?"

"Oh, I don't think that's at all necessary!" she protested. "He has no pretenses; that's one of the things we

(Continued on Page 83

THE OPALESCENT BORE

By Aaron Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THERE was nothing positive about the person of Mr. Herman Petty. Age did not mar him. Youth apparently had never glorified him. He appeared neat and drab, intelligent and innocuous. The atmosphere of a room was unaffected by his entrance or exit. Like a sand-colored carpet, he blended with almost every scheme.

After forty minutes of waiting, Mr. Petty found himself at the head of the line of salesmen leading into the private office of the drapery buyer for the great department store of Peebles, Inc. It had been forty minutes of nervous tension for Mr. Petty, a strain evidenced in frequent bird-like glances behind him to discover whether anyone was laughing at him.

This self-conscious dread of being the butt was not eased by the absence of amusement on the masks of the salesmen; he was convinced that they restrained themselves through politeness or respect for the commercial seriousness of the place

He fought hard not to eavesdrop the sounds coming over the partition from the buyer's sanctum. Fifty times he had surveyed the shape of his hat, trying to figure what there was about it he didn't like, and fifty times had sighed a trifle wistfully as he heard the chuckles and whisperings from within.

A muted cackle and a suppressed "That's a hot one" came over the glass-and-mahogany wall. Then the full-throated convivial voice of the buyer himself:

"Sure, Jerry, sure. Come in any time. Don't think because I'm not buying that I don't want to see you."

Jerry, large and oozing personality, strode out of the inner office past the waiting salesmen. The smile on his face guaranteed just how he would, for his own boss, translate his failure to sell into an asset of greater value than a mere merchandise order:

"Yes, sir, it's Jerry and Joe between me and old McHenry. Believe me, I've made some impression there. Of course, he's not buying now; but when he does, oh, boy!"

Mr. Petty looked yearningly toward the departing Jerry. Realization of his total lack of hail-fellow ability made him covet that quality the more.

Out of such envious considerations he was brought by the "Next gentleman, please" of Mr. McHenry's assistant.

Herman Petty clapped his hat on his head, grabbed it off again, skidded embarrassedly on the rug and arrived breathlessly disconcerted before the buyer's desk.

"Petty?" Mr. McHenry seemed to question the very legality of the name. "What's your line?"

"No, sir, I don't sell. I should like to secure a position in your department."

Mr. McHenry raised one eybrow and lowered the other simultaneously.

"See the employment manager. Wednesdays and Fridays, nine to eleven."

His raised voice snapped, "Next."

Herman Petty seemed to gulp in a couple of quarts of air for his explanation.

"I thought you might take me on, sir, because I think I can get the roller-shade contract for the new Hammersley Building."

Joseph McHenry was quick on the uptake.

"The Hammersley Building?"

"Yes, sir. There are ten thousand six hundred and seventy windows involved and I believe I know how to land the job."

The buyer was pleased to show his complete understanding of all the tricks in his trade. He spoke wearily:

"What's your game?"

"Game, sir? I don't understand."

Mr. McHenry grew even more patient.

"I mean, what have you got? An inside pull with the architect in charge of the job? He's a surly crutch from what I hear"

Mr. Petty's face lightened with interest.

"Did you ever stop to think, Mr. McHenry, about that word 'surly?' It's quite intriguing."

"Huh? What's the matter? Didn't I say it right?"

"Perfectly. But I mean the original sense of the word. In earlier years it was spelled s-i-r-l-y and referred to the haughty manner of a noble or any knight bearing the title of sir."

Herman Petty, blushing, paused to think up an apology for his untimely interruption. Mr. McHenry ceased his efforts to be patient and leaned forward on his desk.

"I want to know. S-i-r-l-y, eh?"

"Yes, sir. But about this Hammersley contract. I think I know how to sell the job. If I succeed, you pay me the regular salesman's commission; and if I don't, it costs you nothing—not even a salary"

The buyer nodded intelligently.

"I see what you mean. It referred to the snooty manner that aristocrats had That's darned interesting."

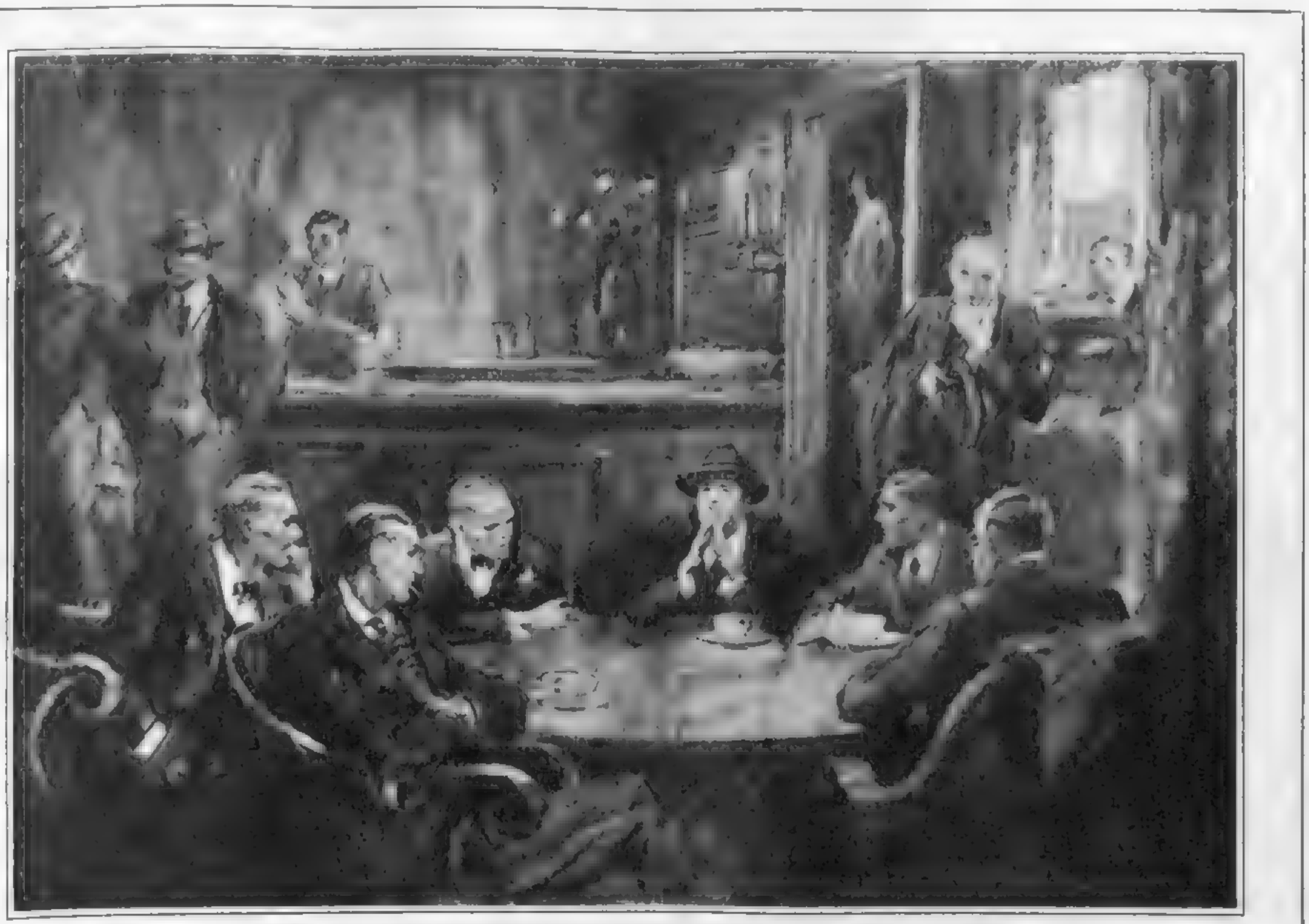
"Yes, sir . . Now about this Hammersley——"

Again the buyer's attitude became charitable

"Yes, yes, I heard all that. But you realize I can't jeopardize the good name of this store by having you pull any unethical tricks." Joseph McHenry looked carefully at the inoffensive little man. "Surly, eh? Yes, you seem honest. All right, I'll give you a chance." To himself he grunted, "Darned if I know why. The little squirt!"

Mr. Petty, although merely a gray addition to the department, was punctilious in checking in and out and other items of store discipline. On a large contract job of the roller-shade variety much of his activity was beyond the walls of the institution, so few persons were aware that he was employed at all.

(Continued on Page 110)



"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! It is the Quintessence of Beauty. The Inner Soul of All Vital Loveliness"

THE GRAY SPELL

By Grace Sartwell Mason

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IT HAPPENED the other night that I had been to a lecture by a psychoanalyst—the first to visit our town—and I was strolling homeward with my old friend, Doctor Will, when we came to the small gray house on the south side of the square, where Ethan and Alvira Pell had played out their curious small drama.

"That fellow would have got a lot of fun out of Alvira Pell," chuckled the doctor, coming to a meditative standstill in front of the dark house.

I knew that he referred to the lecturer, but I scarcely heard his remark, for as I gazed at the house I had al at once reverted to my childhood. Although I had been away from our town for years I saw myself again as a child coming home from school and passing that house. I saw myself stealing a glance at the left-hand window and then averting my head with a strange sensation.

I felt again the curious quality of that sensation. For behind those windowpanes, looking out between the looped-back muslin curtains, I had seen, during all my childhood, the face of bedridden Alvira Pell. Some of the children always waved their hands at the face behind the windowpanes, but I could never bring myself to do so. There was something about the white pillow, the white cap ruffles, the white face, dimly discerned, that frightened me. I was reminded of the white distorted shoots growing up out of our potato bin in the cellar; of the blanched whiteness of toadstools under our barn. Something unnatural and awesome about Alvira Pell at once fascinated and chilled my heart.

When my mother took me to see her frequently, as was the custom, I could scarcely bring myself to meet her outstretched hand. Its cold softness was somehow shocking to me. Its pale limpness was so at variance, as I later observed, with its size and shape. For Alvira had the hand of dominance, a strong hand, full of will.

It was the same with her face. Surrounded by a halo of white starched ruffle, flour-white it lay upon the pillow. And in it there was none of the resignation, of the conscious patience or the weary endurance of the long-time invalid. Instead, there was an odd masklike stillness that was rather watchful. Sometimes there was an ironic quiver at the corner of her mouth. Sometimes there was furious impatience. And sometimes—this always puzzled me most of all—there would come a curious brief flash of triumph, as if that passionate will of hers was assuaged, fed, satisfied.

"And What are You?" She Shrilled. "You Poor Little Henpecked Poodle! Just a Tame House Cat, That's What You Are!"

This expression I noticed first on a Saturday morning when all the little house was full of the energetic sounds of Ethan Pell's weekly housecleaning. Above these sounds there broke a slight crash, followed by a masculine imprecation.

"Ethan!" The invalid's voice carried well.

In a moment or two Ethan Pell came to the door. He wore one of his wife's gingham aprons tied about his thin waist, and an old hat on his head. Under its brim his bright blue eyes were irascible, but when he spoke his tone proved that he kept a fair check on his ready temper. "What you want, Alvira?"

"You've broken another of the blue-willow saucers!" It was not a question, but an accusing statement.

He took off the old hat and scratched his head. It was curious to see the struggle that went on within him between his nature and his acquired patience. He was like a lean fierce eagle chained by the leg to teach it manners. The chain fairly bit into the soul of him. You could see that he wanted to gnash his teeth and shout "Woman, be quiet!"

But instead he smiled patiently. "Now, Alvira, I only just put the soap in it and ——"

"And knocked it off the table with the mop stick. How many times have I told you not to use the blue-willow saucers like that? Well! It's time to put the bread in the oven. Your fire's too hot. Close the damper and leave the oven door open a few minutes. That's all, Ethan."

Ethan opened his mouth spiritedly, but he closed it again and departed. My mother exclaimed at the marvel of Alvira's knowing everything that went on in the house. How, for instance, could she know that Ethan had broken a blue-willow saucer?

"My ears are as good as ever." The corner of her mouth twisted ironically. "I know every time a cupboard door opens in this house. And I know Ethan."

"He's a wonderful housekeeper," said my mother. "So clean and neat. Very few men could manage as he does."

"He does very well," said Alvira evenly. Then, after a pause, she added, her gaze on the ceiling, "I never broke things, or swore."

My mother tried to say something further in Ethan's praise, but Alvira had withdrawn herself as effectively as if she had risen from that bed and walked out of the room.

It was probably this way she had of shutting a door in one's face that divided our town into two camps, those that believed in Alvira Pell and those that did not. Deplorable are differences between neighbors, theoretically, but as a matter of fact the Alvira Pell mystery was to our town, socially speaking, meat and drink, it was theater and novel, it kept conversation alive in many an endless winter evening, it made husbands and wives quarrel, and caused them to make up. Around the small commonplace house on the south side of the square lively currents of speculation and of pity swirled and clashed.

Moreover, to its threshold in the course of the years came many fascinating figures from the world beyond our hills—hypnotists and healers, Indian medicine men, herb doctors, bone doctors, the fervent of many cults, from Holy Rollers to an outlandish figure in a turban with incantations at his finger tips—all called there by Ethan Pell to cure his wife of her mysterious malady.

And Alvira Pell regarded the procession from her pillows. Although with many spells and devices they bade her arise and walk, she remained supine. She remained inscrutable, as if held in a spell stronger and darker than any skill of science or quackery. But why did she take to her bed, and why remain there all those years, was what I demanded to know of my old friend as we walked on again.

It was generally agreed, the doctor told me, that no better-looking or more high-spirited couple in our town ever joined hands and started out on the difficult road of matrimony than Alvira and Ethan Pell. To be sure, a greater variety in type might have been desirable from the standpoint of the eugenist. In certain features they were noticeably alike—the same high domineering nose, the same spirited lift of the head, the same self-willed jaw. They were even exactly of the same height, Ethan being rather small for a man, and Alvira tall. And though Ethan's eyes were an intense blue and Alvira's black, in shape and expression they were much alike, lively, irascible and youthfully intolerant. Scorn of imperfection was in Ethan's eye; impatience of interference in Alvira's.

The impetuosity and fervor of their courtship stirred the town. They fell in love within a month after Ethan came to our town to set up his law office, a slender, handsome, quick-tongued young man in tight mulberry-colored trousers. They became engaged. Within a fortnight they quarreled and passed each other on the street with glassy eyes and pinched mouths They suffered and visibly pined.

But one day at a Sunday school picnic, with Ethan pretending at being merry with the girls on one side of the long table and Alvira flirting with Milton Hayes on the other, their glances suddenly met. A white spot came on either side of Ethan's nose. The bright color drained out of Alvira's cheeks. Both at the same instant rose from the table, their glances interlocked and unyielding.

Alvira, picking up her cup, walked to the pavilion where the coffeepot stood on a camp stove. Ethan with his cup followed. Then one of them, no one ever knew which, must have lowered a lash or lifted a finger. For the next instant the woods behind the pavilion had swallowed them. When they rejoined the others later there was an ecstasy in their eyes so shining and so oblivious of earth that the others looked away from it and withheld their comments.

They loved each other, there could be no doubt. In a shut-in community where mating was too likely to be a matter of propinquity, the marriage of Ethan and Alvira Pell was different. They loved each other fiercely, in a tight-lipped, high-headed, intolerant way. But their young egos were as hard as diamonds. Within a few months their frank and lively quarrels diverted and scandalized the town. In the drug-store circle bets began to be placed as to which would gain the final mastery. It was evident that if the household was to stand, one or the other would have to bow the head. As usual, some blamed Ethan and some Alvira.

Doctor Will, who was their contemporary and close friend, said that he rather sided with Alvira, though admitting that a trifle of wifely submission would have oiled the machinery. Ethan was certainly trying. Just about as peaceful as a little gamecock. He had the temperament of a fiery schoolmaster. He loved to instruct, and especially to instruct Alvira. To be fair, there seemed nothing he could not do well.

The circumstances of their life gave him excellent opportunity to remodel Alvira, and he set about it with all his overbearing vitality. He had set up his law office in a building that backed up to his own garden. One of his office windows overlooked the lettuce bed and Alvira's kitchen door. If the tea towels were not drying on the line by nine o'clock in the morning he knew that Alvira had left the soap in the dishwater and gone out to moon among her flower beds in the front yard. He could not stand irregularity. As he so often said to Alvira, there was a right way and a wrong way, even in washing dishes. And he would prance across the garden, rescue the melting soap and deliver a lecture on system. Then back he would go to his own work, refreshed and sure of his own rightness, leaving Alvira quite reasonably enraged.

He very quickly became the sort of husband that runs a finger over the furniture, detects the least scrap of lint on the glassware, and the one moldy crumb in the breadbox. He was also a natural-born cook, which is undesirable in a husband. And he had violent antipathies to universal and innocent things like cinnamon, coconut, soft beds, curl papers, certain colors, upholstered furniture and red stockings.

What Ethan disliked he insisted that Alvira should have none of; what Alvira liked she defended and nourished fiercely.

Naturally their life was not peaceful, and it became less so as time went on. Which was a great pity, for each of them was splendid human material. And they loved each other still. When their first child, a girl, was born Ethan's care of Alvira was exquisite, and his tenderness was a fine thing to see. He even managed to curb his temper and his argumentative tongue. And Alvira was her best self, sweet and appreciative.

But when she was well again, the baby proved only one more object for them to disagree about. Any mother believes that she knows best how to take care of her own child. Especially she knows more than that inconsiderable person, the child's father. But Ethan, his avid and lively mind stimulated by fatherhood, had also a great many theories derived from extensive reading about child culture. So that he was really more dogmatic and interfering than ever. It was plain that he maddened Alvira. Her eyes came to have the sort of nervous shine in them that any husband would do well to consider.

But Ethan, maturing, becoming more and more pervasive and cocksure, with a growing law practice and plenty of physical vitality, read no danger signs. He was always ready to manage anything and to instruct anyone, from his infant daughter to the judge on the bench. Even those who found him overbearing had to admit that he was a remarkable young man, a man with a future. He had an eye on the office of district attorney, and undoubtedly he would attain his ambition.

It was a pity he could not have recognized the ominous storm signals in the domestic offing and stepped a bit more warily around and about Alvira's ego. For Alvira had taken to silences, a bad symptom in a woman with black eyes and a high nose. More and more frequently she gave in when Ethan instructed her in the right way of some domestic detail. But after each giving in, her eyes smoldered, and she went into one of her silences.

The first child was about five years old when the second was born to them. It was a boy, and Ethan was exultant. He would now have unlimited opportunity to try out his matured theories of child training and education.

In those days and in that locality the trained nurse was practically nonexistent, as was the domestic servant. But Ethan required neither. He himself took splendid care of Alvira, with the help of a neighbor. He was devoted and exuberant and rather trying in his efficiency.

But Alvira did not appear to get back her strength. She seemed content to lie with her eyes closed, making no effort, and at last Doctor Will decided she must really exert herself a little.

She was obedient; she allowed him to set her on her feet, and she had taken a step or two toward a rocking chair when Ethan bustled in.

"There!" he crowed. "I told you, Alvira, you were stronger than you thought. Just step out, now ——"

"Shut up, Ethan!" said the doctor, for he had felt a stiffening of his patient's body.

She stood still where she was for an instant. Then there occurred in her face a sort of white explosion. For the merest flash her eyes opened insanely wide, then they closed, and Alvira crumpled to the floor. They lifted her and put her back into her bed.

At first, of course, everyone, including the doctor, expected that any day she would get up. Kind neighbors would say, "Tomorrow you'll feel like getting up, Alvira."

And Alvira would repeat, "Tomorrow."

Ethan was, for him, quite patient. "Ally is pretty weak. Give her time," he would say. But after a month or two he asked Doctor Will to call a city doctor in consultation. When the man from the city had gone away Doctor Will went into his patient's room and closed the door. They were alone.

"Now, Alvira," he said firmly—he was young and he had to be firm to hide his bafflement—"you are going to get up. We find there is nothing whatever wrong with you. Come, now."

"I'll try," she said, with no expression in her eyes.

She did try, and, as before, she crumpled. Frightened by her evident exhaustion, the doctor at last put her back into her bed.

He was much annoyed. His professional pride was affronted, and for the time being he let her severely alone. He believed that she was shamming. That is, he believed so until the next time he tried to get her to walk, and a curious thing happened.

She had promised to try to take a step, and she had willingly set her feet to the floor. She stood upright, and then, just as before, without warning, her very bones seemed to turn to water and she sank to the floor. The doctor sprang forward, and he caught on her face an expression that afterward he puzzled over a good bit. It was distinctly an expression of surprise, mingled with terror. Most perplexing, that curious fright and bewilderment in Alvira's face.

After that the doctor did not doubt her again. He decided that whatever had been the case at first, she was not shamming now. That day he had placed her again upon her pillows. Neither of them had said anything. Alvira turned her face to the wall. She lay thus a long time staring at a morning-glory vine on the wall paper, and no one knew what she thought.

From that day she accepted her invalidism. She advanced no theory, nor voiced a regret. She allowed the neighbors to speak of God's will, but she herself saddled no responsibility on Divinity.

She merely lay silent and withdrawn while storms beat about her bed.

For, of course, Ethan raised the very roof in his protest against this baffling blow that had fallen. He would not bow his head under it. He intended to make Alvira well if it took all his time and his last cent. Then began that long procession of eminent or fantastic figures past Alvira's bedside. Whenever Ethan heard or read of a healer, whether recognized or otherwise, he invited him to try his magic on Alvira.

He was full of hope and indomitable spirits. And his industry was incredible. It had to be, to pay for that interesting but futile procession. He was obliged to economize severely and he fell into the habit of doing a great deal of the housework himself to save wages. He managed to keep his law practice going, though his interest was now divided. In spare moments he delved into the limited medical literature of the time and tried out a few of his own ideas on the invalid. The neighbors said they did not see how he could possibly keep it up.

But it was Alvira who gave out first. Among the last of the healers Ethan brought to her bedside was a diverting figure in a turban who darkened the room and said incantations over her and turned out to be an Armenian peddler. After him Alvira issued an ultimatum: She would not be hauled out of bed, or done magic over any more. No more snake oil or galvanic batteries or strange machines should be used on her, and not another drop of medicine would she take.

If she could have walked she would have done so long ago, and now, leave her alone, she said.

It was rather pathetic the way Ethan took this end to his efforts. He started to say something vehement and protesting, but he stopped and stood looking down upon Alvira's closed eyelids—she could repel anything with those eyelids—while for the first time a faint doubt of himself appeared in his eyes. As if a suspicion dawned upon him that here was a dark force that might prove too strong even for his high will, he turned away, very thoughtful.

(Continued on Page 157)

It Was With a Sense of Defeat and Some Bewilderment That the Doctor Exclaimed, "The Lord Help You, Alvira! You're a Stone Wall of a Woman"

TESSIE AND THE LITTLE SAP

By Sewell Ford

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

HE WAS about Number Ten for the day, so maybe I didn't throw my whole soul into that famous smile of mine. A heavy-built, ruddy-tinted, middle-aged sport he was, with bulgy eyes and a thick underlip. Had a Shriner's emblem dangling from where his vest bulged most and a row of cigars in both upper pockets. He asks if we carry the Pittsburgh papers, buys a couple of motion-picture magazines and then stalls around looking at the box candy. I knew it was coming before he said a word.

"What's a good show, girlie?" he asks.

I checks off all the reviews and follies on a theater list and hands it to him.

"How about my getting two seats?" says he.

"Fine!" says I. "You can put your hat and coat in the extra one."

"I was hoping I might find someone who'd go with me," says he.

"Well, there's no law against hoping," says I.

"And a nice little dinner somewhere before the show," he suggests. "What say, dimples?"

"Meaning me?" says I. "Nothing doing." And then I springs the yawn.

But that kind you can show your back teeth to without getting 'em discouraged. This one leans across the counter folksy.

"It's kinda lonesome trying to have a good time in New York all by yourself," says he.

"Yes?" says I. "Should have brought the wife and the twins along, eh?"

That usually stops 'em, but this bird only comes back for more

"You get me wrong, girlie," says he. "But I like you a lot, just the same, and if you should change your mind between now and 6:30, why give me a ring at Room 1124."

"Don't strain your ear listening for any tinkle from me, papa," says I; and with that I steps to the other end of the booth where Mame is sorting back-number highbrow weeklies for return.

"Gee, but you did put the ice tongs into that party, Tessie!" says she.

"Huh!" says I. "On a hide like his I didn't even make a dent."

"Offered to blow you to dinner and a show, didn't he?" she asks.

"They generally do," says I. "How many New Leaders this week? Say, it's a wonder they don't quit printing that junk—or loading it on us, anyway."

"Ain't it?" says Mame. "But supposin' he'd been young and a good looker—a reg'lar sheik?"

"Then he wouldn't have been trying to make his dates at the news stand, would he?" says I.

"Oh, I dunno," says Mame. "Couldn't beat you much, wherever he looked. You got wonderful eyes, Tess."

"I know," says I. "One on each side of my nose; mates too."

"Bluest things I ever seen," says she. "They go so well with your hair."

"That's why I didn't pick pink ones," says I. "I'm fussy that way."

Mame shakes her head and lets out one of her sappy sighs.

"You're some vamp, Tess," says she. "I wisht I could get myself up like you. I wisht I could have 'em stretchin' their necks after me."

"And that's two of the silliest wishes you ever wasted breath on," says I. "Here! Lemme show you how to tie up a bundle."

"At First I Thought You Were a Pink Icicle, But Now I Know You're Not"

She's my new helper at the stand, Mame. I have to break one in about every three months, and next to shunting out-of-town cut-ups, that's the hardest part of the job. The new girls come and go. I generally get to know where they come from, but where they go, a lot of 'em, is something I shut my eyes to. Mame says she started work at twelve in a paper-flower factory, then she tried a steam laundry for a while, switched to the pie counter of a quick-lunch joint and finally heard of this place in the Gloriana lobby through a bell hop she met at a dime dance hall. If it wasn't for her adenoids and the Fiji bob some Eighth Avenue butcher did to her hair, and the dull look in her eyes, she wouldn't be so bad. But at that, she's a flat tire. So I'm not much set up over the crush she's developed for me. And anyway, I'm a better judge of my own looks than Mame ever will be of anything, even of chow main or six-reelers. If I've got to see her every day for long, though, I expect I'll have to take her around to Ma'm'selle Murphy and get her to shear that dry-mop off the back of her head.

She's got a one-way mind, too, such as it is. Runs in a groove, and when it gets started on anything just keeps right on. An hour later, during the afternoon lull, she breaks out again on the same topic.

"Know what they make me think of when you're blockin' a kidder?" she asks. "Them eyes of yours, I mean. Like lookin' up at the sky some clear night in winter. So blue and frosty."

"Say, I got other features, Mame," I hints.

"But it's your eyes I like to watch most, Tess," says she. "They ain't always frosty—only when you're talkin' to men. I was wonderin'."

"You'd be more of a help if you'd unpack that carton of chocolate mints and dress the case," says I.

She gets busy with her hands, but her thoughts go rambling on. "Some guy musta made you awful sore once," says she.

"Maybe," says I. "And maybe you'll get yours one of these days too. Then you'll know all about it."

"He musta been a poor snipe if he tried to let a girl like you down, Tess," says she.

"Eh?" says I, whirling on her. "Listen, kid; if he'd been a poor snipe he'd never had a chance. Paste that on your mirror. No, taking 'em as they come, he was as good as they make, which isn't saying so much."

"What was he like, Tess?" she goes on.

And the first thing I knew I was telling her about Barney, sketching out things I'd never told anybody before; about how we met, and how I liked the tricky way he had of half shutting his eyes when he smiled, and how clean and honest he looked, and the crisp curl of his red hair just above the ears.

"Not that he was any screen idol," I adds, "or had any lounge-lizard points. In fact he could have stood a lot of smoothing up, and the way his coat collar didn't fit his neck was a crime. But there was something solid and substantial about him, Mame, besides the wide shoulders. You felt he'd be there in a pinch; someone you could tie to and depend on. And then, first and last, that flickery smile always waiting behind the black eyelashes. That's what got me. It seemed real, you know, and friendly, like it had come from the heart of him; an honest-to-goodness smile that would be there at breakfast time and would last through a spell of cloudy weather. Anyway, I fell for him, and I expect he did for me."

"He'd had his taste all in his mouth if he hadn't," says Mame. "You got to be sweeties?"

"In time," says I. "He had a garage job, repair work; but I told him I'd never hook up with anybody that was black with grease every day, and showed him how it wasn't getting him anywhere. Oh, yes! It was me helped him break into the front office as salesman and cured him of trying to talk through a cigar and of having his hair cut round in the back and wised him up generally. Huh! And all for what? I ask you."

"He found somebody else?" says Mame.

"Somebody else found him," says I. "A rich widow, fifty if she was a day. Oh, I'll admit she didn't look it, not with all her scenery on; but he couldn't have thought she was any chicken. Sold her a limousine, Barney did, and himself along with it. The brassy way she went after him, though, slipping him presents, taking him to luncheons in palm rooms, to ritzy dinner places, to private dance clubs; then having him out for week-ends at her country place. Barney, who used to save up to give me a cabaret dinner once a week! And the next thing he knew he was wearing his soup-and-fish every night, getting second helps of pheasant from the butler and being rolled home by Louis the chauffeur. No wonder Tessie of the candy counter faded out so quick and was left waiting on the usual corner, biting her lips until the blood came. Twice I did that act before I got my hunch. And I'm telling you, Mame, Barney's as good as they come. So now you know why there's frost in my eyes when they start cooing around. Here's one now. Get this, Mame. He's been eying me across the lobby, and he's got on a pink foulard tie and a carnation in his buttonhole. All dolled for conquest, this old boy is, and what he's gonna have handed to him will make

him think he's leaning up against the north side of an ice house in Medicine Hat."

I was wrong, for after he'd opened with the little-girlie line and had asked what I was doing that evening, and I'd told him whatever else I might have on the book it wasn't collecting antiques, and Mame had snickered —— Well, as he backs off he looks like he'd been frying doughnuts with a short fork.

"That ought to hold him for a while," says Mame.

"Anyway," says I, "it'll be nothing he'll tell the smoking-room bunch about on the way back."

"At this rate," she suggests, "you'll have the score all evened up some day. What then?"

"Maybe I'll keep on for the sake of the girls who don't know how to do anything but wipe their eyes," says I.

"Aw, one of these times you'll meet a feller that'll clean this Barney blot offn the slate," says she.

"I'm as likely to forget how to breathe," says I. "Here's the Wall Street editions."

But it's hardly an hour later, while Mame is out for her egg sandwich and hot chocolate, that a perfectly sweet little man drifts up and looks me over as bold as if I was something in a shop window. Must have been all of nineteen, but quite the man about town, if I give you the picture. Couldn't have been any more sure of himself if he'd just stepped off a throne or something. Nice-looking kid, too, if you like 'em pale, with patent-leather hair and lines like a flapper. But I could almost feel the bright brown eyes going over me.

"Yes-s-s-s?" says I.

"I say, are those—ah—fresh?" he asks, flipping a pair of yellow gloves at some five-pound boxes of De Luxe mixed.

"Came today," says I, as usual.

"I hope you're sure," says he. "I—ah—I'm rather particular."

"That's the trade we cater to, sir," says I, giving him the full-voltage smile, as a five-pound customer deserves. "Shall I send, with card?"

"Oh, I say, that's awfully decent of you," says he. "Any time tomorrow before six."

"Right," says I. "Her birthday, I suppose?" And I throws in my Grade-A twinkle.

Few of 'em ever get that twinkle, for they tell me it's deadly; but this looked like a case where it would be safe to let it loose. It wasn't. He works up a flush under the brown eyes and steps in a bit closer.

"Rather a wide guess, cutie," says he.

"There, there!" says I. "We haven't got to the cutie stage yet, son."

"I have," says he prompt, "and I rather think you're going to like it. Let me see, have I anything on for this evening? No. Then we'll plan something. Now when do you get off?"

"What you'll probably hear, Mr. Swift, is where you get off," says I. "The card, please."

"Business first, eh? That's right." And he winks knowing.

While he was writing the name and address I was planning to open the refrigerator door at the first fresh remark, but all he says as he hands over the card is, "It's for mother, you see. She's been in Palm Beach a month and I want to square myself for not writing. She doesn't get here until tomorrow afternoon, though, and before that you and I will have time to —— I beg pardon?"

I must have let out a quick gasp, or given myself away somehow; but the name on that card seemed to jump up and slap me across the face. It was hers—Barney's swell widow friend, Mrs. Rodman Lee Welles. And this elegant youth with the peevish mouth and the sheiky manners must be Rodman, Junior. He'd signed the card, "With heaps of love, Roddy." And it was him that thinks I'd like to be called cutie! Say, for a second there I had a mind to risk my job by chucking the box at his head. And then—well, I got another slant. Maybe he was her pet and only. Looked like he might be. He had all the marks of a spoiled darling.

His mother might be all wrapped up in him, outside of what was wrapped up in Barney. And here he was calmly telling me that for tonight I was to be his cutie. Could you beat that?

As Barney used to say, I can shift gears with the best of 'em. I did then.

"Excuse it, please," says I. "It was the name. I used to know a boy that I called Roddy. He—he got the flu."

"Well, I don't mind if you call me Roddy," says he.

"Oh, but I couldn't, sir," says I, throwing in the shy stuff. "I'm only a ——"

"Say, let me tell it," he breaks in. "You're a regular home wrecker, you are. Perfectly stunning eyes, hair that poets would rave about and a smile that gets me blinking I've seen a few others too. At first I thought you were a pink icicle, but now I know you're not. You're rather a glorious young person and I am going to take you somewhere to dinner at 7:15."

"Z-z-z-z!" says I through my front teeth. "You don't play yourself for a fast worker or anything, do you?"

"I usually know what I want," says he, snapping open a gold cigarette case. "This evening it's your society. Where shall I call for you?"

There sure wasn't anything of the shrinking violet about him. I expect he used to demand the strawberry jam in the same way, and there's no doubt that mother gave it to him. Now he's noticed me and he's all but crooking his finger for me to follow. Just to have reached out and handed him one across his selfish little mouth would have done me a lot of good about then. But I didn't. I let on to turn pouty.

"Suppose I've got another date?" says I.

"Scratch it," says he.

"Can't you say it nicer than that?" I asks.

"Please, then," says he. "And by the way, what shall I call you besides cutie?"

"One more cutie and it's all off," says I. "My name is Tessie."

"That's perfect," says he. "And you must have some white Killarney roses to wear. I'll see if the florist has them while you're writing the address."

So it happens that just as Mame comes back from her supper he is handing in the bunch of flowers wrapped in oiled paper and tied with a violet ribbon.

"I'll be on hand at 7:15, Tessie," says he.

"All right, Roddy," says I.

Which Mame took in with eyes, mouth and ears open.

"My lord!" says she. "And a half hour ago you was tellin' me how ——"

"Never believe all you hear, Mame," says I, "and not more'n half what you see. Also don't forget to check your

(Continued on Page 119)

When She Sees the Look in His Eyes as He Gazes Across at Me, She Understands, and She Nearly Crumples Up in the Chair

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

Spring—By Joseph Hergesheimer

The Spring Lawn

A YEAR, at least, before the rebuilding of the Dower House I had begun to be conscious of the need for a more appropriate relationship than that which existed between the house itself and its contents. Until then I had had a very vague if appreciative idea of what the word Colonial, applied to early American furnishings, meant. Without stopping to realize that a Colonial house or chair was, simply, a chair or house belonging to the period when the Atlantic states of America were English colonies, I included in that term practically everything, from a court cupboard to the Swiss motives of the Philadelphia Centennial. I knew within closer limits what I wanted for myself; that was, I knew generally; but of the details that were to become so essential to me I had no conception.

I was rapidly approaching the end of a dangerously expensive undertaking; I was telling Dorothy that soon we'd be able to recover and even improve our solvency; when—but still hidden from me—I was really at the beginning of an extravagance far more unaccountable, infinitely less excusable, than any sum spent on my house. I was about to acquire, at amounts absolutely idiotic for me, an exact comprehension of precisely what the word Colonial, in America, did mean. At first, with my newly gained sense of domestic history, I was very rigid about what was proper; everything must be in keeping with the period—not the earliest—I selected for the interior. The Dower House was begun in 1712, and, through a continuous existence of more than two centuries, many changes of taste and circumstance had taken place there. I didn't like the rude pine furniture, the earlier oak, of the seventeenth century; woods, as well, practically confined to New England manufacture; and painted Dutch furniture, however native to Eastern Pennsylvania, was too limited and clumsy. That left the pleasant field of walnut, and I had only to determine the range of years to bound my acquisitions. I would choose, I decided, from what had been made between 1710 and 1760; for that would include a William and Mary highboy, the best of the Queen Anne chairs, and Chippendale's greatest years; all, of course, in their American counterparts.

I was, then, only interested in furniture; the rest, the incidental rarities of collecting, I rather loudly ignored. When I went to see Mrs. Cookerow, she would invariably call my attention to a scarce flask, a cotton handkerchief printed with early ships and Presidents, or some marked American pewter, and advise me to buy them, before they disappeared from sale. But I told her old bottles were no more than that—they were old bottles; the handkerchief I couldn't glance at; and that pewter, in my opinion, was a nuisance.

She used to smile at me and, a little impatient, warn me that some day I'd beg her, and in vain, for what I was then refusing. This happened, but not until my plan for a house in one key had been relinquished. I had bought what, relatively, I wanted, intending to purify the contents of room after room; and in consequence, when that determination was in effect, I lost some very beautiful things—a fluted bed carved with sheaves of wheat in Newburyport, a Hepplewhite secretary inlaid with eagles, and a pair of late Chinese Chippendale chairs in rubbed vermilion.

However, luckily, that ideal of consistency didn't outlast the temptations spread before it: I began to collect curly maple for a bedrpom, and I embraced an opportunity to own a pair of dolphin candlesticks in a remarkable and unsightly opaque blue. Incongruous but charming pieces of furniture made their appearance in the Dower House: white Sandwich lamps, with glazed yellow shades like buttercups; a room, against my best endeavors, seemed to furnish itself in mahogany; and mahogany, a final indignity to a departed standard, I put with the walnut in the dining room.

And, together with this, an insidious change came over me where the prices of American antiques were involved; I was educated out of my fixed beginning frugality. I forget what, in the past, Mrs. Cookerow asked for historic handkerchiefs; but one, I was told, had lately sold for more than three hundred dollars. I was surprised, but not shocked. When Frances Carey brought to me the silver Philadelphia tea service I subsequently bought, the memory of its price interfered for a month in my enjoyment of it; but when, only a little while ago, she spoke of a tankard that probably was worth a thousand dollars I wasn't disturbed. Indeed, I asked to see it, telling myself that if I couldn't, just then, afford it, a friend might easily take it. While my intentions, where he was involved, were nothing short of ideal, when I actually got into the Dower House objects I had ostensibly secured for him, as often as not there they remained.

Yet, while he didn't do that—free from such a necessity—he had a habit of getting things I was deeply interested in and, as off-handed as possible, showing them to me. "Not bad," he'd comment, about a flask actually lavender in shade; or, "If you're upstairs you might look at a day bed you'll find and tell me what's the matter with it." Nothing at all, he well knew, was wrong; and he would enjoy my minute examination of its every detail. His resources were larger than mine, but that fact didn't discourage me; no one, in the Dower House, could have guessed what my resources were; they were splendidly concealed by my taste in early Americana. Only the exceptional, I had come to believe, was worth having; the exceptional but not the unusual; there was a tradition for chairs more exacting and ascertainable than the genealogies of kings.

It was extraordinary how much a small house—there were only eight rooms—would hold; and improvement was always, with an increased understanding and possession, a necessity. It was last month I had realized that the mirror in the dining room couldn't remain; and I regretfully recalled that I had been offered a circular mirror framed in gilded cornucopias and crowned with an eagle, that recurring and desirable national ornament. Eagles and ships! The base of the curly maple candlestand was too heavy; the wing chairs with straight tapered legs only held their places until I could find others that were *cabriole;* I had to discover a gracefully small casual table to hold a lamp, a cigarette box and the pewter porringer we used for ashes.

But that was all in the present, the future, when my preoccupation should have been with the accumulation of my possessions and of a related knowledge. However, that wasn't a gradual, a logical, process: I was no more conspicuous for patience than for prudence. Knowledge, more often than not, followed my mistakes instead of preceding them in the inexpensive company of a little care.

A Chair in the Dining Room

I had begun by buying only the things which had a place, a use, in the Dower House; and that I rigidly kept to—I had no ambition to live in a museum—but in addition to that a very deep interest attached itself to the separate things I acquired, an individual and a collective interest aside from their immediate purposes. I developed a love for the walnut furniture of a provincial Pennsylvania out of all apparent proportion to its cause. It became an obsession with me; I got a positive delight from the unrestored surfaces of Dutch dressers, a slight variation from the usual in the turnings of a gate-legged table filled me with a possessive excitement; a highboy with Spanish feet Francis Brinton found in New Jersey furnished us with an interminable discussion of where it had been made—was it local to the town of its discovery or had it been brought across the Delaware River?

This, examined coldly, logically, had some undeniable aspects of the momentary and the absurd. Was I merely carried away by a species, well-recognized and generally derided, of collector's frenzy? Men gathered postage stamps and coins and books which blind luck had preserved out of the past, they got a great pleasure and often a palpable good from their special activities, their assiduity frequently rewarded museums and historians; but mostly the reward went no further than the incidental employment of mind and time. I wasn't beyond the need of those benefits, but I was under the necessity of a more valid excuse for the increasing expenditures I put myself to; of money and of thought. I didn't want to face the possibility of either a material or mental bankruptcy for an insufficient object.

However, one was identical with the other—if my mind, concerned with trivialities, became much more limited, the money it brought me would decrease accordingly. I considered that, and yet, at the same time, I had a growing sense of the importance, at least to me, of old American walnut furniture. I began to be conscious of an actual beauty, an incontestable importance, in it. The truth was that a Dutch table, made in the Lancaster County of 1740, was more than a table. Time took care of that. It was at once an immutable page of history, touching and unpedantic, and it kept the grace of a fine designing now lost to the world. Its surface, polished by years and countless energetic hands, often had a smoothness as absolute as glass and as apparently soft as a woman's delicate skin. Yes, the influence of its years, of the scrubbed kitchens where it had stood, clung to it; it re-created generations of vanished homely lives and customs. The honesty of its construction was fine because it was faultlessly adapted to its material and purpose. For the table I was considering would have been, when it was new, no more than ordinary; such joining and pins, such proportions, were then unremarkable.

It wasn't only a characteristic piece of furniture, it was warm from its contact with humanity and it was laden with an infinite richness of associations. It had, though, this effect on me—facing it I wasn't impressed by the progress which, I was assured, the world was constantly making. Certainly there was no improvement in stretcher tables. And it wasn't simply that the workmanship, in a period of hand labor, was better—there wasn't a man alive today who could have designed it. The period of conception had given place to an era of mere copying.

There was always the possibility, the danger, that I would regard the past more highly than it deserved; I had already admitted that, in the times I preferred to write about, I would probably have been wretchedly uncomfortable; but the furniture I was describing still existed, a tangible, incontestable proof of its superiority. The fact that it had survived more than a century and a half of hard usage and then a total, almost a vindictive, neglect, was in itself an illustration of its integrity. And, on the esthetic side, put in a room with current chairs, a dignified comb-back Windsor chair gave to the others a tawdriness which invariably resulted in their being hastily thrown out. That, wedded to my insatiable love of detail, was what really carried me to a point where, among a large number of people, I was not at all known for my books, but rather celebrated as the owner of the Paca hunting board. That world regarded my novels solely as the means by which I was able to pursue a far more important end. They were right, at least, about the pursuit.

The Apple-Wood Couch

The Walnut Bed

This actually began at an auction of antique furniture in Philadelphia. It was the first I had ever attended; I went, with Dorothy, more indifferent than not, intent on buying one special object, what now I have forgotten. We were late and forced to sit far back from the auctioneer; and, half-inattentive, I bought a brightly decorated pitcher. "I didn't know you wanted that," Dorothy said. I hadn't known it either, but this, naturally, there was no necessity for me to admit. It was for a window seat, I told her.

Then a blue Staffordshire plate, commemorating an early stage of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was put up for sale, and my interest was instantly, seriously, engaged: I had always been absorbed in the romantic aspects of early American transportation. A bid was made in the front of the room, which I improved. I was raised, I raised back, and my bid in turn was increased. The plate, one blue plate with a fantastic locomotive and brigade of primitive cars on it, began to seem expensive. A distinctly old man wanted it; and when, slowly, I enlarged my offer, he glanced at an individual sitting at his shoulder. The individual nodded. His lips formed the words, "Get it." The bidding proceeded until suddenly, at forty dollars, I stopped and the plate was lost. Released from the pressure, the excitement, of competition I felt immensely relieved, forty-two dollars and fifty cents for a ——

But the auctioneer had another lot on the stand beside him, and that—I have no idea what it was—I bought. A pleasant glow set up in me; I had a feeling of power, of illimitable resources; the conviction that I possessed an understanding of antique furniture denied everyone else present. Why, I asked Dorothy, should we bother to go about the country searching for old furniture when everything we needed had been conveniently brought together for us in this one place? Dorothy suggested that we might want to get something else, later. That, I asserted, was ridiculous. "Don't forget this," I instructed her; "chances like these never return. Such opportunities come only once." I stopped to buy a chair with no more than a glance over all the heads which separated it from us.

The glow within me expanded to a triumphant mood which bid for practically everything that was sold. Mostly I was successful, and it began to seem that, in a single day, at one auction, I had acquired perhaps the most unusual collection of old American furniture in existence. The winter was coming to an end, I had on galoshes, which were unbuckled, and a raccoon coat; and, when there was any doubt in my mind about the special qualities of an offered object, I flapped up to the front of the room—met, I was certain, by a respectful wonder—and examined it with an air of the deepest technical comprehension. However, once again my inexperience and essential ignorance combined to defeat my public exhibition of limitless funds and virtuosity:

An unusual tea service with luster bands and a scene in black transfer was put up, and, very correctly, I was infatuated with it. Determined to own it, I made the second bid, and then, turning, saw that a dealer was in complete agreement with me. That was, I realized he was bidding against me. I didn't know the dealer so well then as I do now, and his method of buying mystified me—I said eighty dollars, he raised his folded catalogue an inch or so, and the auctioneer cried eighty-five. I went up to ninety, the dealer apparently elevated

(Continued on Page 134)

LOVELORN

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

For One Block Eddie Had No Thoughts at All. During the Second a Jumble of Directions and Instructions and Warnings Scrambled in His Hot Mind, and He Slowed Down to a Gallop

THERE were two ambassadors of Hymen functioning in Capitol City, and one of them, thank heaven, was a lady. Mrs. Aggie Andrews, whose husband, long since called home, had been known in his day as the original Chester A. Arthur man, was, as a lady, just a breath of rosemary out of the past, a sweet suggestion of fragrance from those dear, gentle days when a gentleman who ventured so far as to press a lady's finger tips was, sir, a cur, a cad and a coward, or else he loved—the nature of his audacity depending largely on what he said next.

Those, back there, were, after all, the days, and that the spirit of Love and Courtship as Mrs. Andrews had known them, when, during the second year of Grover Cleveland's first administration, handsome Hodgson Andrews, a gentleman if ever there was one, had come to her, a pale and proper lily, and had wooed, won and wed her according to the rules and regulations approved by the very highest authorities. And she liked to recall, too, that it was not until after the bonds had been forged that he was permitted to flatten his James A. Garfield whiskers against her nose and chin in their first kiss.

Since then, of course, civilization has collapsed. It was significant, though, and a source of understandable gratification to Mrs. Andrews when she studied the situation, that the most shameful areas were the farthest from the influence of her daily department in the Capitol City Ledger, Wise Words to the Willing Wooer, in which, to the very limit of her ability, she sought most valiantly to stem the tide of modern informality, and to inculcate in Young America a feeling for the proprieties as she had known them in her youth.

Here one might very easily fall into the error of regarding Mrs. Andrews and her journalistic activity as a strange and depressing spectacle—that is, a lady working. But that would just go to show how deceptive appearances can be. The truth is, Mrs. Andrews was simply doing what she was able, out of pride in her sex, out of loyalty to the United States of America, and out of a great big love of all humanity, to guide and guard the hundreds of thousands of young girls who needed the advice of an older, more experienced—though not in the vulgar, Parisian sense of the word—woman. Wise Words to the Willing Wooer was, in actual fact, an evangel, a shining crusade.

It was this deep faith in her life work, in her service to the public, that prompted her also to set a personal precept in her relations with and attitude toward the Hon. Robert J. Messenger, once a congressional representative from the Sixteenth District, who had squired her for four years and whose desire to lead her to the altar a second time was, one is compelled to admit, beginning to weaken under the tremendous burden of delay.

"Mr. Messenger," she said, for marriage alone warrants a promiscuous use of the Christian name, "this modern haste and impetuousness in courtship lies at the bottom of most of our marital discords. I have told you that if at the end of three years you still wish me to marry you, I shall be yours, and certain of a happy union. But I do not believe in plunging headlong into so grave a thing as love. One must be very sure."

The Eyes Had Become Soft and Understanding

Then, as he was of late getting into the habit of doing, the Honorable Messenger rose, collected his stick and hat, and left the office without another word.

On this particular morning Mrs. Andrews' eyes followed him to the door, and then, when his footsteps had died away, she turned absently to the day's mail, a dozen letters addressed to Iris Montague, which was the swellest name that the first conductor of Wise Words to the Willing Wooer—a fierce little Irishman with buck teeth, switched suddenly to this work from the night-copy desk—had been able to think of as a fetching nom de plume. Two successors, both male and blowzy-looking, had had no inclination to change it, and now in Capitol City Iris Montague was known—known so well and so widely that the managing editor had peremptorily denied this present Iris' wish to use her own name.

Her thoughts now, though, were somewhat removed from the pale pink and blue envelopes that fed her department. They were dizzy with a superior pride and a naïve satisfaction with her status as a sought lady, able to make a man happy with a word, unhappy with a look, comparable—in a refined way—with —— What was that Nina woman's name, that elderly French siren for whom men slew themselves?

The Honorable Messenger was a worthwhile suitor. Others wanted him, went after him, but he—he groveled, figuratively speaking, at her, Aggie Andrews' feet, and at hers alone.

Woman was, after all, she reflected, of finer clay, a more exalted being, on a higher spiritual plane. Man, to win her, must fight and work and wait and slave. Then when finally she suppressed her naturally roguish nature and took pity on him, permitting herself to be captured, he would really appreciate her. It would do the Honorable Messenger no harm to be kept fretting with doubt a little longer.

She slit open the top letter, forcing herself to the day's good deeds, and put her attention to its contents. She read:

"*Dear Iris Montague:* I have been keeping company for a year with a young gentleman who works in a fish store. He has led me to believe that he loves me devotedly and so I have occasionally let him kiss me, though I am not the kind of girl who lets the boys get away with much of that sort of stuff. Once or twice he has mentioned 'when we are hitched' (he is very slangy and I am trying to break him off it) and I have taken that to mean that he contemplates matrimony, but he has not said so definitely enough for me to set a date. However, I love him truly. I have been reading Wise Words to the Willing Wooer recently and noticed that you are very helpful to young people who are in the situation in which I and my boy friend are in, and I would like to know if I have done right to let him kiss me and would that make him too certain of me and what do you think I ought to do. "ANXIOUS."

It was a characteristic of Mrs. Andrews, as it is of all big women who do big things in a big way, that the specific must give way to the general. In this instance Anxious could not have pleased her more if she had assassinated a flapper. Here, in the matter of this modernistic trend toward a too great familiarity prior to the nuptials, was material made to order. Pushing the other mail aside, she took her pen—nor did that admirable couple, the Brownings, if you will recall, use a typewriter either—and set her reply to paper:

"*Dear Anxious:* Your interesting letter raises a question of vast importance to young people: Is or is not a young girl wise in refusing every form or indication of affection on the part of a young gentleman during the courtship?

"Oh, dear Anxious, I cannot say it too emphatically, a young woman of culture and refinement never for one second should forget that she is a lady, and, as a lady, should never permit a gentleman to forget it or to speak of love in her presence save in the most respectful of tones—and if he is really a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, he will never want to. Nor, if he is the kind of gentleman you would wish him to be, will he mention the sacred state of matrimony save in the most reverent of tones.

"Oh, dear Anxious, watch this young man. Watch him carefully. He may be all you would want, yet I, from your letter, sense a frivolity about him that does not ring of gentle quality. If you love him and believe that he is, as the poet says, a diamond in the rough, try then to polish him. But beware of crudeness, for that would, if he is a

gentleman, offend him. But ah, woman's intuition, as the poet also has it, will tell you what to do!

"But above all things, dear Anxious, do not permit him to kiss you again. Once a young girl is kissed prior to the sealing of the banns, her reputation is destroyed. All respect for her is lost. She can never live it down. Do not be too distant, nor yet too cordial. If he loves you and is the type of young gentleman on whom you could safely bestow your affection, he will love you and respect you all the more for your demureness. And never, never allow him to be certain of you, for certainty, as a very great man hath put it, breeds contempt.

"IRIS MONTAGUE."

The following afternoon these wise words led all the other wise words in Iris Montague's department in the Ledger.

II

AND late on the evening of that same day, shortly after eleven o'clock, a gentleman in a narrow-brimmed straw hat and a greenish suit with a belt in the back might have been seen walking slowly and thoughtfully along South Pryor Street. He was wondering in what way he had, as other gentlemen of his set would have put it, gummed the works.

The reference was to a scene in which he had played, not ten minutes since, the rôle of Thwarted Viking of Love. It was on the front porch of a frame house in Auburn Avenue that he had prepared, after an evening of carnival at the Roseland Dance Palace, to kiss Miss Ruth Sawyer good night.

One would have been compelled to admire the ease, the confidence, the nonchalance, the—yes, *savoir-faire*—with which he had thrust one arm about her waist as he started to take love's due.

"Just one," he smiled, with delirious charm in his voice, "for daddy."

And then, to his astonishment, to his dismay, to his utter confusion, she raised both arms defensively and pushed him away.

"Now, Eddie, stop!" she gasped. "Don't pull any of that stuff. Can't you be a gentleman for once?"

It may have been the unexpectedness of this demand on his adaptability, or it may have been, as one had better reason to suspect, that his ease and confidence were no more than a mere shell, a fragile and frail guise masking a weak heart, but at her words he almost fainted.

For a second, pale and frightened, he wished he were back among his fish, where never did such situations as this arise; where, among his mullets, his pompanos, his haddocks, his snappers, he was, of days, comfortable and at peace. For a second he cursed the nagging, biting, merciless urge of ambition that drove him each night from his haven and out into human society.

He realized, too, in that second, that never would he be able to acquire, actually, that cosmopolitan urbanity which fascinated him so in the other boys of the Five Points Social and Outing Club.

He knew, for instance, exactly what he ought to do in this very case. "That coy stuff," Chip McNulty had said once, "it's the apple sauce. Let 'em get away with it and they're gonna despise you. Just show 'em who's boss, that's all." Only he couldn't—and he knew it.

"What's the matter now? Sore at me? What for?" It was the best he could do. Indeed, he felt a touch of surprise that he had done as well as that.

"No," the dark elfin girl in the shadow of the wistaria vines replied. "I'm not sore at you at all, Eddie. But you know you ought to treat me different. You know that sort of stuff isn't gentlemanly. You can't have any respect for me if I let you get away with murder."

"Aw, come on!" he retorted, but weakly, for the repetition of the word "gentleman" had completed the devastation of his aplomb. "Ah, come on, honey!"

But she shook her head. "I want to be treated like—like any lady would like to be treated," she stammered slightly. "And that means none of this porch petting." She smiled suddenly up into his puzzled face. "Good night," she said, and extended a slim white hand.

For perhaps five seconds he hesitated, staring uncertainly at it, on the verge of grabbing her, as the master wooer, Chip, would have done, and kissing her by force, and then he grasped it, his nerve oozing rapidly away. And he tried, even with this nerve's last throb of strength, to hold it, but this, too, was denied him.

"Good night, Eddie," she repeated, and the next second he was looking at the closed door.

And yet you never would have taken Eddie Bates, if you could have seen him on his way home in South Pryor Street ten minutes later, for a craven at love. No man that walked the streets of Capitol City that night would have impressed you more strongly as being the kind of man who treated 'em rough and left 'em laffin'.

That was what the Five Points boys had done for him. This glow of haberdashery and polish of manners were theirs, and it was of these boys that he was thinking.

He had been, as he was compelled to acknowledge, pretty lucky on emerging from the fish store into human society, for it was by the merest stroke of fortune that he had fallen in with the Five Points boys, as swell a set as you could find in Capitol City. There was Walt Newell, from the Elite Garage; Morrie Garfunkle, said to be the niftiest dancer that ever laid a shoe on the Roseland Dance Palace floor; Chip McNulty, to whom you certainly had to hand it for being a snappy dresser; and Jack Harris, manager of the Bonita Theater.

Just the crowd for a fellow who wanted to learn the right things to say and the right way to act. By example they had, unknowingly, shown him how to dress, how to spot the unescorted girls at the Roseland, how to kid 'em along so's they would like you, how to swap snappy comebacks, and so on. They had been, truly, an education. All that he was he owed to them, and in his heart he was not unappreciative or ungrateful.

Right now, seeing him wandering moodily along, with his long-skirted coat, his full trousers, his jazz-bo tie, and his narrow-brimmed straw hat, you might easily mistake him for one born to the very manner. He had profited much and well.

But this evening he was unhappy. His polish rested heavily on his heart. A strong nostalgia for the fish business and what it meant socially tugged at his heart.

He was bitter, too, against the fate that had brought love to his heart. With all his strength he resented the accompanying agonies of doubt and desire. Far, far better had destiny left him where he was.

And now, he told himself as he reached home, she was probably chuckling over her easy victory. If only he could throw it all off—the society of the gang, the Roseland, the swell clothes, Ruth Sawyer too—and settle back into his old life of fish and sleep. And he could, too, he told himself fiercely, but for Ruth! Nothing but trouble, nothing but worry since the day he'd met her.

"Dog-gone being in love!" he muttered as he unlaced his pointed shoes.

The trouble was, he decided, that he was flying too high. "I'm outa my class," he reflected gloomily, being frank with himself. "It just isn't my way. Chip and Morrie and them, they can get away with it; they're born to it; but I'm not." He turned over restlessly. "She's prob'ly laughing at me now. Dog-gone it!"

It happened, though, that she wasn't. At that moment she was scratching off a letter hastily, for it was quite late, and Parker's Drug Store, where she was Mr. Parker's private typist, demanded her appearance promptly at eight o'clock each morning. She wrote:

"*Dear Iris Montague:* I have been keeping company for a year with a young man who works in a fish store. I love him very much and I believe that he reciprocates. However, we are not engaged. Do you think it would be wrong of me to permit him to hold my hand on returning home from the opera or a ball or wherever he takes me? I do not let other boys get away with stuff like that, but I was wondering if perhaps in a case like mine and my boy friend's if it would be making him too certain of me. There is, I believe, 'an understanding' between us

"ANXIOUS."

She read it over carefully, at the same time reflecting idly why she had sought advice from this source. The impulse had come to her, now that she recalled it, the day she saw the Forsythe Players Stock Company do The Whirl of Society, with Manfred Courtleigh in the leading rôle.

Manfred Courtleigh, so graciously beautiful in his evening clothes in the drawing-room scene, so polite, so refined, so swell—a gentleman. Yes, the idea of preparing herself. Preparing herself! What a silly idea! Of course she would never meet anybody in a drawing-room! How absurd! But—if ever—well, it wouldn't hurt to develop some class. You couldn't, really, ever tell; some day some fling of fortune—stranger things had happened—might throw her into high society, and she'd look swell, wouldn't she, pulling some rough stuff then!

Then Manfred and The Whirl of Society faded from her thoughts as quietly as they had come, and one corner of her mouth

(Continued on Page 201)

For a Second He Cursed the Nagging, Biting, Merciless Urge of Ambition That Drove Him Each Night From His Haven and Out Into Human Society

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

By Major General James G. Harbord

UNITED STATES ARMY, RETIRED

General Harbord and Staff, May 30, 1918. Sitting—General Harbord. Standing, Left to Right—Major Harry Lay, U. S. M. C.; Major Holland M. Smith, U. S. M. C.; Lieut. Fielding S. Robinson, U. S. M. C.; Lieut. R. Norris Williams, F. A.; Lieut. Martin Legasse

VENAULT-LES-DAMES, May, 14, 1918.

DURING the five or six days of the absence of the Commander in Chief at the Abbeville conference General McAndrew was brought to General Headquarters to understudy his part as chief of staff; Collins began to take over from McCoy, and by the time the general returned, McCoy and I were ready to leave. I remained one day, and then on May sixth joined my brigade east and southeast of Verdun, where it was holding a sector in the line. General Doyen lingered three days and then left me. We were in a comfortable camp, in which I had a very neat little hut to myself. The mess is a headquarters affair, for which we have a French chef, and to run which we use the French interpreter who is attached to the brigade.

The ceremony of turning over the command was a simple one. General Doyen sent for the two colonels, for the artillery colonel supporting the brigade, the engineer major attached to it. He read his order, said a few words enjoining loyalty to me and paying a tribute to the brigade of Marines. Then I spoke a few sentences alluding to General Doyen's efficiency and our regret at seeing him go, and my regret at having to profit by his misfortune, and so on. They all shook hands with both of us. One colonel said the motto of the Marines was *Semper fidelis*, and that I could depend on them. The other colonel, Catlin, was a classmate of mine in the War College in 1916–17, and is a good man also.

I busied myself for several days learning the sector, letting the men see a star in the front line, which I understand they had not seen before. Several days of hard work, physical labor which gave me that tired feeling at night, but which, please God, is freedom from office grind. It is fine to be able to know that your duty lies in certain established lines, and that your meals will be served when the hour comes, and so on. I admire General Pershing more than any other officer in the Army, but his lack of consciousness of time and his irregular habits are at times trying. After a hard season of outdoor work I may welcome a return to staff duty, but just now life is much more enjoyable with the brigade.

Within four days after I took over the command we had notice of our early relief from the sector, and assembly to take the route for the north, where after a period of training we shall probably play a humble part in the big battle. The relief was accomplished as far as my headquarters is concerned at ten yesterday morning, and I established myself here in Venault-les-Dames, a quaint little French village of several hundred inhabitants, not far from the Marne River and its big battlefields. The brigade is not all here yet, but will all be here by the sixteenth. This is a very attractive part of France, now in the full chilly glory of springtime. The woods are full of strawberry blossoms, and of the lilies of the valley—my wife's wedding flowers—which grow wild in lovely France. I with my staff am inhabiting an old château belonging to someone who used it as a summer residence, and has not been here since the war started. Electric light, all modern conveniences. My room is redolent with lilies of the valley, bringing memories of nearly twenty years ago.

LA LOGE FARM, June 17, 1918.

A MONTH ago we looked forward to a part in the *grands bataille* up in Picardy. We were ordered from the region of Vitry-le-François and Venault-les-Dames to a point northwest of Paris. With the usual hiding-your-head-in-the-sand no one was told where we were going except all the world but us. It was a mighty ignorant and poorly informed French officer who didn't know all about it, but from us, the principals in the case, the secret was deeply veiled. We moved in fifty-eight trains. Motor transportation went overland. The brigade commanders, instead of being sent to make arrangements and start the all-important training of their units in the new areas, were left to oversee the loading of the units which departed from stations in the area in which their brigades had been stationed since coming out of the line. The same inscrutable wisdom sent the brigade headquarters except the B. G. and A. D. C., on the first train, so that the mess, the stenographer, the baggage, and so on, went on the first train, and the B. G. in this particular brigade remained for thirty-six hours after his last regiment had gone, helping Brig. Gen. Willie Chamberlaine watch his artillery load itself on trains. Meantime the brigade headquarters in the new area had no head and everyone did as he pleased and wasted four valuable days, while I finished watching the artillery get on their trains.

Brigadier General Johnson Hagood, Major General James W. McAndrew, and Major General James G. Harbord at Tours, July, 1918

In Paris I saw the Commander in Chief for a few moments at 73 Rue de Varenne, overhauled my trunk and left some woolen clothing, abstracted my automatic pistol, had luncheon at the Ritz with my friend, Colonel Dawes, paid a bill or two, made one or two purchases, and at four P.M. left the city for the north, guessing but not knowing my destination. At Pontoise the secret was to be communicated to us, but the officer designated to communicate it had thoughtfully located his office in an outside corner of the town and with great success concealed his whereabouts, and we rolled on north without finding him, following the trail of others of our division. As we neared Marines—not named after the celebrated brigade of that name—a little town not far from Trie-Château, where I spent some days in April with the First Brigade, it was evident that our division was to occupy much the same area as the First Division some weeks before. Finally we met a military police at a crossroads, who said Fourth Brigade headquarters were at Le Bout de Bois, the End of the Wood.

Decoration Day brought us orders to proceed by marching to an area one day's march from the battle in the north, and preparations were made for a start on the thirty-first. Late in the afternoon rumors came that we might not go. The great German offensive had begun between Rheims and Soissons, and the Boche were sweeping toward Paris on a front of about twenty miles. By midnight we had orders to put the men on trucks at five the next morning, the stock, artillery and trains to come by rail. At nine I was at breakfast in Paris. We had turned our backs on lovely Bout de Bois, with solemn promises to return after the war.

Soon after noon my staff and I arrived at Meaux, where we were to be told our destination by a staff officer who was to meet us. We waited two hours, meanwhile having a hurried luncheon. At the little

hotel there was a perfect mass of hungry and insistent French officers, the place crowded, waiters rattled, and food scarce. I noticed a white-haired lady wearing the Y. M. C. A. brassard. She was getting luncheon, but when she finished she volunteered as a waiter and began to assume the management of the place. She was Miss Herron, of Ohio, sister of Mrs. W. H. Taft, and the bearer of a letter to me from Mr. Taft, which she had never presented, she said, because she had not yet needed any help. We owed our luncheon to her.

After luncheon I was given orders that my brigade would go out to the northeast of Meaux and billet in four little villages to the west of the Ourcq River and Canal, outposting toward Mareuil. The Germans were said to be not far away and we might expect to be attacked before morning. Meaux had been heavily bombarded the night before by airplanes. The hotel closed immediately after we had luncheon.

The streets were thronged by French officers and civilians. Every sign of hurried evacuation was present. Our troops, soon to arrive in trucks, were to be sent on after us, so we left, running out through the green valley of the Ourcq.

Wounded Soldiers Arriving at American Military Hospital No. 1, Neuilly, France, June, 1918

Every rod of the road was covered. All kinds of French units—artillery at a trot, straggling groups of infantry, lone engineers, Red Cross, trains, wagons, trucks—which sometimes would congest and block the road for half an hour so that there was no movement possible. Hundreds of refugees crowded the roads, fleeing before the German advance. Men, women, children hurrying toward the rear, tired, worn, with terror in their faces. Some riding on artillery caissons or trucks. Many walking, an occasional woman wheeling a baby carriage with her baby in it. Sick people resting by the side of the road in the fields. Some driving carts piled high with their little properties, including all kinds of household effects, one old woman leading two poor little goats while she trudged along the crowded driveway. Little flocks of sheep, occasionally a led cow, sometimes a crate of chickens on a cart. Everything that a frightened peasantry fleeing before a barbarian invader would be likely to think of bringing from among their little treasures was to be seen on that congested highway. I have never seen a more pathetic sight. The flight of Evangeline and the Acadians immortalized by Longfellow may have equaled it, but I doubt that even they carried in their faces the terror shown by these victims flying before the Hun advance.

Meanwhile we passed a great many French officers and men, but all going from and none toward the Front. All afternoon they passed, that motley array which we read characterizes the rear of a routed army. Along toward nightfall there came one unit with its faces turned toward and not from the enemy—a brigade of French cavalry, neat, natty, horses well kept, and equipment well turned out, headed for the Front. They looked good to me. Meanwhile I was trying to straighten out the arrangements to be made for the night, against the time when my men in trucks would begin to arrive.

I had used up considerable gasoline doing this when an automobile came up with a staff officer and changed the orders, putting us on the east side of the Ourcq instead of the west, and giving us orders as to the line to be outposted. I started to drive to that line, but the congestion was so great that progress was snail-like. Finally I looked it over, selected my headquarters in a little deserted village called Bremoiselle. All the farms and villages were deserted.

I left the adjutant and interpreter at Bremoiselle and started back to direct troops to places. Back on the main highway at 7:40 P.M.—I remember the hour well—I met the division chief of staff, who said the French staff had changed the orders and we were to march to the vicinity of Montreuil-aux-Lions that night and hurry into position there. Our people—troops—were being unloaded from the French trucks all along the road and were mingling in the rabble that thronged that crowded highway. Dark came on. I hurried back to get the staff officers left at Bremoiselle, and finally got them and got back to the road and started back to a point where I had sent a staff officer to stop any Marine units from coming farther north. The place designated for us was a day's march away. Our troops had been up nearly all night the night before, and in trucks all day. Some of them did not actually join us until twenty-four hours after their embarking in the trucks. I spent nearly all that night on that road in the dark trying to get units of dead-tired Marines assembled and turned in the right direction. A German plane came along and bombed the highway. I finally got word along the line to remain in place and bivouac until morning, and that at 4:30 we would start marching. I ran into little General Bundy's A. D. C. about one A.M., who told me the general was in a house near by, and I went in and had a couple of hours' sleep.

At 4:30 the columns started, and I came ahead in my car and reported to the French corps commander—Degoutte—and asked for instructions. He figured on the hour my brigade would probably arrive, and said let them rest and he would not call on us before night if he could help it, but to be ready any time after eleven A.M. to go into line. Afternoon came and General Bundy was asked to put in a brigade. A regiment of the other brigade was ahead of us, and so he decided to put in the other regiment of that brigade—the celebrated 23d Infantry. There was a little delay about it getting started, and he turned to me and asked if I could get one of my regiments out right away.

Meanwhile several gallopers arrived from French corps headquarters, urging haste, that their troops were tired, had fought for six days without rest and in some cases without food, and were steadily falling back before the German advance. One of my battalions of the Sixth Marines was unloading rations from some seventeen trucks in the edge of town. I at once started the three battalions toward the Front along the main Metz-Paris highway, on which the French desired our right to rest, had the rest of the rations thrown off the trucks, and began picking up the men of the rearmost battalion and hurrying them to the Front in the trucks. They arrived as far to the Front as it was safe for vehicles to go, discharged their passengers and hurried back for a second load. By the time the second got to the Front the two other battalions had marched to the turning-off place and were deploying through the fields toward the line to be occupied. The regiment was going into line under the French divisional command, and I hurried to a little village called Lucy-le-Bocage in rear of the center of the line, where the French division commander was having a consultation, and made my report to him. Lucy was a fairly noisy town that afternoon with the windows shaking every few seconds from artillery fire, going or arriving. Going and arriving is the way custom speaks of the shells of our own artillery and those of the enemy. Sometimes they cross, and the reports are often simultaneous. But when they are not, one can hear the roar of the shells, and very easily distinguish between going and arriving by the sound. There is always a doubt expressed as to whether a man hears the shell that kills him. Generally the shell strikes and explodes before the roar of its passage through the air ceases. Whether a man hears the shell that kills him is a

(Continued on Page 123)

General Gouraud, Commanding French and American Troops South of Rheims, July, 1918

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 28, 1925

Sins of Commission

THE report of the President's Agricultural Commission disappointed professional friends of the farmer because it did not outline a plan for making two grains of wheat grow where one grew before, and suggest a method by which twice as much money could be had for each of these grains. The commission, however, very sensibly kept out of the domain of the supernatural and confined its recommendations to dirt possibilities. That is why Congress will probably have none of its proposed legislation.

The real cause for disappointment in its report is the recommendation that a permanent Agricultural Commission, with the usual salaries and the usual powers, or lack of power, be created. That is the easy and the slovenly way out that the legislative mind naturally takes nowadays. But what the country needs is not a new commission, but a cleaning out of old commissions—a disbanding of those that are weak subterfuges for real administration. They pile up expense, delay action and spread out responsibility so thin that there is no responsibility.

If the Department of Agriculture is so organized that it cannot administer proposed legislation—and it probably is so organized, with the more than eighty separate laws that rigidly define and confine its activities—it needs reorganization before it can properly attend to the business of agriculture. That, however, calls for hard work, intelligent work, a thorough cleaning out, simplification and reorganization from the ground up, and Congress has no stomach for anything of the sort. It prefers to nail a few patches here and there over the too uncomfortable leaks in the old tin roof, and to stuff the broken windows with rags. If it adopts any part of the agricultural report, it will probably be the recommendation to create a commission. But until there is reorganization, not only of the Department of Agriculture but of other government departments as well, it will be almost impossible to control and to coördinate the petty bureau kingdoms into a harmonious business machine. Much red tape is manufactured by Congress and distributed to the departments.

Every new permanent commission that Congress adds to the existing machinery adds to the pay roll and is apt to complicate affairs. A business is run by a boss, not by a committee. He may appoint committees of his executives, and take counsel with them, but in the end he decides and accepts full responsibility for his decisions.

The new Secretary of Agriculture has the hardest job ahead of him of any man in the country. He has had experience as a dirt farmer, but there will be times when he will have to tell dirt farmers truths that will be unpalatable. He has been the head of an agricultural college, but there will be times when he will have to tell the professors to forget their theories. He is highly spoken of as an executive, but there will be times when he will have to knock together the heads of some of his bureau chiefs and tell them to behave. Unless he is prepared to do these things and to keep calling the attention of Congress and the country to the structural weaknesses of his department and to fight sugar-coated socialism, he will be a failure. And all this is simply preliminary to making the department function as a business institution.

We have felt that conditions in agriculture and in the Department of Agriculture called for the big-boss type of business executive. Perhaps the new Secretary is or will develop into that kind of executive. If he does, he is in for trouble. If he does not, the country is in for trouble. But above all, no more permanent commissions. Five men at the head of a business are not five times as wise as one man, but they can make five times as many mistakes. And no business is strong enough to stand the mistakes of five bosses. The good ideas of the ablest man on a commission are weakened and his mistakes strengthened by his associates. For a five-man decision is usually a compromise with the weakest member, who is often the stubbornest. At its worst, the permanent commission is a game refuge—for lame ducks; at its best, a poor substitute for something better—a real boss.

We should like to see the Sixty-ninth Congress consecrate itself to a new crusade—repealing silly, outgrown and useless laws; bouncing commissions and reorganizing and simplifying the structure of the administrative departments. A group of men in Congress who would head such a movement would go down in history beside the Fathers who drew up and signed the Declaration of Independence and those who wrote the Constitution.

Pride of Work

IMPROVEMENTS in industrial methods and conditions of work almost always come from within. The wild-eyed agitator of change may make a lot of noise, but when something is accomplished in the way of improvement or uplift it is usually the result of careful inside planning and investigation.

If the directing minds of industry could get to the heart of one problem all other difficulties in the handling of employes would become easier of solution; and that is the reawakening of greater personal pride in work. Life has little to offer the individual that can give more satisfaction than a deep interest and pride in the work one does. The modern tendency has been all toward mass production, with the industrial worker a cog in the machine. It is difficult for the artisans engaged in this kind of work to feel any of the satisfaction of achievement when their job consists perhaps of a single operation, the machining of one part, the driving of a bolt. Work in the high-speed plants of today tends to become standardized and automatic. It is inevitable, but it is nevertheless unfortunate. In earlier days, when an artisan did everything by himself, when he made a pair of shoes or built a cabinet complete, there was the satisfaction for him that comes from a realization of his own skill and power. The craftsman deservedly considered himself an artist.

Going further back, to the days when everything was done by hand, the lot of the skilled worker offered something to compensate for the lack of creature comforts and political prerogatives. The goldsmith or weaver, with the security of his guild back of him and the deep satisfaction of accomplishment to sweeten the long labor of his days, had little reason to envy the trappings and the feudal responsibilities of the noble.

Here is a challenge, then, to heads of business today, watchful as they are for every chance of practical improvement, to find methods of restoring pride of work to the employe. The worker has practically everything else. His hours are short, his wages are long, every luxury more or less is within his reach and his recreations are varied and pleasant. In too many trades, however, work has become a means to an end, the price that is paid for the big wages and the luxuries and recreations they make possible. But work should, in itself, be an end.

The President's Warning

MR. COOLIDGE lately found himself in a position that might have proved highly embarrassing to any man less firmly grounded in practical economics and the fundamentals of government or who lacked our President's ability to strip intricate subjects down to their bare bones and to discuss them in clear and simple terms that plain people can understand.

The occasion was a large gathering of the nation's leading authorities on taxation. Mr. Coolidge was the principal speaker. It devolved upon him to address a numerous assemblage of specialists upon their own specialty. These gentlemen had not come together to hear oratory, persiflage or political hokum. They wanted wise and well-reasoned counsel upon some of their outstanding problems; and they were not disappointed, for within the compass of a short address Mr. Coolidge managed to say enough about the essentials of Federal and state inheritance and estate taxes to furnish material for a sound primer on these important subjects. If we were selecting from the speech a series of wall mottoes for young tax officials, we would certainly include the following: "I have often urged economy of outgo of revenue; it is equally as necessary that we establish economy of income of revenue. The burden of taxation is not what the state takes but what the taxpayer gives." These are sentiments which should be accepted, remembered and acted upon in every political subdivision of the United States.

Mr. Coolidge's analysis of the mischievous effects of ill advised taxation is as clear a piece of reasoning as could be imagined, and his plea for the gradual reduction and final abolition of all inheritance and estate taxes levied by the Federal Government will carry conviction to the mind of every thinking man. The Federal levy now runs as high as forty per cent; and in addition to this, heirs and executors must free the estate of the claims of each and all of the forty-six states that have such tax laws on their statute books if it happens that the decedent left property in these commonwealths or left stock of corporations which, by reason of local incorporation, or other cause, becomes locally taxable. As is well known, this form of multiple taxation is so burdensome that in many cases an entire estate may be turned over to the taxgatherers and the heirs still remain in debt to various taxing authorities. We know of no other public transaction in which the whole is less than the apparent sum of its parts.

Broadly speaking, there are two, and only two, motives for the imposition of inheritance taxes. One is usually honest, even when mistaken. The other is always dishonest and indefensible. The honest motive is to raise revenue. The dishonest motive is to confiscate all accumulated wealth by a method that has the sanction of law. In unmistakable terms Mr. Coolidge signified his cognizance of the latter form of attack upon capital. Frankly declaring that there are cases in which the total burden of these taxes "closely approaches, if it is not actually confiscation," the President went on to say:

"I do not believe that the Government should seek social legislation in the guise of taxation. We should approach the questions directly where the arguments for and against the proposed legislation may be clearly presented and universally understood. If we are to adopt socialism, it should be presented to the people of this country as socialism, and not under the guise of a law to collect revenue. The people are quite able to determine for themselves the desirability of a particular public policy, and do not ask to have such policies forced upon them by indirection."

This flat-footed statement leaves the issue clear and unbefogged. It sounds a warning blast that may well be heeded by all save those who wish to see the Russian experiment tried out on American soil. The President's words were cool and dispassionate, but his meaning cannot be mistaken.

THE MAJORITY MAN

By Richard Washburn Child

FIRST, if you have behind you some years of study of politics and governments and some experience in looking at various corners of the world, and if you go overseas today to get a first-hand view of foreign parliamentary systems, this is what will happen to you: You will return wondering how you ever deserved the stroke of luck which made you a citizen of the United States.

Second, if you talk with the statesmen of a dozen nations in Europe and Asia and if you have a gift for fishing in the current of public opinion you will learn something. It is this: Democracy is not out of danger. Our democracy is not out of danger. Democracy is feeble when humanity is feeble—in infancy and in old age. To avoid slipping, the thing to do is to discover what the others slip on. The others slip because for some reason or other the majority is baffled—temporarily.

I have had these experiences. I am not prepared at this moment to launch forth into the usual worshipful wordiness about the Constitution and the wisdom of our forefathers. I merely say that if our forefathers were not wise they stumbled into a political system which represents for every American citizen the greatest piece of luck. With that system and our two-party political traditions we are one and perhaps the foremost possessor of workable democracy. Great Britain has workable democracy; Switzerland has; Holland has. These and others. But most nations with wide suffrage, elections and parliaments have not. Their democracies do not work. They have nicely varnished limousine bodies. They have Democracy on their name plates. But they will not run. They are defying majorities which want to crank them. They have replaced the Monarchistic cars, and sometimes it is proposed to replace them with the Communistic roadsters. But so far as the majority is concerned, all three have a common failing—they stall.

For a good many years I had a feeling that the failure of governments—including "democratic" governments—was that minorities did not receive a fair deal. I remember when I was in college Walter Hines Page, later ambassador in London, talked to me about the "forgotten man," and I interpreted the "forgotten man" as the poor and humble fellow who failed to get into the club which was running affairs. But I have come around now to the belief that the victim of inefficient and flabby democracy is the majority man.

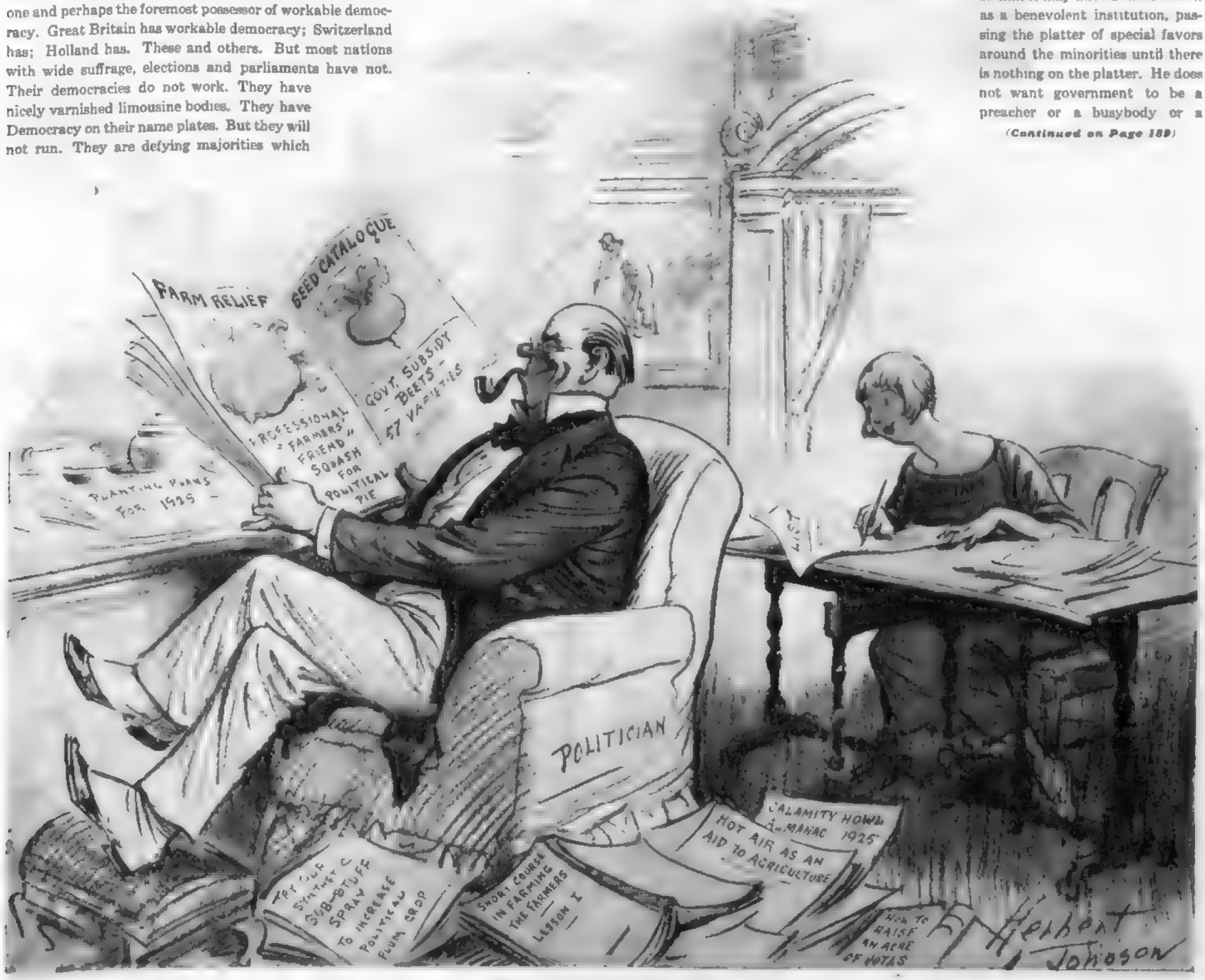
I have been finding the majority man all over Europe. I have talked with him in the bazaars at Stamboul, on the river walls of the Danube, under the grim shadow of the Escorial in Spain, below the Palatine in Rome, at the doorway of the Schloss in Berlin, on the balcony of the Notre Dame in Paris, in shops, clubs and above the clamor of industrial plants, in banks and on the roadside. After a time one learns that the majority man is a member of a world-wide unorganized fraternity. Rich or poor, owner or tenant, employer or employe, the majority man has one complaint. It becomes, after experience with it, a curious hum—a repetition of millions of voices mumbling together.

It says—"The government is my government. I pay for it. I voted for it, but somehow it does not represent *me*."

That is the voice of the majority man. Does he want any favor from the government? None. Does he want more government? No; less! Does he want new laws? On the contrary, he thinks there are already too many laws. Does he believe that legislation neatly written on the statute books of the world has ever really affected him or revised the working of economic and social forces? He believes nothing of the kind. He is not a crank, not much of a reformer. He expects of government neither a millennium nor a revision of human nature. All that he asks of government in return for his patriotism, his taxes and his citizenship is government.

He does not want a government which is his mamma or papa. He does not want a government which assesses him so that it may have a short season as a benevolent institution, passing the platter of special favors around the minorities until there is nothing on the platter. He does not want government to be a preacher or a busybody or a

(Continued on Page 189)


FARM RELIEF
SEED CATALOGUE
PROFESSIONAL "FARMERS' FRIEND" SQUASH FOR POLITICAL PIE
GOVT. SUBSIDY
PLANTING PLANS FOR 1925
POLITICIAN
TRY OUR SYNTHETIC SUB-STUFF SPRAY TO INCREASE POLITICAL PLUM CROP
SHORT COURSE IN FARMING FOR FARMERS
LESSON I
CALAMITY HOWL ALMANAC 1925
HOT AIR AS AN AID TO AGRICULTURE
HOW TO RAISE AN ACRE OF HOTAS
HERBERT JOHNSON

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Movie Organist

A LATTER-DAY Athenæum,
With classical proscenium
And chastely chiseled columns of Carrara marble white,
Devotes its vast mosaical
Confines to such prosaical
Use as showing photoplays from noon till twelve at night.

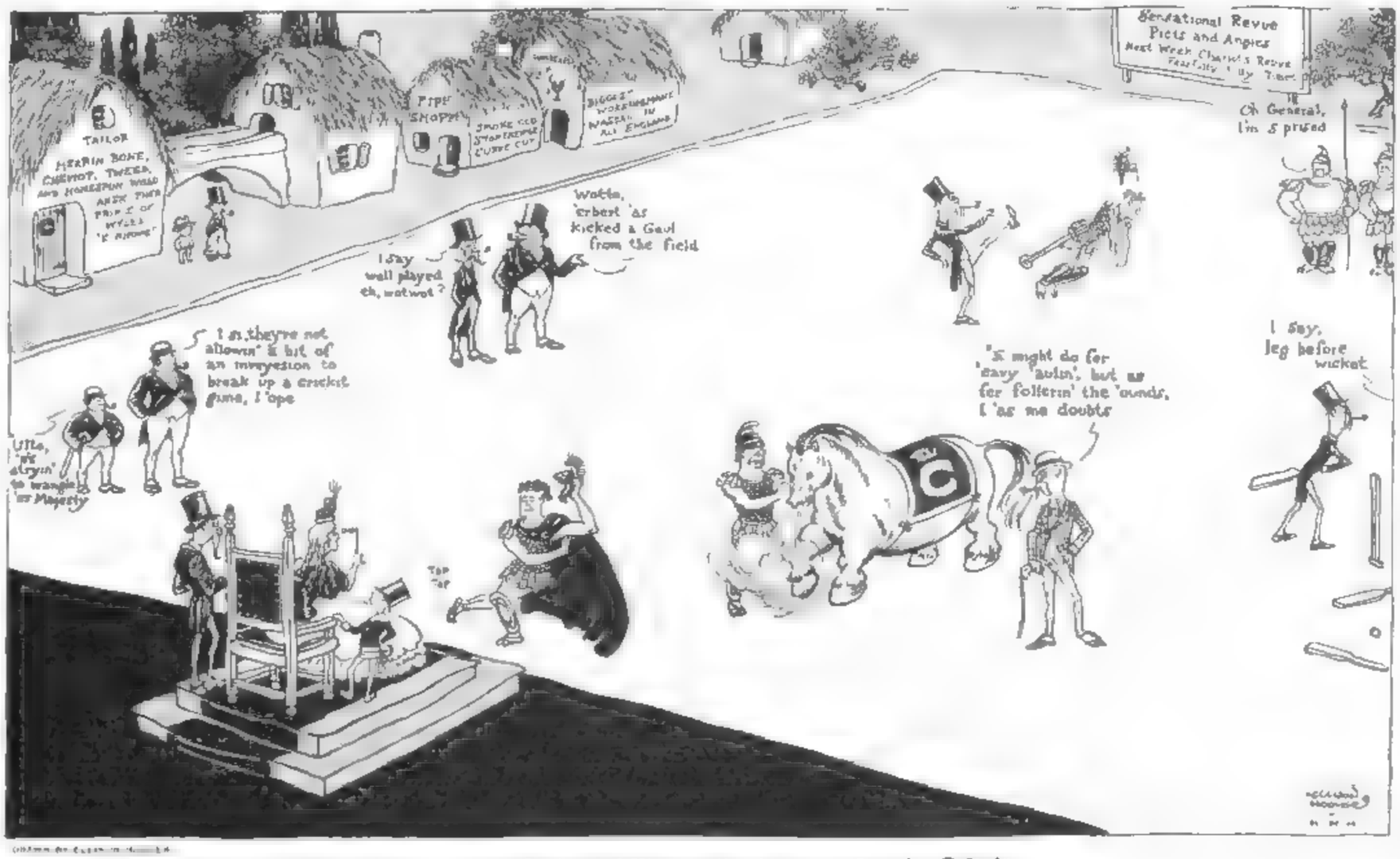
And there, a soulful organist,
Contentedly, keeps daily tryst;
Sonatas and cantatas now no longer test his skill—
No hymnals old does he peruse,
As crim'nals bold and ingénues
In sexy views the hordes enthuse and blasé flappers thrill.

He plays for screen Lotharios,
Arranges for scenarios
Melodies in motif keys, while fittingly he schemes
Tremolos funereal,
Pompous pæans imperial
Or fantasies ethereal, depending on his themes.

Once his fingers, classical,
Played ecclesiastical
Anthems in ancient church, but oft in mournful mood—
"Why should I," he'd sadly muse,
"Waste my art on empty pews—
When my songs could hearten throngs and cheer a multitude?"

Aloof, alone, in shrouded gloom,
He makes his nightly organ boom
Stirring strains and soft refrains—or Dirges of Defeat—
Works by Verdi or Bizet,
Hurdy-gurdy jingles, gay,
And thousands hear him every day at fifty cents a seat!

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*


TAILOR
HERRIN BONE, CHEVIOT, TWEED, AND HOMESPUN WILLS ARE THE PRIDE OF WALES 'E RIGHTS
PIPE SHOPPE
SMOKE OLD SHORTERPIPE CURVE CUT
BIGGEST WORKSHOPMADE IN WALES IN ALL ENGLAND
Sensational Revue Picts and Angles
Next Week Charlie's Revue Fearfully Up To Date
Wotte, 'erbert 'as kicked a Goal from the field
I say well played eh, watwot?
I as they're not allowin' it but of an invyesion to break up a cricket game, I 'ope
Ullo, 'ere alryin' to wangle 'er Majesty
Top 'er
Oh General, I'm 5 pricad
'E might do for 'avy 'avin', but as fer folkrin' the 'ounds, I 'as me doubts
I say, leg before wicket

An Intimate Outline of History, No. 6. Cæsar Invades Britain

That Salome Frog

A Letter and a Reply

PHOENIX CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
PHOENIX, ARIZONA,
January 8, 1925
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR: We have noticed, from time to time, articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, signed by one Dick Wick Hall, of Salome, Arizona. In these articles he eulogizes his frog, and your paper has given much publicity to the said frog.

We want to inform you of the fact that if articles such as have heretofore been written are continued, it will be necessary for this Chamber of Commerce to take legal action against someone. We have evidence that this certain frog was stolen from the orange grove of one of the past presidents of the Phoenix Chamber of Commerce, located in the beautiful Salt River Valley, where oranges, grapefruit and olives are abundant, and where well-to-do people of the East come to spend their winters, amid our sparkling sunshine

The frog in question could never have come to life in Salome, Arizona, a sandy, desolate desert—even though it is located less than one hundred miles from Phoenix, which is the center of a very beautiful valley.

(Continued on Page 64)

Miss Flapp: "Gee, Millie, Don't Those Heathen Women Get Themselves Up Terrible!"

Radio Bug: "How About It, Doc, Do You Hear Any Static?"

—with Tomato Sauce!

Campbell's! It's famous. It's our own exclusive recipe. It's one of the big reasons why people say that Campbell's Beanstaste "so different and so good"

Ready for You!

Now~at your grocer's!

Such good beans that the grocer always has them at his finger-tips. Ask him for Campbell's Beans today and see how quickly you get them!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

POWER

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XVI

IT WAS Red Sunday that made me realize things couldn't go on much longer in the way they had been going. We weren't licked, but a little more such warfare would see us bleeding to death. So we had to call a truce.

That move, I knew, would have to be made with discretion. Our enemies had tasted the wine of violence and their ringleaders were still a little drunk with their fresh and foolish sense of power. But our investigation department, on the other hand, had been keeping a close eye on Wat Hosmer. Notwithstanding the fact that he had a wife and three children in East Detroit, I found that Irma Swickard hadn't exaggerated when she'd so curtly reported him as tub butter waiting for the print. And therein lay the weakness of that full-blooded animal whose memory was as short as his morals. Like the rest of the anarchists, he wasn't overly strong for the sanctity of the family tie; and Irma was an uncommonly appealing and an uncommonly clever woman.

Hosmer thought all the time that he was acting well under cover. But we weren't ignorant of each and every move he made. He surveyed the open field and thought himself impregnable. He stood, apparently, a commander behind unshaken walls. He talked big of his victory, without dreaming of the sappers who'd been at work, without a suspicion of the mine that lay under him where he stood.

When, through the federated-committee chairman, we suggested a conference with Hosmer and his committee, our enemy sent back word that it was through him and not his committee that this issue would be settled. When I conceded a point and agreed to meet him in personal conference he promptly sent back a refusal. When the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission publicly pointed out the inevitable interpretation that would be put on a continuance of the deadlock, Hosmer reconsidered to the extent of finally agreeing on the conference; but insisted, however, that it should take place in neutral territory. He designated Chicago.

I agreed to that without hesitation, for the more distant city fitted in very nicely with my plans. Hosmer, naturally, didn't travel on our line. But we were able to make careful note of when and how he traveled, just as we were able to verify the fact that he wasn't traveling alone. He and the Swickard woman, we finally discovered, had registered at a discreetly inconspicuous Chicago hotel.

Our first conference wasn't a success. It wasn't intended to be a success. Hosmer still had a leer of triumph on his face when he stepped into that hurriedly organized committee room, and it didn't take me long to see there were to be mighty few concessions on his part. He accused me in fact of being the real deadlocker, and even indulged in the luxury of relieving his mind of a good deal of the rancor that had been souring there. But all things considered, I was able to laugh at that. And my quietness seemed to worry Hosmer, leaving him fretting over some nigger in the woodpile he couldn't quite define. He held out to the end, however, and announced that since he'd made the effort and come to us, after this we'd have to go to him.

She Was Standing Alone, Looking After Me Through a Thin Cloud of Steam

He left us that opening and we took advantage of it. Skillen—the shrewd head of our legal department—and I the next morning announced ourselves at Hosmer's second-rate hotel and got up to his shabby red-plush parlor before he knew we were being accompanied by no less than four state and Federal officers and a plain-clothes man from the city headquarters. I saw as soon as I stood face to face with Hosmer that he'd been drinking, celebrating, I suppose, what he accepted as his initial victory over Wall Street's office boy, as he'd recently fallen into the habit of calling me. But his brain wasn't so muddled that he couldn't sense trouble in my presence there, though he laughed openly when I announced that I was giving him his final chance to come to reason.

I could afford to be calm, even in the face of that uncouth scorn of his, for my plan was as clearly laid out as a Blue Book road map. On the yellow oak table in the corner I could see a woman's hat and gloves, and beyond the inner door I could hear the sound of running water as a tap was turned on and then off again.

Hosmer, who was in his shirt sleeves, went over to the worn plush sofa in the far corner of the room and picked up his coat. He put it on, slowly and meditatively, and buttoned it up.

"So this is the last call!" he said in his rumbling bass.

He even laughed as he eyed me with a stolid sort of indifference. His heavy placidity reminded me of that of a steer being appraised by the eye of a butcher who knows when an animal is ripe for slaughter—while the steer doesn't know he knows.

"It is," I proclaimed, untouched by the wave of angry red that swept up into his face, "the last call!"

"And what's your next move going to be?" he demanded.

Yet his eyes narrowed as he noticed Skillen swing a heel back and strike the hall door against which the latter stood. That, of course, was merely our signal to the men outside.

"The next move, Hosmer," I told him, without any undue haste, for I wanted time to get those men inside, "is that you're under arrest for violating the Mann Act."

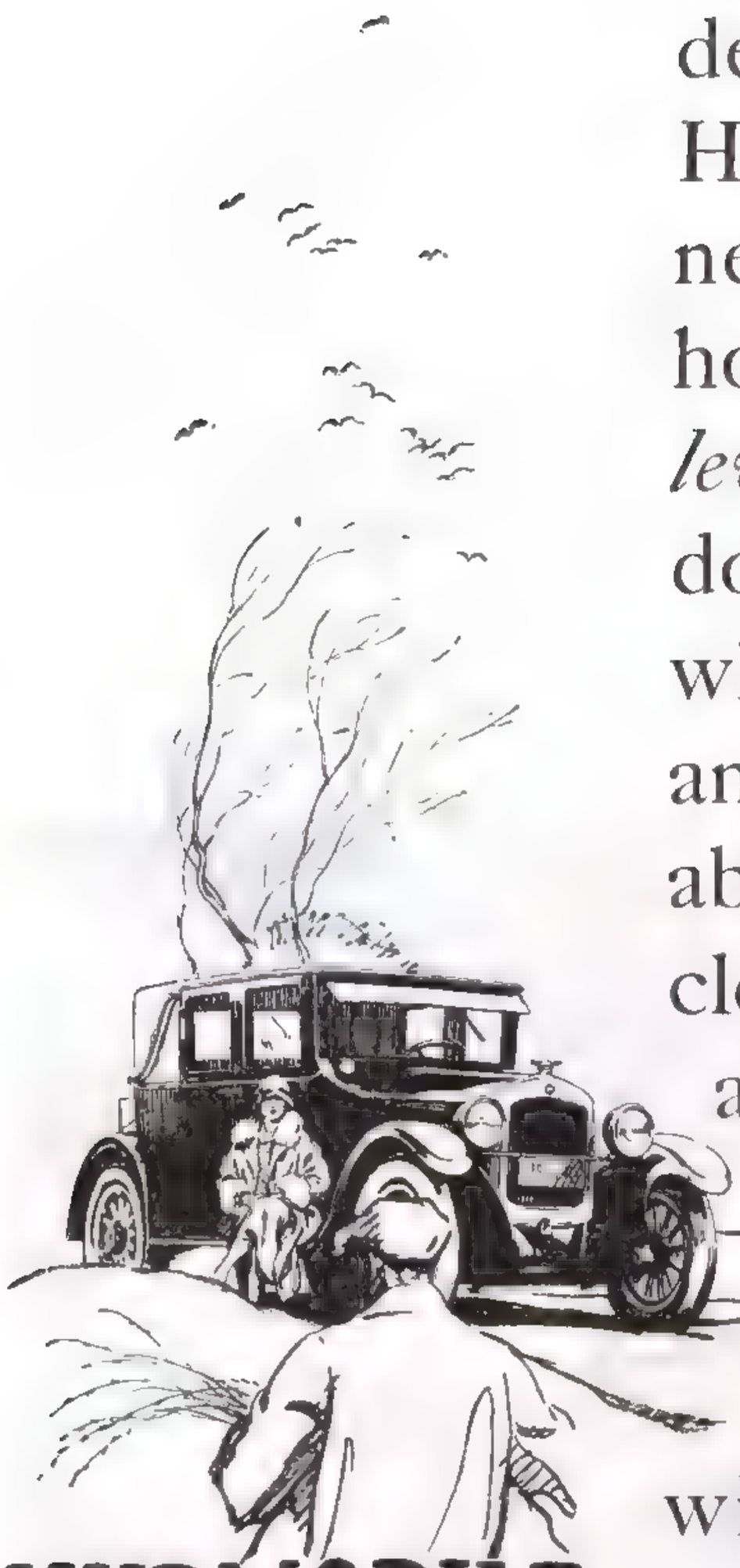
There were both quick moving and quick thinking in that room during the next few seconds. It came so fast that most of it failed to register at the moment. I could see, though, how the color went from Hosmer's bony big face and how his eyes darkened with something more than mere hate. But I didn't know the fool was heeled until I noticed his hand go down to his side pocket. I have no clear memory of what he shouted as he brought his blunt-nosed automatic up in front of him, though I remembered with a not unnatural resentment that I was being shot at for the second time in one week, and it was getting monotonous.

But that shout of Hosmer's brought the Swickard woman out from the next room. I don't know what she intended to do. I don't believe she knew herself. There are times when I suspect that she'd fallen under the spell of that physical animal, and even stood ready to double-cross us at the last moment when she saw her temporary running mate cornered. There are other times when I try to convince myself that she was loyal to the last and merely tried to fling herself across Hosmer's shooting arm. But she was in front of him as he fired. The bullet went wild and shattered the glass in the transom over the hall door. He intended to shoot again, I could see; but before his brain could telegraph that intention to his shaking trigger finger the plain-clothes man they'd lent us from the city headquarters whipped out his service revolver and let go

The woman, I repeat, may have seen and known what was coming, and yet remained willing to stand between Wat Hosmer and the bullet intended for him. At any rate, it went into her body. By the time they'd closed in on Hosmer and got his gun away from him she was dead. It was, of course, a tragic and regrettable occurrence. It was equally regrettable that the first accounts in the afternoon papers described Hosmer as using the woman's body as a human shield, as sheltering himself behind her in the encounter, enlarging on how he had cold-bloodedly swung her in front of him when attacking and attacked by the officers of the law.

It produced a more disagreeable impression even than Hosmer's indictment and trial under the Mann Act. He fought hard, it's true, but we had him pinned down on every corner. The strike fizzed out like a wet time fuse. There was no one left to pump venom into our men and there was no one to hold the few remaining soreheads

(Continued on Page 34)



HUPMOBILE

FOURS AND EIGHTS

Easy to enter and leave both front and rear seats because of three doors of standard sedan width—two front and one rear. Seating space, and leg space, for the comfortable accommodation of five passengers. Balloon tires, Duco finish in Hupmobile blue or beige; nickel radiator, nickel and enamel head and cowl lamps. Complete equipment.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

SUPREME value alone generates the enthusiastic nation-wide demand which is bringing this Hupmobile Club Sedan into new thousands of American homes. ∞ *Priced close to open car levels,* it is provided with three doors and other special features which afford all the convenience and comfort which are an enjoyable part of owning a high grade closed car. ∞ Most important of all to most buyers, is the great Hupmobile chassis, with its wonderful ability to give its owner daily service with unflagging faithfulness and efficiency. ∞ This Sedan is decidedly an investment for the man who desires the best for his family and who is keen for getting the most for his dollars.

(Continued from Page 32)

together, and the rest were glad enough to get back in the fold before we reckoned up too closely on our property loss.

When, eleven months later, Hosmer bargained for a commutation on the plea of broken health, he was finally given his freedom on the definite understanding that he leave the country and keep out of it. He sailed for Buenos Aires, joining his brother-in-law in a cattle-raising project in the Argentine. His wife, to whom he seemed still attached in some blind and blundering way, refused to go with him. Nearly two years later, however, when they told her she was dying of nephritis, she sent for him. Hosmer broke his parole and came back to the States. His wife must have forgiven him, for he was with her when she died

Neither the state nor the Federal authorities took any action regarding Hosmer's return. Skillen also sat tight, knowing the man was too widely discredited in his old circle to work us mischief. He was a strangely broken man.

I saw that, oddly enough, with my own eyes, the raw March day when I happened to stumble across his wife's funeral. It was Kennie's birthday and I held up my inspection tour long enough to get some flowers and carry them out to the cemetery. The weather was very bad Tassie, luckily, had insisted that I wear rubbers and a fur-lined overcoat. I remember brushing the wet snow off a granite slab and sitting there thinking of my dead boy and my own youth and the shortness of life, when a funeral procession came in through the winding driveway. It came slowly, for the road was bad and most of the vehicles were drawn by horses. It was Hosmer, I discovered, burying his wife in her old family plot, as she'd asked him to do. He looked like a broken man, all right.

If he once caught sight of me, he gave no sign of it. He stayed on, in fact, after all the others had gone. He wasn't weeping. He just looked sick and stunned. He seemed to be trying to work out something he couldn't quite understand.

I went over to him. His face clouded when he looked up and saw me. It looked blue and hollow, that bony face with the skin drawn tight over the wide cheek bones. But after one stare of tired enmity he turned away. I sat down beside him. It came home to me for the first time that I didn't hate the man.

I'm not strong on the emotional stuff. There aren't many who can justly accuse me of slopping over. But something stirred in me. Something disturbed me as I sat there looking at my old enemy. I saw Hosmer as a human being, instead of as a bull with his head down before a red flag. I felt sorry for him.

When I spoke to him a second time he turned away with a movement that was plainly dismissive. So I took a deeper breath and reached out and put a hand on his shoulder, trying to turn him around so I could see him face to face.

He swung about at last and stared at me with a dully opaque eye.

"You go to hell!" he cried between his broken teeth.

That's all he said. But I knew, by the black hate that smoldered in his eyes, that I was only wasting my time. The poison had sunk too deep to be dug out.

XVII

JAVAN PAGE was foolish enough to contest his dismissal. By the time I'd got back to the home office, after ironing out the last of our strike wrinkles, I found that he'd canvassed the board, lined up a scattering of his financial friends and demanded a rehearing before the directors. But when a man wakes up to argue about his own funeral arrangements it's too late to admire his energy. When old Asa Caldwell cornered me in the Bankers' Club and started spellbinding for his fellow Bostonian, I cut him short by announcing the issue was a closed one with me. When the talk of financial influences grew a trifle noisier, I simply put the matter in Skillen's hands and went about the more important work demanding my attention. I'd a good deal of lost time to make up for and lost ground to recover.

The larger question of our Western expansion was once more taking most of my thought. I buried myself in that work day by day, and the rest of the world became a vague and dreamlike shadow. I knew that Newt was convalescing somewhere on the Riviera; I knew that Natalie was still gallivanting around somewhere in the South and getting her picture in an occasional Sunday paper along with the rest of the pearl-laden beach combers; I knew that Aggie was out in Pasadena picking her winter roses and hobnobbing with the New Thought lecturers who try to fill empty lives with the artificial flowers of optimism; and I knew my own home was a dark and lonely place where I was daily fed and bedded down like an old work horse stumbling into his stall.

The one warm spot in all that home emptiness, it seems to me, was Tassie's weekly letter. I got in the habit of waiting for those letters. They were brisk and blithe and chattery epistles, running over with the crazy thoughts all young girls seem to have, but bringing a breath of freshness into those days of dust and toil when I was beginning to feel that I wasn't so young as I once might have been. And no matter how busy my day, I made it a point to answer those letters on receipt. I tried to match them with a mastodonic blitheness of my own.

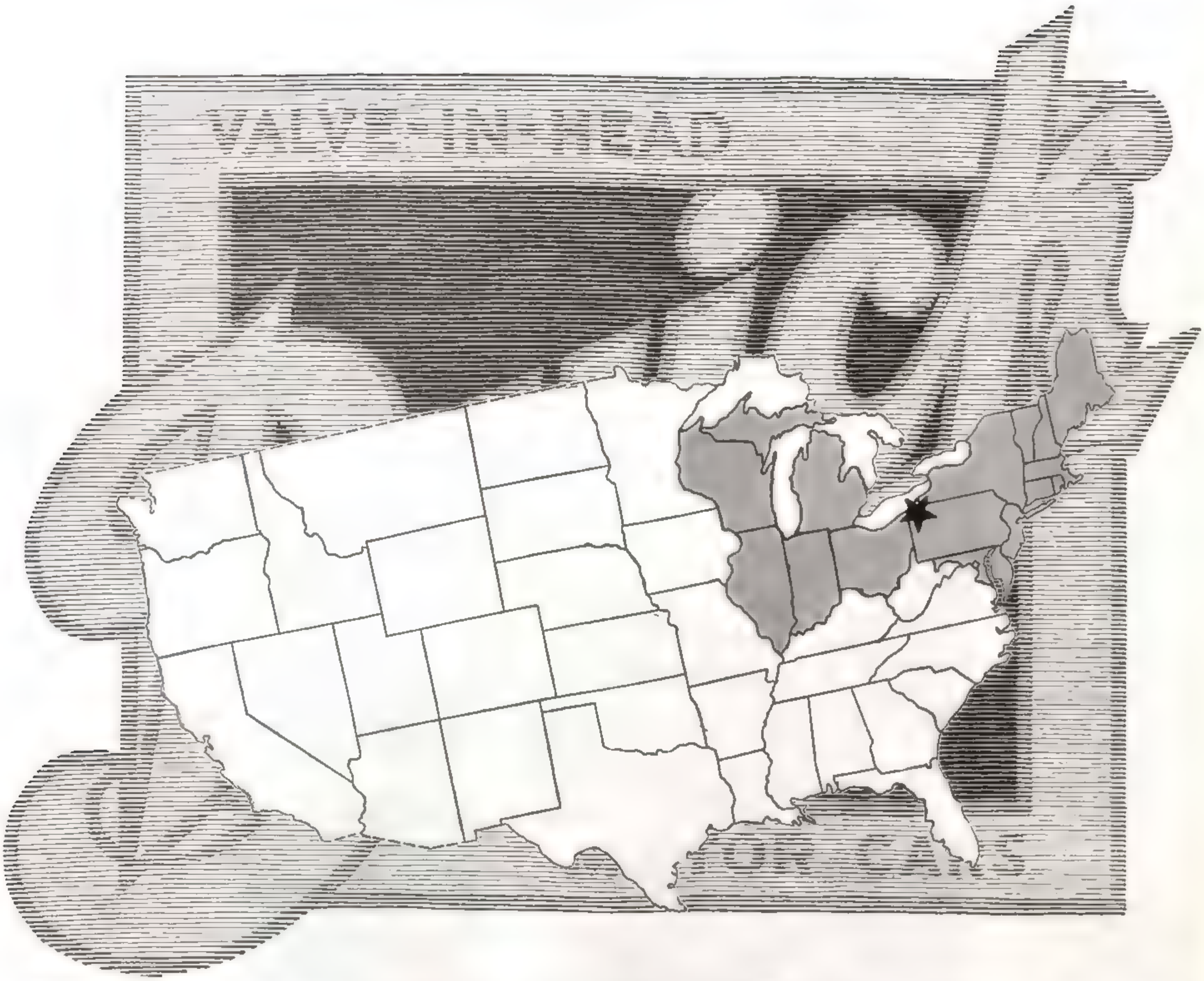
Tassie must have found something to like in those answers of mine, for she encouraged me in the habit and courageously asked for more. The one week that I was so busy I put off writing till Sunday she called me up on long-distance, wanting to know if I was all right, reversing the charges and costing me three dollars and eighty-five cents in affectionate but frivolous conversation. After that I didn't overlook writing. Without quite knowing it at the time, those letters were doing me good. They kept me from turning from a human being into a locomotive.

I guess, though, I needed to be a bit of a steam engine to pound through that final merger that took us from the Mississippi to the Pacific. It was, of course, something more than a matter of mere dogged driving power. But unless there'd been the one man with enough steam behind the movement to make the grade the countless difficulties would never have been overcome.

Our absorption of the Grand Pacific, however, was not romantic. There was little glory in it. It didn't give me any of the thrill of the earlier movements. I don't think I even remembered Big Sam and that last talk with him until long afterward. I was too busy to hark back to the past, and I was tired. I had my game of hide and go seek to play with Wall Street; I had my office work to keep up;

(Continued on Page 101)

We Bucked and Roared and Tunneled Our Way Deeper and Deeper Into That Drifted Wilderness of White



★ *There are* MORE BUICKS *in use north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi than there are* 6-cylinder cars *of any other make in the entire United States. — — — You choose wisely when you choose a Buick*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

TILLICUM

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

XIV

THE three watched him rowing toward the shore, then turned away to prepare for dinner.

"Well," said Betsy with conviction, "nobody can tell me there's anything wrong with that young man!"

"I'd bet my last cent on him!" asserted her husband with equal conviction.

They both turned a little defiantly to the healer of souls, mutely challenging his opinion. But the latter refused to be challenged.

"I'm willing to make a little bet on him myself," said he equably: "in fact I'm going to do so this very evening. And for a change," he told Marshall ironically, "I want a little chance to do some talking myself. I want an hour with this young man alone."

Arbuthnot reappeared within the half hour. He had changed into the gray flannels no young male of English blood seems ever to be without, even in the direst circumstances. Shortly they went down to dinner.

The meal was a jolly one, for the young engineer appeared to have accepted them definitely as of his own race, and met them on a footing of easy unconstraint. In this atmosphere of sociability, of dainty foods and drink, he expanded in an hour to a good fellowship which in the normal course of events might have required weeks to attain, if indeed it were attained at all. A long deprivation of just the human atmosphere he here breathed had prepared his responses. At the close of the meal Betsy and Marshall arose to go on deck, but X. Anaxagoras merely pushed back his chair.

"Mr. Arbuthnot and I will just smoke here for a minute or so," said he. "We'll join you in a few minutes."

He gave no further reason. Betsy and Marshall disappeared. X. Anaxagoras offered his guest a cigar, but himself filled his pipe. They lit up and sat for a season in sociable silence while Plutarch cleared away. Noah arose from the cushions on the transom, where he had been reclining, stretched, arched his back, leaped to the floor and stepped daintily forward to acquire some knowledge of this stranger. Apparently he found the inspection satisfactory, for he uttered one of his inquiring "p-r-r-t-s" and leaped to Arbuthnot's knees, where he settled himself into a luxurious furry ball and began sleepily to purr. The young man rested his hand absently on the little animal. His eyes were vacantly following the lazily eddying smoke. X. Anaxagoras also was silent; but he was leaning forward, his elbows on the table, his eyes fixed with a singular intentness on the man opposite.

The ship's fabric seemed absolutely still. No sound came through the forward bulkheads, the cordage overhead had dropped its song; even the open portholes failed to admit the customary lap-lapping of tiny wavelets against the side. There was no faintest motion; the yacht might have been set in concrete. There hung an utter stillness, a suspension of all the ordinary physical sensations that lie beneath consciousness like a foundation in the void on which to arrange the hours of customary life. And fancifully enough, it seemed to Arbuthnot that strange forces and influences which customary life holds at a distance, presences that brood remote in forest or night shadows or hover outside of camp fires in the wilderness, had somehow drawn nearer at hand, were but just outside the opened portholes, infolding the structure of man's fabrication, dissolving it as a mist, leaving him in his inner essence cradled, as the yacht hung in the thin supporting medium of its suspension, by an intangible and embracing fluid of power. Arbuthnot was not a fanciful young man, and he shook himself free with a start. X. Anaxagoras was looking at him quietly.

"You cannot be far from the pocket now," the latter remarked in a casual tone. "Indeed, you must be fairly on the lip of the basin below the old waterfall."

"Just about," replied Arbuthnot, puffing strongly at his nearly extinct cigar. "I think ten feet more of rock work will take us into it." Then he sat upright in surprise. "What do you know about it?" he cried.

"I know all about it," replied X. Anaxagoras.

Arbuthnot looked puzzled and a little uneasy.

"I didn't know—I was led to believe that the situation was quite secret," he said at last.

"What situation?" queried X. Anaxagoras.

But Arbuthnot had recovered himself.

"Isn't that for you to tell me?" he asked.

"Why, yes, in a way, I suppose it is," X. Anaxagoras conceded in approval of the other's discretion.

Briefly, then, he detailed the story of the mine as he had told it to Betsy and Marshall after the expedition to the lake. Arbuthnot listened attentively, nodding from time to time.

"Yes," he said, after the tale was finished, "that was my understanding. Extraordinary story, isn't it?—and pathetic. But I must say I am surprised that you know of it. I had understood that it was quite secret."

"I knew Maxon, the man who found the mine. I grubstaked him at one time. But, in turn, I am surprised—I mean by this work here, and all. I supposed Mrs. Maxon quite irreconcilable to any thought of it. I am a professional man, and I would have staked my professional reputation that nothing would have broken through the complex which events had so strongly laid upon her."

Arbuthnot hesitated, looked at Anaxagoras

"Of course I'm more or less working in confidence," he said at last; "but as you know so much of the situation, and in such a peculiar way, I can see no harm in your knowing the rest so you will realize you should keep quiet about it. You see, Mrs. Maxon knows nothing about this work."

"No?" encouraged the healer of souls.

"Her people quite realize the situation. But there is the child; and I understand she lives in poor circumstances and will accept no help. Some kind of family misunderstanding, wasn't it? So, you see, Maxon had the idea that the pocket might be opened in this way, without either disturbing the surface of the other property or her knowing anything about it until it was all over and done with. It seemed the soundest plan to them all."

"To whom?"

"Why, to her family. In a way, I suppose," stated Arbuthnot as though arguing, "it's a bit thick, for it is her property. But then again, she's hardly responsible." He paused, but received no reply. "Anyway," he added defensively, "it's none of my affair." He smoked a moment in silence. "That's the way it is," he said then.

X. Anaxagoras made no answer. Again the utter quietness of the evening drew close about the little ship. But this time, to Arbuthnot's aroused consciousness, there seemed to be in it none of the former peace. It hung balanced with some vague portent, as a clear chemical mixture which a slight touch will precipitate into strange forms. And though in such a chemical mixture the process waits passively, here was an active and urgent force as though of expectation. He looked across at his companion, and he seemed suddenly to see there the expectation and the urgent dynamic force of it embodied. Arbuthnot shook himself awake again.

"Do you know," he said, with a sudden burst of confidence that surprised himself, "I'd like to chuck this job!"

"Why?" asked X. Anaxagoras quietly.

"I don't know," replied Arbuthnot with an embarrassed laugh. "Fed up on it, I suppose. God knows, I was down and out and on my uppers when I took it; but hanged if I wouldn't rather throw over the job than work with these beggars any more."

"Why?" asked X. Anaxagoras again.

"I don't know. They're disagreeable enough to me, but that's part of the job."

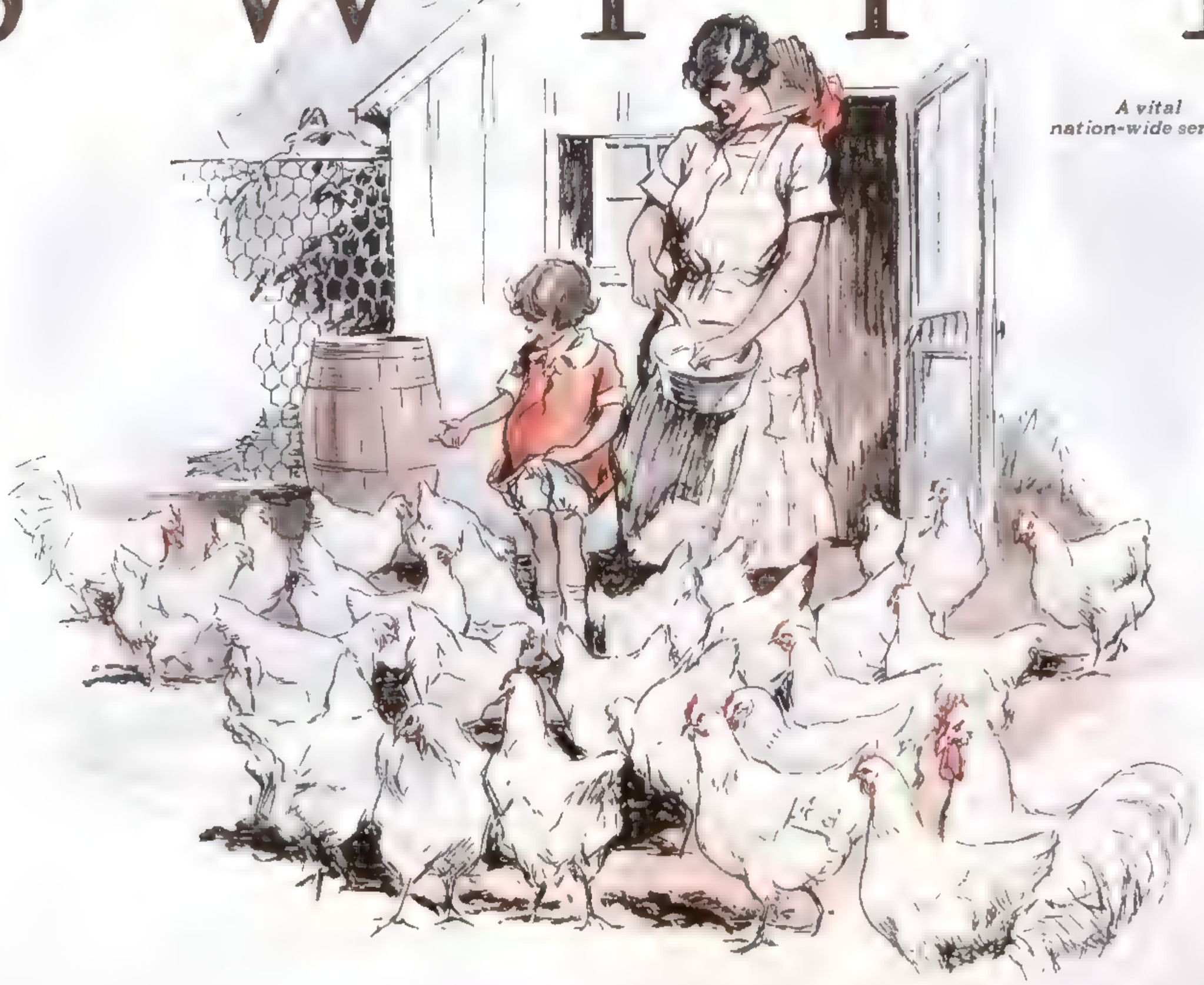
X. Anaxagoras leaned forward. He spoke very slowly and without emphasis.

(Continued on Page 35

Betsy Exclaimed Over the Pleasure and the Honor, She Voiced Lamentations That He Was Not Going Along; She Conveyed Arch Reproof

SWIFT

A vital nation-wide service



Bringing the country to you

Plump tender poultry, fresh creamery butter, golden cheese, selected eggs—if you lived in the heart of the dairy country you could hardly obtain these delicacies by a route more direct than the one Swift & Company uses in bringing them to you.

Right where they are produced we have established gathering depots known as "produce plants." Here we receive the products of surrounding farms. We grade and pack eggs; milk-feed, dress, grade, and pack poultry; manufacture butter in our own creameries.

In spick and span refrigerator cars these good things are then shipped direct to retailers through our branch selling houses, located in several hundred cities and towns.

Thus, at one step, the products of the farm are brought to the store from which you buy them. There is no waste motion, no lost time. The huge task involved in long distance marketing of the nation's dairy and poultry products is accomplished with the utmost economy and dispatch.

This speed in handling and distribution, together with the most rigid care and sanitation, is one of the secrets of the superior quality of Brookfield butter, eggs and cheese, Premium milk-fed chickens and Golden West fowl.

Swift & Company's profit from all sources over a long period of years has averaged less than 2 cents per dollar of sales. In 1924 it averaged 1.82 cents.

Other interesting facts are contained in the Swift & Company 1925 Year Book. A copy is given free. Address: Swift & Company, Public Relations Dept., 4117 Packers Ave., Chicago.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the Swift & Company 1925 Year Book.

Name

Address

City

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

© S. & Co.

"Kwang Tso, Now We Go. I Think Mebbe So We Not Come Back One Week, Mebbe Two Week. You Belong Sit Quiet"

(Continued from Page 36)

"Before dinner," he said with apparent irrelevance, "I announced to the others that I was going to lay a wager. I am now about to announce the stakes. You wish to chuck the job because you are becoming uneasily suspicious of these men."

Arbuthnot stirred uneasily.

"Why should I be?" he asked at length.

"I don't know. That's for you to tell me."

A silence fell. X. Anaxagoras waited.

"Look here," Arbuthnot burst out at last, "I'm in the employ of these people. Why should I discuss them with you?"

X. Anaxagoras made no reply. He waited. Arbuthnot made as though to rise, thought better of it, chewed at his short mustache. Finally he looked up and caught the other's eyes. For perhaps twenty seconds they stared at each other.

"I never did like them," Arbuthnot jerked out at last, "from the moment I saw them. But what could I do? I was stony broke and I wanted desperately to get home. It's a short job, soon over. The pay is good. A man can't pick his employers by whether he likes them personally. They told a straight enough story and they had the documents."

"What documents?" asked X. Anaxagoras.

"Why, Maxon's patent of the land; and his notebooks and diagrams of the pocket and all that. I had it out with myself in the berth on the way up. There were a lot of things I didn't fancy, but nothing definite, nothing to be suspicious about. I just didn't like them. And they were furtive and in a hurry about it all. Of course, it was natural they should be furtive," he added reflectively. "The whole thing was necessarily very secret. They took extraordinary precautions. They landed their stores and men down the coast and came all the way here in small boats. I didn't really think that out of the way, though, come to think of it. If the thing was to be kept dark, it was natural. And then there's the matter of the labor—North-of-China men, and all armed as if to repel pirates. Look here!" He turned on X. Anaxagoras a little fiercely. "Why should I talk to you like this? There's nothing to be suspicious of, as far as I know. I'm just fed up on the job."

He stopped abruptly. He was evidently ashamed and a little uneasy, and somewhat at a loss to account for himself. X. Anaxagoras said nothing for a few moments. Then he laid aside his pipe with a decisive gesture.

"You are suspicious," he stated calmly, "and for a very good reason, the best in the world—that your intuitions are aroused. They are infallible when correctly interpreted. Now listen to me. I am going to tell you a few facts. In the first place, Mrs. Maxon, with the exception of the child, has no kith or kin or connection whatever, anywhere, in the world. In the second place, Maxon is not this man's name; nor, for that matter, is Barker the name of his partner. This operation in which you are engaged is in effect a raid on a treasure store which you, as a practical mining engineer, know can be gutted and made away with in a very brief space of time once the work has reached it. Such are the main facts. But I will add others. The work is being done in this roundabout way, not to spare Mrs. Maxon's feelings but to avoid detection. Chinese labor is employed so that it cannot be traced should, in the remote future, the claim be opened from above and the underground works discovered. You, an Australian, were selected for the same reason."

He picked up his pipe again and sat back. Arbuthnot stared at him for some moments. Conflicting emotions mirrored themselves in his face.

"Why should I believe all that?" he demanded heatedly at last. "What proof have you?"

"Immediately available—none."

"How do I know you're not working some game yourself? Why should I believe you?"

X. Anaxagoras looked at him steadily.

"For no reason," he answered at last, "except that you do."

XV

X. ANAXAGORAS stepped to the open hatchway and addressed the shadowy figures sitting silently on the open deck.

"I win my bet," he said quietly. "Will you please come down?"

They appeared, blinking against the light. X. Anaxagoras seated himself at the head of the table as though he were the chairman of a meeting, and indicated to the others to take their places also at the table.

"We were right," he told them briefly; "and our friend Arbuthnot has filled in the last gaps." He sketched in a few words what he had learned from the young engineer. "Such being the case," he concluded, "there only remains to consider what is to be done."

"It seems obvious," said Marshall. "We'll just take a run up to Seward, get whatever injunctions, or whatever the red tape is, that we require, and come back here with enough officers to put a stop to it."

"That will take at least two weeks," observed Arbuthnot.

"I don't mind that; I'd take two months if necessary."

"No, you mistake my point. The fact is that in my judgment another two days' work at most will bring the drift into the pocket. If the situation is as detailed in Maxon's diary—the real Maxon, I mean—the pickings will at once be incredibly rich."

"How much could they take out in a day, do you suppose?" queried X. Anaxagoras.

"I'd hesitate to say. It might be anything in thousands of dollars."

"Let 'em," said Marshall. "They'd have no legal right to it. They couldn't keep it."

"No-o," agreed Arbuthnot doubtfully.

"Arbuthnot means that they might not have a legal right to it, but that they would most certainly keep it."

"Yes, that's it," agreed the engineer. "They'll take jolly good care to put each day's take where it won't be found."

"They might if they got suspicious of anything" this from Marshall.

"They strike me as chaps that are always suspicious on general principles," said Arbuthnot. "Or at least Maxon is—or whatever is his name. Hate to use a good man's name on a scoundrel."

"We call him Eats-'Em-Alive," put in Betsy. "The other is Fleshpots, though Barker suits him well enough."

Arbuthnot laughed appreciatively.

"Can't you jolly them along—mark time?" asked Marshall. "Stall them until we get back? I don't gather that they know the first thing about the technical end of it."

Arbuthnot made a gesture of vexation.

"That's just it! I had a strong hunch not to tell all I knew. In fact I knew two days ago, after I'd made up my calculations for the week's work and checked up with Maxon's diary, that we were fairly on top of things, as you might say; but for some reason something held me off. I started to tell them—and didn't. Then I got to calling

(Continued on Page 70)

[illegible] known Gold-Seal Congoleum Rug No. 323. In the 6 x 9 foot size it costs only $9.40.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

Facsimile of Gold Seal that is pasted on every genuine Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug.

The sewing room of your dreams—

What a charming sewing room! And so practical! Note, for instance, the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug. Would you ever dream that this rich, colorful floor-covering could be kept dust-free and new-looking simply by an occasional light mopping?

Easily and Quickly Cleaned

Lint, broken threads, scraps of material—all the odds and ends of sewing—can be removed in a jiffy from Congoleum's smooth surface. No tedious, time-taking sweeping as is necessary with woven floor-coverings. Every busy woman will appreciate the freedom from drudgery that *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs afford.

So varied and appropriate are Congoleum patterns that it's easy to find a design which will harmonize with any room in the house.

Congoleum Rugs are laid without any kind of fastening. Just unroll them—and in a few hours they hug the floor. They never kick up at the corners or edges.

And though unqualifiedly guaranteed for service, they are amazingly low in price.

Note These Very Low Prices

6	x 9	ft.	$ 9.40	1½	x 3	ft.	$ .60
7½	x 9	ft.	11.70	3	x 3	ft.	1.30
9	x 9	ft.	14.05	3	x 4½	ft.	1.95
9	x 10½	ft.	16.40	3	x 6	ft.	2.60
9	x 12	ft.	18.75				

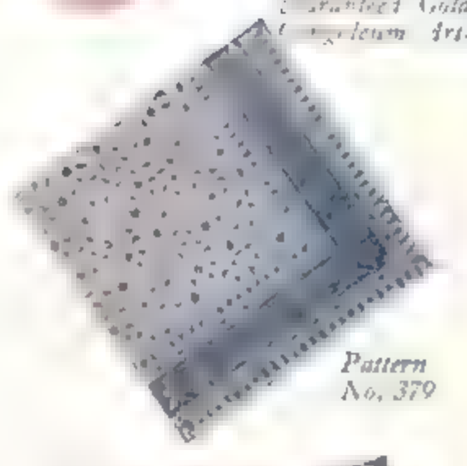
The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in designs to harmonize with them.

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

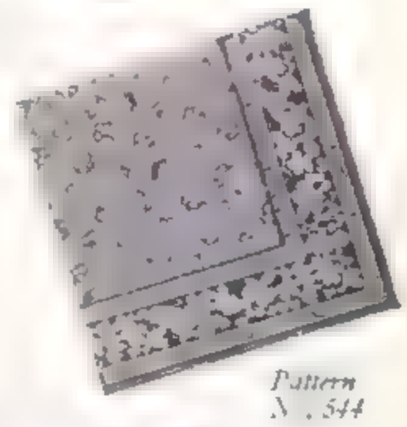
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro

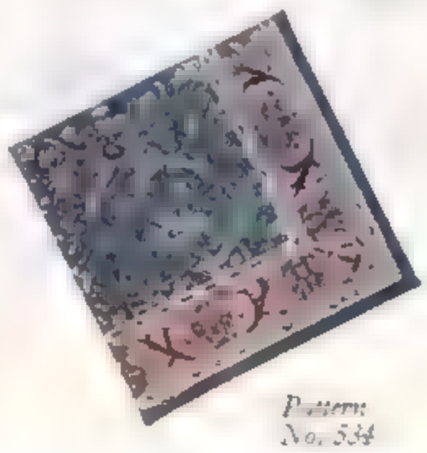
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal



Pattern No. 379



Pattern No. 544



Pattern No. 534

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

Full Ford protection

demands oil distribution. A free-splashing oil—and more!

You can splash water with your bare hand. But not molasses.

The Ford lubricating system is a splash system.

No suitable oil will be more thoroughly distributed to all parts of your Ford engine than Mobiloil "E."

No oil of different character can so perfectly get in between and prevent rubbing or friction of the many moving parts. No oil can more thoroughly protect your engine against wear.

For as it splashes, Mobiloil "E" atomizes into a spray which assures a thorough coverage of oil which clings with unusual tenacity, to every moving surface. It stays longer on the Ford frictional surfaces. And this means the greatest possible protection—for pistons, piston pins, piston rings, cylinder walls, bearings.

Mobiloil "E" dissipates frictional heat so effectively that an overheated Ford engine is rare when this oil is used.

With less than Mobiloil protection you lack the full assurance you are entitled to against premature noises of wear, premature loss of power, premature repair bills.

The use of Mobiloil "E" will prolong to the utmost the long life and power that were put into your Ford engine by the Ford Motor Company.

With Mobiloil "E" in your Ford crankcase you will probably be surprised at the small amount of carbon that accumulates. And at the mileage you get from your oil.

Mobiloil adds definitely to the pleasure you get from driving—the quick response to acceleration, the "feel" of smooth power and the confidence that "everything is right."

The dealer who sells economy

The more a dealer studies oils the more convinced he becomes that Mobiloil gives the cheapest *mileage*. That is the *real* basis for lubricating economy.

The Mobiloil dealer has a correct oil for every make of car. And Mobiloil in containers suitable for every need.

How to buy

From Bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—The sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—The 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. Arctic, Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F. (freezing) to 0° F. are encountered. Below zero use Mobiloil Arctic, except Ford Cars.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet FB							A	A
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Chrysler	A	A	A	A				
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4					A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc			A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	A	B	A
Willys Knight 6	A	Arc						

The sign to full Ford protection

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

HICKS, D. D. S.

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON

"Well, Well, Well," McQuaid Meditated. "I Never Would Have Thought of Such a Thing"

ANOTHER arduous day of hoping for clients having come to the usual uneventful close, Merle McQuaid locked the door of his office—on which were painted the words "Attorney at Law"—and rode uptown, via Subway, to the office of Dr. Wesley Hicks, dentist, who had spent the greater part of his day in precisely the same manner as the young lawyer. Both were seriously determined for business reasons to widen their circle of acquaintance, but unfortunately they had an instinctive aversion to persons who engaged in legal brawls or faced the battles of life with damaged teeth. You could scarcely imagine a young man less likely to sue, or to be sued, than Dr. Wesley Hicks—and Merle McQuaid honored him for it. Similarly the young dentist's admiration for his friend was stimulated by observing the pearly perfection of his teeth.

The world being no better than it is, however, sundry persons did manage to inflict patronage upon them to the extent of some five thousand dollars a year each. As this sum may or may not suggest affluence, it will be just as well before proceeding to settle the matter. By the time they had paid office rent and incidental expenses, the net returns were astonishingly small.

"Well, I saw her," McQuaid announced as soon as he had seated himself in the dentist's office.

"'S fine!" exclaimed Doctor Hicks. "And what luck did you have?"

"None at all," McQuaid answered promptly and almost cheerfully. "You know I didn't expect much, but it turns out a little worse than I thought. To put the matter bluntly, I am in the very center of a bad fix. Affairs are worse complicated than ever. Something ought to be done—and I don't know what. I learned that instead of the estate being a small matter, it amounts to upward of two hundred thousand dollars."

"Whew!" was the dentist's comment. "Shall we talk it over? Perhaps I can make a suggestion."

"That's why I came," McQuaid replied. "However, don't for a moment imagine that I am going to get anything from her direct. She looked me over, quite pleasantly, and said—I can always recall Aunt Lucy's exact words—'Money should be left to those who know what to do with it. Tim'—that's her brother, my Uncle Timothy—'is the only member of this family who has any sense. Even he gives away a lot of perfectly good money, but every man is entitled to one vice, and that's his. He uses his capital to distribute groceries; there's sense to that. Tim has helped folks to eat better than they used to eat when we were children, and he makes a profit on it, as he should.' Long pause. Aunt Lucy indulges in long pauses. 'People are always after me for libraries, and hospitals, and asylums, and churches. Huh! If they want churches let 'em pay for 'em. That's what I did. Or go to hell. James'—he was her husband—'made steam pumps; there's sense to that too. You are a lawyer. No sense to that at all. You're a nice young man, but I wouldn't leave you anything.'

"And she didn't. All she wanted me to do was look at the will and see if I thought it was properly drawn. Well, it was, so the dear old girl is easy in her mind on that score."

"But you haven't told me who gets the money," interrupted his friend.

"I thought I made that clear enough."

"Surely not her brother, your Uncle Timothy?"

"Precisely."

"Why, he must be ninety years old!"

"To be exact, he is ninety-two years old. It is Aunt Lucy who is ninety."

"Well, of all the foolishness I ever heard!" Doctor Hicks complained in the bitterness of his sympathy. "So she leaves her entire fortune to the wealthiest member of the family, and him long overdue in the next world."

"But I haven't yet introduced the one hopeful element in the plot," said McQuaid.

"Is there one?"

"I think so. Anyway, listen. It happens that I also know the contents of my Uncle Timothy's will. I'm mentioned in that will, you know, so I couldn't have anything to do with drawing it, but he let me look at it privately to see if I thought it was all right. I give nearly all of the family's free legal advice. Well, under his will I draw down the residuary estate—that is to say, anything remaining loose after everybody else is provided for. At first I was all excited about this because the old man must be worth about a million dollars, but when I studied the will carefully I figured that my portion will be something between seventy-five cents cash and a deficit of a thousand dollars. But mark this: Uncle Timothy doesn't know anything about his sister's will, so there is scarcely a possibility of his adding clauses to dispose of her fortune. Therefore if he lives longer than she does he will inherit her money with no strings tied to it. Then, if he doesn't give it away before he dies, it will become part of the residuary estate and pass along to me. My job is to see that Uncle Timothy lives longer than his sister. What do you think of that?"

"Wonderful!" was the prompt reply.

Then Doctor Hicks lolled back in his chair, lighted a cigarette, puffed at it meditatively, and stared at the ceiling. He was hatching a plot. Doctor Hicks was regarded as very good at plots. In the circle in which he and Merle McQuaid moved no one else was even half so good. In addition to being clever he wore horn-rim spectacles and thus achieved an air of seniority which, added to his vast knowledge of psychoanalysis, was nothing less than impressive. Doctor Hicks had gone in for the new science seriously, as he himself confessed.

There has, of course, been much adverse criticism directed against the practice of psychoanalysis by unqualified amateurs, but Doctor Hicks had read three volumes on the subject and devoted two whole months of study to them. Moreover, he had now reached the mature age of twenty-eight years and was by nature a man of science, being an excellent dentist. Few questioned his diagnoses—or whatever they are called. Anyway, having only healthy psyches to practice upon, his earlier errors, if any, must have been quite inconsequential. For the most part he was requested to determine whether the volunteers who applied to his clinic were really in love with each other—and invariably he decided that they were. In these findings everyone from chauffeurs to parents concurred, some enthusiastically, others furiously, according to the point of view. At any rate, no one cast aspersions upon his mastery of the science.

With this long record of success in crystal-clear cases behind him, Doctor Hicks welcomed an opportunity to grapple with something more complicated. You might ask what, if anything, psychoanalysis had to do with the pending business of Aunt Lucy's will and Uncle Timothy's expectations of remaining longer in this very pleasant vale of tears, but if you do ask such a question it will merely prove how little you know about psychoanalysis and Doctor Hicks. All problems impinged upon psychoanalysis, in his opinion, except those which obviously required the ministrations of a dentist.

After carefully revolving the whole matter in his mind Doctor Hicks pitched forward in his chair and looked as scientific as his pleasant gray eyes would permit—which was, with the aid of those horn-rim spectacles, fairly scientific.

"What are You Trying to Do?" She Asked Cordially

"Merle," he began, "what signs of senility do you detect in your Uncle Timothy?" This question, by the way, calls for a word of explanation—namely, that the young lawyer lived with his uncle in a house on Riverside Drive, New York City

"He has no ailments," McQuaid replied. "The only thing I notice is that recently he seems to have gone into a sort of slump, mentally. Much of the time he no longer has his wits about him. He merely sits staring out over the river. However, Aunt Lucy has been that way for about two years, I am told. She lives up in Westchester County, you know; I haven't seen her so frequently. My attention was called to her condition when she sent a letter to my uncle,

containing one thousand dollars. It seems her husband borrowed that sum from Uncle Timothy about twenty-five years ago and had returned it long before his death. On receiving the letter Uncle Tim laughed and remarked that Aunt Lucy was becoming absent-minded. He always thinks of her as a girl, so it didn't occur to him that old age was telling. He considered it a good joke and tore up the check. A month or two later she wrote another letter, again paying the old debt, and apparently unmindful of the fact that she had just paid it. Since then she has done this regularly. These recurring letters with checks entertained Uncle Timothy until about two weeks ago, when he deposited instead of tearing up the latest check, and promptly acknowledged receipt of it. So you see they are both getting old."

"He has always been very fond of her, eh?"

"I have never seen nor heard of their equal."

"And he never married?"

"No. You see, he was the eldest of a big family, and getting the others started in life kept him busy."

"Tut! tut! tut!" sputtered Doctor Hicks. "That's all you know about it. No offense, Merle, but this is a clear case of sister fixation."

"Of what?"

"Sister fixation. She was his ideal. The only girl he could have fallen in love with would have been a duplicate of his sister. He didn't meet her. Therefore he didn't marry. And right in that fact lies the key to the whole situation. His general health is good, you say, considering his age, but he is in a slump. Very well, the problem is to rouse him to new interest in life. Now that we have the key, everything else is perfectly simple. We will find a photograph or picture of this adored sister at the height of her beauty. Then we will find a girl who matches the photograph. You will keep company with that girl, as the saying is, and make sure that your uncle sees her frequently. She will at once become associated in his mind with youth. Presto, he will be young again. The thing is as simple as daylight. With all the other factors favorable we can prolong his life indefinitely. There you have the solution of the whole problem. Now to find the girl! Do you know any girl who will serve?"

"You don't want him to get married?" Merle stammered.

"Not at all. Just the sight of her will serve."

"Do you really think so?"

"There's not even the shadow of a doubt."

"Well, well, well," McQuaid meditated. "I never would have thought of such a thing."

Doctor Hicks cleared his throat noisily after the manner of a certain doctor of dentistry down the corridor who enjoyed a lucrative practice.

They inhaled long contemplative puffs of cigarette smoke, knitted smooth boyish brows, and stared out of the window.

"I see one serious difficulty in the way," McQuaid finally remarked.

"What?" The word was spoken sharply, with a challenge.

"I don't think Aunt Lucy ever was at the height of her beauty."

"No? What sort of appearance does she make now?"

"At her best, something suggestive of a cat in a very bad humor, but at other times—well, there's no use lugging in the Darwinian theory. She's been a sort of family terror for years."

"In what way?"

"I should estimate, offhand, about a dozen ways, but one or two samples will serve. Our family is littered up with trust funds, annuities, cousins, uncles, aunts, expiring half-century leases, undivided interests awaiting division, and all that sort of thing. The result is that nearly every one of us—and we're numerous—has some sort of expectation of inheriting money. Moreover, we do it now and then. The result is that quite a few of us are bums, though we do our starving in good hotels or follow vagrancy in sedan cars. When the bums get into hot water they rush, wailing, to Aunt Lucy's doorstep. One young lady married a something or other—I've forgotten what—but anyway her mamma appealed to Aunt Lucy to buy him off. Just before slamming the door Aunt Lucy said, 'Poor man!' One of our bright young male bums sold his car before it was quite paid for. Aunt Lucy said, 'Why not leave him in jail? Better off there.' Another of our hopefuls, a second cousin of mine, joined an outfit of Mexican revolutionists by way of spending a holiday, was captured and came very near being shot. When the situation was at its worst his sister tried to separate Aunt Lucy from two thousand dollars by hysterics. All she got was: 'Better off shot. Save all of you money.' That's Aunt Lucy. Uncle Tim is just the other way. He has been bailing them out of jails, hospitals and marriages ever since I can remember, and has tried to leave all of them something in his will, including wads of good advice. I'm one of the few who work for a living, and we, of course, get nothing but applause."

"Can you find a picture of Aunt Lucy at eighteen or some other near-by age?" asked Doctor Hicks.

"I think so. It seems to me I remember having seen some tintypes of her years ago in the old album. I'll look."

"You'll probably think of a girl right away who resembles her."

"I hope not."

"The styles in clothes change, Merle, but girls remain about the same."

"All right. I'll hunt up a tintype. Good night."

"Good night."

Now it was characteristic of the plots hatched by Doctor Hicks that, just as soon as they were carried into effect, innocent bystanders began to be puzzled by the strange behavior of persons with whose habits, customs and characters they had previously considered themselves familiar.

In this instance the principal burden of astonishment for it really can be a burden—fell upon Miss Alice Woodward, stenographer and general factotum for the firm of Peck & Silverman, Importers, Draft Always Accompanies Bill of Lading, Two Per Cent Discount for Cash. Miss Woodward had known Merle McQuaid for three years; in fact, she corresponded with him regularly, always on the firm's letterhead, using Mr. Silverman's rubber-stamp signature. He was attorney for Peck & Silverman; and it was Miss Woodward's observation that there was not a more businesslike, dependable young lawyer in New York City, or one with nicer brown eyes. His correct attire, flawless dictation, and punctuality in keeping appointments placed him in her mind as a young man not yet aware of the existence of anything worth while in this world but his career.

Imagine her astonishment when she detected Merle McQuaid dogging her steps from the office door to her home! After three years of not seeing her at all even when they sat face to face sometimes for two consecutive hours of dictation, he now apparently yearned for any sort of glimpse of her, including hide-and-go-seek among the 5:30 crowds.

Miss Woodward was puzzled. But whatever might be his motive no amount of vanity could twist it into love at first sight. All the way home she wondered why he did not overtake her, as he quite easily could have done, and say whatever he had to say, instead of skulking or sleuthing; sometimes it seemed that slinking might be the correct word. At any rate, his behavior was amazing. Alice, of course, had no way of knowing that she resembled an old tintype of Aunt Lucy. In fact, a stray bit of information never sufficed to disclose the true nature of Doctor Hicks' plots; they were uniformly subtle.

Alice approved of McQuaid and was quite frank with herself on the subject. Arriving at the apartment-house door she even fumbled with her key for ten seconds to give him an opportunity, but he walked right on. Could it be, she pondered, that this self-confident young man had suddenly grown timid? The truth may as well be told. Timidity was entirely too mild a word to express the panic raging in Merle McQuaid as he walked by that doorway with averted gaze.

He was terror-stricken: yes, and not far from petrified, otherwise he would have suited action to inspiration and run like a deer.

It is true that he had fared forth with much bolder sentiments, but they wilted. His original plan was to approach jauntily and say something jocular, even flirtatious, leading up to a dinner engagement. But Alice Woodward's personality expressed itself even as she walked, and made this enterprise seem more and more absurd with every graceful step. Therefore Merle strode forward looking neither to right nor left while she entered her front door and mounted four flights of stairs to the exotic collection of three tiny rooms that served her as home. There she enjoyed her evening meal, and her book, but most of all her triumph. It was true that she couldn't charm every office boy, elevator operator, assistant manager, shipping clerk and postman, singly or in groups, in ten seconds flat, as Miss Cahill did, but it was consoling to contemplate the fact that when a victim fell he was—well, he was Merle McQuaid.

The young lawyer hastened to his home, arriving just in time to receive a telephone call from Doctor Hicks. With the weighty business of one of his plots pending, that eminent psychoanalyst always spoke to the

(Continued on Page 66

Her Entrance Into the Reception Room Was a Triumph

The product itself has won the recognition which makes the emblem—Body by Fisher—mean so much. Today the name Fisher is instantly accepted as defining very tangible body superiorities, which are carried into every price division served by the far-reaching Fisher industries.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER

FISHER BODIES

The Faking of Old Furniture

By ELIZABETH SHACKLETON

TO CATCH them at it! That's the convincing thing! Many a day and many a mile does one have to go to see the actual making of a bogus antique, and then by chance, by hazard, by pursued suspicion the toiler at his craft can be seen.

We all know from mere process of reasoning that the present-day demand for antiques has created its own supply, but we all want to see the supply being made. Catch 'em at it, is the idea. Where are they made?

Much of it is done as perfectly legitimate work, where the fabricator has no verbal deception to offer. He leaves that to the shopkeeper, the tea-room lady, the farmhouse antique room. His dealings are entirely with a middleman who roams by motor through the country buying anything and everything old. He has plenty of money to finance himself in heavy purchases. He has his wrecks repaired to the in-the-rough stage and he juggles in the spurious. Such a middleman is in touch with the dealers in five or six states. He is the source of supply, by wholesale, of antiques by the truckload. They are plausible antiques whose age and previous habitat are slyly smiled over but not discussed.

Old-time dealers were usually either auctioneers or cabinetmakers. I well remember one winter day going into a small shop in a historic Massachusetts town and finding the dealer taking off his kite-shaped apron of blue ticking before showing his wares. By and by, forgetful of his work, he took me into his back shop. An elaborate Chippendale armchair was in the carving vise getting its last shaping up. If he had kept still I should have thought it an ordered reproduction, and admired his craftsmanship. But on the murder-will-out theory he blurted out, "I shan't be telling what isn't so; I'm making it out of an old tree that has been old ever since I can remember!" He still had the ghost of a New England conscience, but that chair—and many another like it—belongs to somebody today, and the tree does not figure in its pedigree, one may be sure.

Nowadays the workshop is farther from the salesroom, and the man who works on the wood does not meet the final purchaser. The directing spirit is usually an American, not always a cabinetmaker, but a doctor, an insurance agent, a young Hebrew accustomed to trading—to take concrete examples. The workmen are foreigners, scantily equipped with English—Poles, Alsatians and Russians—for the native American cabinetmaker is now profitably busy making talking machines and radio outfits.

Wide pine boards offer a clew to what is going on in the manufacture of old furniture. It used to be mahogany boards, and I have seen at Easton, Maryland, a wagonload of crated table leaves torn from plain tables, ready to go by boat to Baltimore reproducers. Now it is wide pine. "There are no such white-pine boards today. No such trees to cut them from!" says the possessor of an old pine chest or settle convincingly. But you must talk to some old farmer who has sold his barn partition and his oat bin, and the batten doors of wide boards in his forefather's house, to learn that there is a demand for wide old pine to be used in some mysterious and profitable construction. In the same township the boards are bought and the antiques are offered for sale.

Open-Air Workshops

I KNOW of a swamp—not a wet swamp but a boggy place—where pine boards are buried, not flat but on edge. They are put an inch apart, and swamp earth has been laid over the top. They are going to stay there two years. The boards that have had this seclusion for two years and been dried and made up into salt boxes, tavern tables and cupboards, defy anyone to tell they have not the faintly rosy buff tinge of old pine wood to be found in original primitive pine furniture of, say, 1700. Two years in a swamp means a careful, forehanded kind of artist in the antique business. Hadley chests for a museum, something that commands a great price, will be his aim. Rougher workers aiming at less than a connoisseur product, can fuss away with rusty-nail water, with kerosene and lampblack, with a place in the smokehouse with the bacon, with little secret, easy processes for aging wood.

In England—in Exeter and in Shrewsbury—there are workshops where carved chests and court cupboards are made in quantity for the antique market. Their manufacture is a hidden, obscure procedure, and in each place we were permitted to see the actual work only after we had seen the product at a packer's and had asked about it. In both places, the makers fended off inquiry by saying they sold only to dealers. When they found we were not dealers they at once boldly and quarrelsomely said the men who were busy making things were restoring Welsh dressers for a collector. The men were framing up perfectly new ones by slow and painstaking workmanship. I remember seeing the stacked lumber out of which they were being made.

Near Chequers Court, the country place of the Prime Minister of England, there are a lot of open-air workshops, huts in the woods, where rather old-fashioned workmen, with old-time tools and primitive lathes, turn chair rungs and spindles for the trade. One man can turn out a hundred and more chair legs in a day. Here is one source of material for some of those often imported turned chairs.

But much of the great quantity of spurious old oak in England—it is in every town of the land, so that the inhabitants are far more incredulous as to its age than any American visitor is—comes from Brittany. English dealers go over by boat from Plymouth to St.-Malo and buy their supply or leave orders in near-by French towns. The Breton workman has never stopped making the old-time things. The Bretons still sleep in black-oak beds and keep their possessions in deep coffers and big *armoires*, and the woodworkers still know how to make them—with all the dowel pins—as if they had been apprenticed to the trade two hundred years ago. You remember Quinney, the antique dealer in that novel of old furniture, sold old English oak from Brittany before he went in for finer wares.

Aged by Trick and Artifice

ST.-SERVAN is headquarters for this trade. It is not decked out for tourists. The street where most of the workers are is the Rue Dauphin, on the route to the ferry to Dinard. It is a dull old stone street of two-story houses, with shops set on the sidewalk. There are a few gated courtyards where industries surround the court. At window after window a man stands at his bench close to the light. Sets of sharp poniardlike gouges and chisels are ranged at his hand. One smocked workman after another is carving away at Gothic or Renaissance designs. Their shops are little more than cold, dark, stone holes. They have no display space, but they are willing to sell or to make more for any chance customer. I saw Gothic traceries worn at the edges as if fallen from some choir screen. They had wainscot chairs and stretcher tables. Some were simple, some were elaborate; all were unbelievably well done. The finished wares were in damp stone passages or in rainy passageways and courtyards. Each workbench had another astonishing fragment ready to work in.

One old wainscot chair—of the 1600's, apparently—was so age-stricken, so powdery and lichened with age, that I thought it must surely be a model or sent in for reenforcement. It would have looked at home in a museum, with a tape tied across it so that no one should ever sit in it. But St.-Servan is quite frank. "Non, non! We make them that way. Everything here I made," said one of these old workmen. His pride of achievement made him tell, but his candor would not make him rich.

Farther on in Brittany I saw more antiques made. One man made openwork cabinets for the wall. Of old, these had a place in all peasant homes, for holding the bread supply. They make good holders for collections of things—old pewter, glass, china. I have seen fans and firearms housed in them. Paris antique dealers would be lost without Breton wall cupboards. At Quimperlé, down by the river, in the shade of flat-clipped plane trees, is a workshop where they are steadily made. They are black with handmade age and worn at the corners and edges as if housewives of many generations had opened them for their daily bread. The proprietor of this shop told me he made little else. He had a renown for them, and took pride in it. By the time his product is sold in Paris, on the Rue de Rennes, the oak is called old, and "from an old village in Brittany" is the way its origin is expressed.

Before anyone buys old oak at great price he should see what can be done in acknowledged reproduction. It is not necessary to quibble with a dealer or fleer at his wares. They may be beyond reproach. I mean the kind of reproduction that looks, not as the old looked when new, but as the old looks when old. One of the best places to see how skillful this make-believe can be is in New Haven, in the tower room at Harkness Memorial. It is open to all, a very beautiful oak-paneled room. It has every earmark of a room, say, at Skipton Castle or Haddon Hall. It is not old, and does not pretend to be, but it has had everything done to it that skill and money can command, to make it look as if it were old. There are careful patches and mends, such as might have been necessary in the centuries. There is the skim of mildew half rubbed away, the haze of time, the very patina of the centuries. Yes, there are even wormholes, drilled one by one. Here can be seen the artificial wormhole about which the scoffer at the old has laughed this many a year. No form of deception in the old is so firmly believed in as the artificial wormhole. In reality they are not very often simulated, for wormholes lower the value of old furniture. No one wants to risk an antique of value disintegrating to powder from woodworms. But here they are, and admittedly made!

It is all very well for a collector to know the genuine in every old mansion and museum that is open to him, but a little time spent in looking at acknowledged reproductions and forgeries is a necessary preparation for today's purchasing. The purpose of such a room as the paneled one in New Haven is not to warn the credulous buyer of old oak, but it is a good purpose to which to put it.

Without causing one to become so fear-stricken as to take the joy out of buying antiques, a little investigation will add interest to a purchase. Currently advertised are choir stalls in rows and single stalls. If veritable, why not investigate before purchase? The name of the church should not be a hidden fact. Any church with good choir stalls is described in the Baedeker for that neighborhood. Do they fit the description? If they do, write the Syndicat d'Initiative in the nearest big town to let you know if the choir stalls are still there. If you hear of some dismantling, your purchase will be worth much more to you in satisfaction. Italy charges a museum tax before any veritable old furniture goes out of its ports or beyond its frontiers. Is this in evidence? Inversely, an American entry-customs duty condemns a thing as new, though I have heard of a case where the customs receipt was shown to prove what the owner had paid for his treasure!

Some friends of mine bought a villa on a hill back of Nice, and wanted some feudal-looking furniture for it. A Paris dealer had told them that he had a warehouse outside the city, and we all drove out to see what was there. A woman had the keys and opened doors and let us look for ourselves. There was a set of six monkish-looking seats in a row, mellow in color and shiny-smooth from wear. At once we all said to one another, in English, "One of those would be fine for the hall."

"Is there a single one? My friends want just one," I said to her, hoping she would say one could be detached if the injury was paid for.

"My husband will make them any way you want!" she said, proud that we liked his work; and we could only think how furious the dealer would have been if he had heard her.

Fraudulent Spanish Pieces

LAST summer in Madrid an American—he told me himself—went into a shop and was shown a lot of things that had been sold to a Middle Western museum. The American knew that museum well. He looked carefully at the romantic gorgeousness spread out before him—the luscious leathers and wrought iron, the chests on stretchers that opened to disclose whole batteries of inlaid drawers and little cabinets. He felt qualms about the whole thing.

He dined with the American Ambassador that night, and told what he had seen.

"Notoriously a faker!" was the ambassador's verdict. "Why don't they make inquiry as to standing before spending such sums?" He went to look. The dealer quailed before his eye—and a cable to the museum stopped payment on the purchase.

Here is another source of a whole cargo of Spanish antiques now in America. A Connecticut man built a Spanish house and commissioned a decorator to go abroad and purchase an entire outfit of genuine fifteenth-century furniture. That was a fine order for the decorator, and he went abroad and bought both far and wide, and went deep into the letter of credit. An enormous cargo of furniture came in bond to the nearest port of entry in Connecticut. The customhouse pronounced them new, and the duties levied were frightful!

The owner, feeling superior, explained that the things were not subject to duty; they were four hundred years old, and all genuine. He was loaded to bursting with the decorator's phrases; *cinquecento* alone expressed the period. The customs men were firm. Their experts pronounced them new. To calm the rage and fury of the owner an expert of established reputation was called from New York as referee.

All new-made was his verdict.

The owner of the Spanish house paid the duty, apologized handsomely for some of his remarks, and sent the whole consignment to the auction room. They sold fairly well. And no doubt these very pieces, now widely scattered, will go on changing hands many times, until each owner becomes convinced they are genuine, and they have acquired a little age.

(Continued on Page 181)

At no time is WHAT WE EAT *more important than* IN MARCH

IN March your body faces many problems. For months you have given it little exercise. It has had less fresh air than it needs. And now it must continually adjust itself to changing temperatures, and keep you fit through the most trying weeks of all!

What your body needs now is foods that give you nourishment—yet place the least possible burden upon your digestion.

This is the very purpose for which Grape-Nuts is especially made.

* * *

Grape-Nuts gives you in the most easily digestible form all of the important food elements. Served with milk or cream, it is a complete food. A food which gives you the body-building proteins, the energy-giving carbohydrates, the vitamins, and the mineral salts, which are so essential to your bodily needs.

And a food which gives them to you in a form which your body can use without strain and without delay.

For Grape-Nuts is baked 22 hours—

CHILDREN love the flavor of Grape-Nuts—and the crisp, crunchy granules have a special value to their health. For doctors and dentists everywhere are pleading for more realization of the importance of crisp, hard foods in the development of firm teeth and good mouth structure with growing children.

and partially turned into substances which doctors and diet experts call "dextrins."

DEXTRINS not only digest quickly and easily but actually help the digestion of other foods. This is why Grape-Nuts helps to give you the actual exhilaration that comes from a body that is nourished without being clogged up.

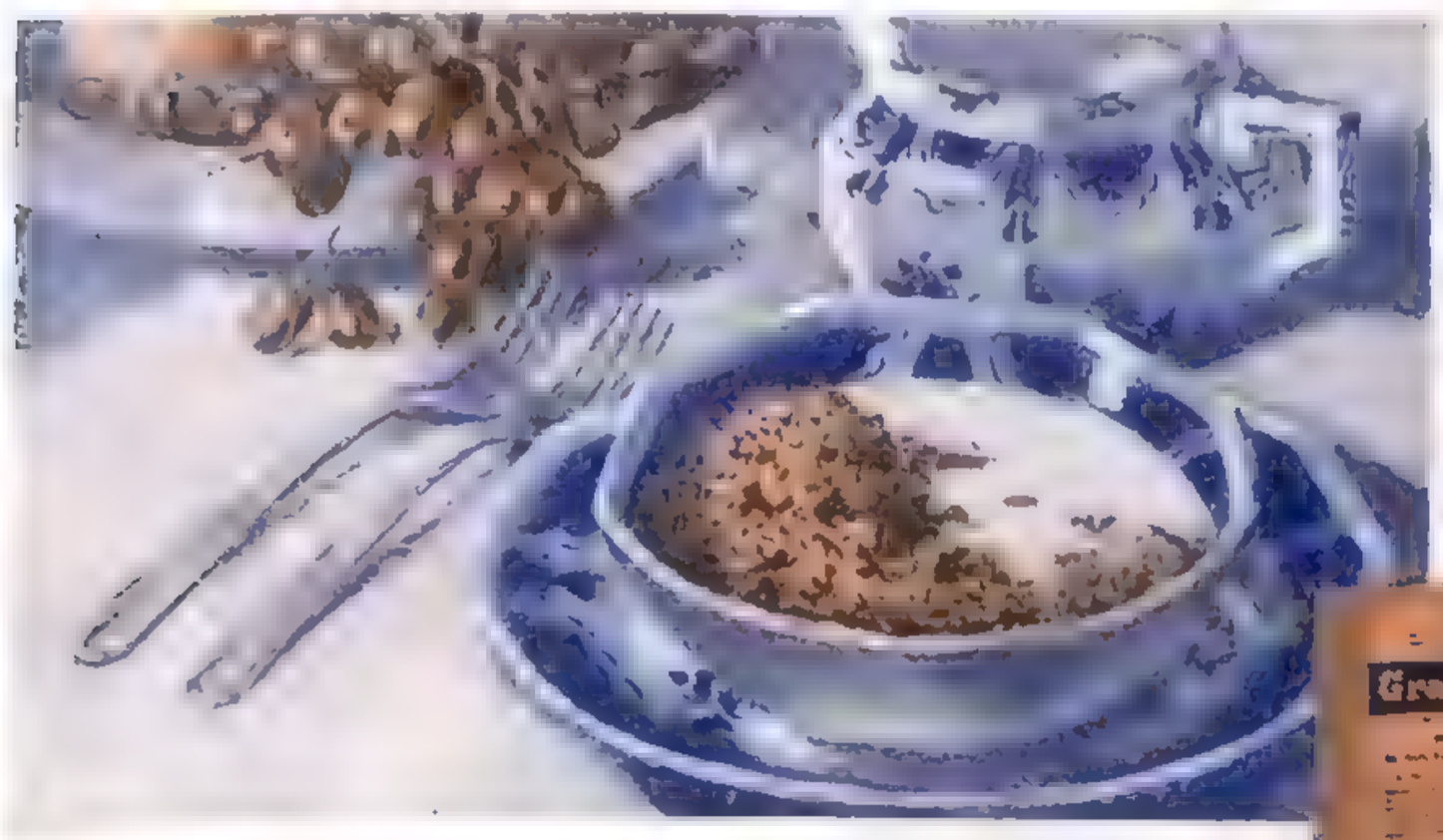
Grape-Nuts is an ideal food for the entire family—for growing children as well as for men and women who need all of their energy for the tasks of the day. It means well-nourished bodies, less digestive troubles and added "driving power" for work or play.

* * *

Begin serving Grape-Nuts today. There are many ways of serving it—not only as a delicious breakfast cereal but in 101 other recipes described in our free booklet. Try substituting it for other foods—especially the less digestible dishes—and notice the result.

Four sample packages of Grape-Nuts together with booklet of 101 recipes are yours for the asking. Mail the coupon below. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

GRAPE-NUTS ORANGE CUSTARD—One of the 101 delicious dishes in the new Grape-Nuts Recipe Booklet. The rich almost Macaroon-like flavor of Grape-Nuts makes it an ideal ingredient for many dishes—puddings, fruit dishes, ice cream, etc.



THOUSANDS of people enjoy the crisp, crunchy quality of Grape-Nuts. If you prefer it softer, however, soaking it in milk or cream will not take away any of the delicious nut-like flavor.

FREE—Send coupon for four sample packages

Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. S-31
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

Name . . .

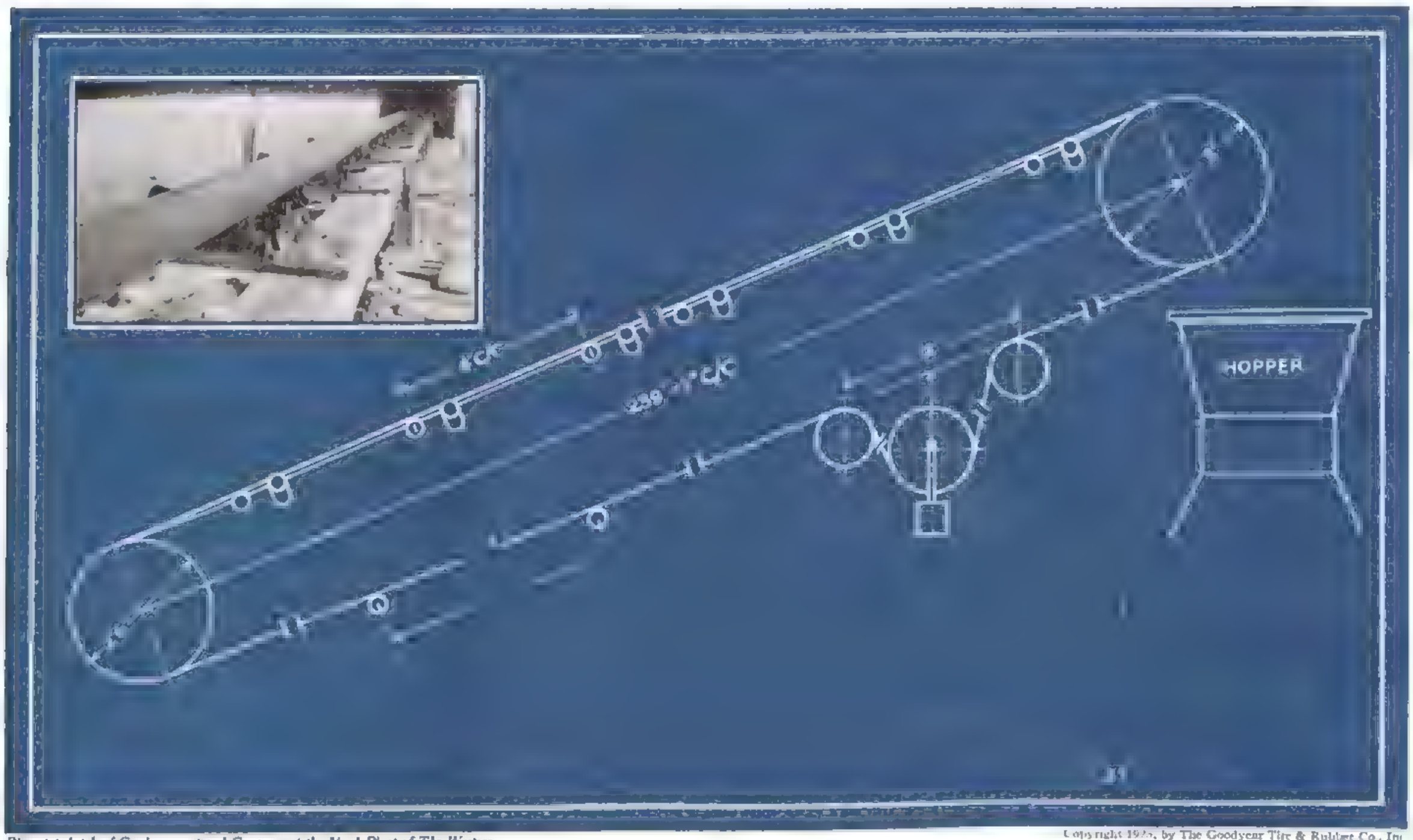
Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State

If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

© P. C. Co., Inc., 1925

Baked 22 hours—your body quickly turns it into nourishment



Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-equipped Conveyor at the No. 1 Plant of The Western Indiana Gravel Company, La Fayette, Ind., with inset photograph of the Conveyor Belt

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Double the Tonnage—and the G. T. M.

The Western Indiana Gravel Company owns and operates plants at La Fayette, Terre Haute, and Warsaw, Indiana, and Metropolis, Illinois. It has had a lot of experience with all the modern equipment for handling sand and gravel.

One of its most important operations, at the No. 1 plant, in La Fayette, is the conveying of materials from the dump cars to the washing screens. The belt that does this conveying is driven by a 60 h. p., 720 r. p. m. electric motor at a speed of 280 feet per minute. It runs on idlers, 4 feet center to center, and returns over a weighted take-up pulley set in guides. It has a hard, continuous, abrasive job.

The G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—analyzed that job four years ago. He made a recommendation, and specified a belt. In a close, painstaking survey of the conveying requirements, he computed all the mechanical factors, such as pulley dimensions, center-to-center distances, speed, load, incline. In co-operation with Plant Superintendent Ferridy, he noted every special working condition bearing on the conveyor performance

The belt he specified has been on the job since July, 1921. It has carried to date more than 1,750,000 tons, at the remarkably low belt cost of $.0015 per ton. Mr. Neville says it looks good for another million tons.

"***We have never*** had to cut this belt because of stretching," Mr. Neville writes, "neither have we ever had any trouble with belt riding to the side of the pulleys, as we experienced with others. It has given longer life than we expected, besides never causing any delays to operations."

It is a Goodyear Conveyor Belt, 498 feet long, 30 inches wide, 8-ply, with a 5/32- by 7/32-inch reinforced cover. Its record is one more solid proof of the value of the Goodyear Analysis Plan, by which rubber mechanical goods are specified, designed and built to give more efficient, more economical service.

Have you a need for better belting performance on a conveyor, or any drive throughout your plant? You may profit richly, in money saved, production gained and trouble eliminated, by a G. T. M. study of your problem.

The G. T. M. will give you expert counsel, and you may confidently rely on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he may recommend—Belts, Hose, Valves and Packing—to give you most satisfactory service at lowest ultimate cost. For further detailed information about the G. T. M., the Goodyear Analysis Plan, and records of Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods in your line of industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

Goodyear Means Good Wear

VALVES · PACKING BELTS · HOSE

GOODYEAR

THE MODERN MAGIC CARPET

By Marian Spitzer

IN THE early days of the twentieth century, when the motion-picture industry was still in swaddling clothes, a few enterprising variety-theater owners and traveling showmen gave their awestruck and excited audiences a thrill by exhibiting a film in which a long railroad train, drawn by a monster locomotive, came rushing headlong down the screen, faster and faster, nearer and nearer, apparently unable to stop, until it looked as though the juggernaut would dive straight into the midst of the spectators. These enterprising showmen reaped shrieks and shekels, and in that was the embryo of the news reel, later to develop into a complete industry within an industry.

In 1910 the news reel proper was born. France was its birthplace, but within a few months the magazine on the screen, as it was then called, was established in this country, where it has flourished happily ever since. Fifteen years ago, when the news reel began its career, there was a handful of cameramen scattered over the United States and France who filmed and sent in to headquarters a few thousand feet of semi-news film during the course of a year. Today, after fifteen of the most eventful years in the history of the world, there are between three and four thousand cameramen, representing various news-reel companies in every corner of the world, civilized and uncivilized, who during the past twelve months have filmed and sent in to their respective headquarters something like six million feet of news film.

It is impossible to figure exactly, but it is estimated that anywhere from twenty to fifty million people in the United States alone, and several million more in Europe and Asia, see every news reel that goes out, thus giving the pictorial fourth estate, as it now calls itself, a circulation several hundred per cent higher than the most popular daily paper.

Every event of national and international importance, every particle of front-page news that has broken within the past decade, has been brought to the public within record time and then locked safely away in fireproof vaults for posterity. History in the future will not need to be colored entirely by the personal viewpoint of historians. Events are recorded in celluloid as they occur, not subjected to interpretation by anybody. One of the main differences between the printed newspaper and the screen newspaper is that whereas the former tells the news the latter shows it. Even the most impartial of reporters cannot help relating a story as it strikes his individual eye, while the eye of the camera is utterly impersonal.

Thanks to the news reel, whose camera representatives literally encircle the earth, there is no part of the world today with which the movie-going public cannot be at least slightly acquainted. This modern magic carpet whisks its riders to the remotest corners of the universe in the twinkling of an eye, and is undoubtedly an improvement over the original magic carpet of Bagdad in several respects, particularly in that it involves no personal inconvenience and takes so little time. And, if it is permissible to mix figures, even the round-the-world flyers don't measure up to the news reel when it comes to globe girdling. Around the World in Fifteen Minutes is one of the news-reel slogans, and that is what it amounts to. All the news of the earth is garnered for the screen and condensed by a remarkably organized process to the point where it may be shown to picture audiences in the brief space of a quarter of an hour.

The Whole World for a Studio

SO WELL organized is the machinery of the news reel that the nomination of President Coolidge last spring, which took place in Cleveland at twelve noon, was shown upon the screen in the picture theaters of New York and Chicago by eight o'clock the same evening. Even the newspaper stories in their complete form beat this record by only a few hours, and newspaper pictures of the ceremony did not appear until the next day. Likewise the inauguration of the late President Harding was shown in New York and Chicago within a few hours after it took place, a fact which brought forth reminiscences of a primitive film record of the first inauguration of McKinley, in 1897, when a great sensation was caused by a theater owner in Chicago exhibiting pictures of the event ten days after it had occurred.

Today there is scarcely a motion-picture theater, from the great Broadway palaces with their deep-piled velvet divans, to the tiniest tank-town movie shack with its hard wooden benches, that does not show the news of the world in pictures. Movie patrons demand it. Exhibitors attest to the fact that thousands of people have become dyed-in-the-wool movie fans through the medium of the news reel. People who were inclined formerly to boast of the fact that they couldn't be dragged to a picture show have been proselyted through the agency of the modern magic carpet. The news reel is a great business getter for the theater, and a great stimulant to the imagination of the audiences. And it is a complete industry all by itself, a separate entity, an aspect of the motion-picture industry that is interesting in the extreme, and about which practically nothing is known by the millions of movie fans who applaud it daily.

Film-studio happenings, thanks to short-story writers, the fan magazines, and lately even to the movies themselves, are more or less common knowledge. Everybody, whether interested or not, knows that Mary Pickford hates cerise, what Charlie Chaplin eats for breakfast, and why Gloria Swanson wears her hair straight now.

The news reel has for its studio the entire universe, and for its actors the human race, the animal kingdom and the wonders of nature. Yet, aside from one element, an important and glamorous one but by no means the only significant one, the general public knows little or nothing about that form of entertainment which brings the world to its door.

The one aspect which has been exploited is that of the cameramen, those daring and often heroic men who risk their lives with as little concern as they would eat their dinner. The cameraman is the modern soldier of fortune. If D'Artagnan were alive today there is little doubt as to what his occupation would be. How he would revel in the thrilling job of taking pictures while hanging by one toe to an airplane's wing, or of swooping perilously close to the burning crater of Mount Vesuvius, or of plunging into the hitherto unpenetrated heart of the African jungle.

Rushing the Film to Headquarters

BUT that's old stuff, interesting though it undeniably is. There are other aspects of the gathering and dissemination of the news by motion pictures, aspects which have never been discussed except within the province of the motion-picture trade, that are at least as engrossing as the dare-devil stunts of the cameramen. This is the era of the romance of big business, and certainly there is no big business more romantic than the news-reel business.

Financially it deals in millions every week, its scope is illimitable and growing daily, its potential power is incalculable. It is a large and magnificent canvas for a symbolic painter. A man sitting at a desk in a New York skyscraper is in constant communication by long distance, by telegraph, by cable, with thousands of other men, who honeycomb the earth with their cameras. Tremendous happenings on six continents are being recorded on millions of feet of film and sped like arrows to their destination, where with almost incredible swiftness they are distilled down to their very essence, and sent speeding out again to the public. If there isn't romance in that picture, where is it?

In form and general organization the news reel is very much like a newspaper, or to be more accurate, like a great news bureau. As the news comes in from all over the world it is edited and prepared for distribution. Only a small portion of the filmed news received at headquarters is sent out to the exhibitors, just as only a small portion of the telegraphed and cabled news received by the press associations is sent out to the newspapers. In turn, the picture exhibitors, like the newspaper editors, can use all or any part of the material sent to them.

There are any number of small, independent manufacturers of news film, but there are only three news-reel distributors of international scope. A fourth, regarded very highly by the trade and the exhibitors, is local to New York and Chicago, and naturally is a competitor only on events that take place in those cities. Of the three big distributors, one is the main product of a film exchange which makes no feature pictures of its own but which distributes the pictures of independent producers, one is the by-product of a feature-film corporation, and one is owned by a powerful newspaper publisher and run in conjunction with a still news-picture service. These three organizations, while intensely competitive, manage to be friendly enemies. They battle one another valiantly, like opposing lawyers in a court room who call each other all sorts of bitter names and then at recess go out together arm in arm, have a jolly lunch, returning for the afternoon session more vitriolic than ever.

The main object of the rival news-reel organizations, of course, is to beat one another to the theaters with the news pictures of important events; and to this end they will go to enormous expense and trouble. The scoop is practically a dead issue in the newspaper business, because of the frequency of editions and the rapidity with which printed news becomes old stuff. If one newspaper should come out at three o'clock in the afternoon with an exclusive story every paper in town could lift and rewrite that story—except in the rare cases of copyrighted news—and be on the street with it by four. But with the news reel the scoop is very much alive. If a cameraman by some mishap fails to be on the spot when an important news event is taking place, he and his company are out of luck. News-reel stories can't be picked up and rewritten nor can the event be staged over again for the benefit of a cameraman whose lens was cloudy or whose film was scratched. He can't fake it, as a reporter often can. A story that's lost is irretrievably gone.

That part of it, though, isn't the greatest difficulty. Except in the most extraordinary circumstances all the companies have cameramen stationed at places where important news is likely to break. Big news is seldom lost through the absence of a photographer, nor are many important pictures spoiled in the taking. The possibilities of a scoop, then, narrow down to the business of getting the film dispatched to the home office in New York and out to the exhibitor with the greatest possible speed, and it is here that some of the most amazing things are resorted to and the most staggering sums of money expended.

An example of what is constantly being done in this direction was one news-reel organization's handling of the Olympic games in Paris last summer. This organization actually scored a four-day beat on all its competitors, showing pictures of the opening games in New York just a week after the games took place. It was all very carefully worked out beforehand. At a flying field near by, an airplane, hired without thought of cost, whirred in readiness while cameramen ground out the early scenes of the games. Immediately upon the conclusion of the day's events a messenger in a high-powered car drove at breakneck speed to the flying field, handed the film to the waiting pilot, who took off, flew to Cherbourg and deposited the films with an officer of a transatlantic liner, whose sailing had been held up for two hours to await the arrival of the film. Transatlantic liners don't postpone their sailing hour casually, just to do a favor. How much energy was expended in getting that steamship line to hold up its vessel, I don't know, but I do know that it cost the news-reel company several thousand dollars to put the deal over.

This particular boat was not sailing for New York but for Quebec, which cut a day and a half off the ocean voyage. At the Canadian port, by special arrangements with the customs officials, the films were the first thing off the boat. They were handed over at once to a special courier from the organization, who took the next train down to New York, arriving there in the evening. The film was viewed, cut, assembled, titled, printed and sent out by more airplanes and more special couriers, and was on view in theaters all over the Eastern part of the United States by the following day. The home-office force worked all night to get it ready, but they're used to that. The total cost of this scoop mounted high into the thousands, but it was well worth it, according to the general manager of the organization.

Just a Matter of Luck

"THE news-reel game has developed into the greatest game in the world for competitive effort," he said, commenting upon this scoop. "The struggle to beat the other fellow is far more acute than the newspaper game ever was. Our efficiency in this direction, particularly our beat on the Olympic games, resulted in a great increase in business. It cost us a lot of money, but it brought us a great many new clients."

The other news-reel people were beaten on this story because they put their reels on fast boats to New York, not realizing apparently that much time could be saved by taking the roundabout way.

A beat was scored in a similar way by another news-reel company when the United States Battleship Iowa was sunk by the Government off the Panama Canal. Only in this case it was altogether a matter of luck. Forethought had nothing to do with it, according to the head of the organization. Representatives of all the companies were present at this event and took their pictures under the supervision of the Navy Department. There was no chance for anyone to get a thing the others didn't get, and they were all put ashore at the same time. In the scramble to reach outgoing vessels the cameraman from this organization got separated from the other men, and accidentally put his film aboard a slow boat sailing for New Orleans, while the rest went aboard a faster boat bound for New York. At New Orleans the film was put on a train for New York, and consequently reached its destination sooner than the film which came by the direct route.

I said before that the organizations are friendly enemies. They will fight one another to the last ditch if they have to, but if they are in common danger from an outside antagonist they will work together valiantly. Or if one of the

(Continued on Page 60)

VOTE IT STRAIGHT

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

She Noticed That the Big Man of the Motion-Picture House Had the Table Next to Her Own. He Looked at Her Familiarly and She Hated It

PATSY wakened with her usual feeling of faint dislike of the day that was so blatantly waiting for her in a flood of cheerful daylight. It stood before her like an undressed manikin which it was again her responsibility to deck out becomingly. She was tired of the job, for she had lost interest in the manikin as well as in anything with which she could clothe it. There were no new effects, so far as Patsy knew.

She pulled her pillow from beneath her head to waken herself more thoroughly, and sat up listening to the stillness of the house. It was just as quiet as when she went to bed, just as orderly. Opposite her low bed, with its carved and painted wooden garlands, stood her wide dressing table and the taffeta-covered rosewood chairs. There was the desk that Joe had given her.

Patsy sat quite still, thinking of what had bothered her the night before, that sudden realization that she could think now of Joe without the swift and sickening waves of pity for him and loneliness for herself that had used to sweep over her. He had been dead for only a year. It seemed disloyal not to suffer for him any more, and yet it was becoming just a little hard to visualize him. Patsy didn't like the thought. She jumped away from it and out of bed, straightening Joe's big picture on her dressing table affectionately as she passed it on her way to the shower. She came out shivering cheerfully, huddled in a plain white eiderdown bath robe, and she looked like a little girl, as Joe had always loved to see her look. The grave, kind eyes of the middle-aged man in the picture seemed to follow her approvingly as she tried to be company for herself, singing a little desperately, reading as she brushed her curly shingled hair and pulling down over her head one of the simple black dresses which she still wore most of the time in memory of Joe.

But Patsy left the room without looking back, as if she were driven, and was glad to be downstairs, where there was a wood fire in the study. Inga had laid her breakfast on a small table before it. She seemed to understand in her placid Swede way that Patsy didn't like to be in the dining room alone for meals. So here was breakfast, with at least Inga's unperturbed face and the crackle of the fire for company, and Patsy drew up a linen-covered chair to the table and found that, after all and surprisingly, she was hungry.

Here was also the morning paper, one thing which was new and hadn't been left over from the night before, or was not a relic of a snapped-off married life. Patsy picked it up and tried to get some interest in its front page, spread with murders and disasters and columns of unintelligible predictions and interviews about political matters. Then she opened it, for the inside sheets touched her more closely. She read the description of what people had worn at the Hunters' Club party last night, and that Gratia Gates was going to be married to Billy Clough.

"Such children!" thought Patsy, and shuddered at her own age, which was nearly twenty-seven.

She read of other things, of people's goings and comings, their eating and their dancing. It was all very familiar—so familiar that it never ceased to be strange to Patsy that she was no longer in the midst of it. Her breakfast began to interest her less, and she read the advertisement of a Mediterranean cruise, wondering how that would be for a change. Of course they didn't want her to go very far away until the estate was fully settled; and anyway, she'd probably have to go alone if she didn't take one of Joe's sisters with her. It would be dreary alone, and Joe's sisters weren't like Joe.

"It's too bad to be such a waif as I am," thought Patsy wretchedly. "No father, no husband—nobody but friends who send flowers and make rather embarrassed calls and then leap back to the Hunters' Club and their parties."

She still held the paper, reading without digesting the paragraphs of incidents of the city's life which were across from the social page. Suddenly her eyes, by that independent vision which works without thought, stopped at her own name, instinctively found it printed in a column which she hardly knew she was reading.

Mrs. Patricia Mackay—that was nobody except Patsy. But what on earth?

She read that the list of those who had been appointed to serve on the Republican county committee included Mrs. Patricia Mackay. It included also fifty other people, of whom she knew four of the men socially and two in a business way. One of the latter was her grocer and the other an insurance agent. There seemed to be a great many women on it, and she knew none of them except Mrs. Theodore Vancil.

"That old woman!" thought Patsy, and wondered indignantly what earthly right anyone had to use her name like this. In politics! That was what the thing was about, of course.

Then she saw Dicky Sloane's name and remembered his chance remark the other day when she had met him on the street and she had asked him what he was doing. He had said that he was getting into politics and she had said—what had she said?—something casual about being bored and wishing that she could find a job. Surely it couldn't be that Dicky had the nerve!

Patricia crumpled her napkin, rang for Inga and marched to the telephone.

"Dicky," she said three minutes later, "this is Patsy Mackay. What on earth is my name in the newspaper for? Some terrible committee! What's that? Did you do that to me?"

"Oh, Patsy," came Dicky's voice, crackling clearly over the wire, "I tried to reach you about that and you were out. Yes, I did that."

"You have your nerve," called Patsy in semiseriousness. "You can just undo it. I'm no horrible political freak."

"Listen, it doesn't mean a thing. You remember your saying that you wanted to do something. Well, your name was fresh in my mind, and they asked me to give them a bunch of women's names for the county committee and I put yours on. The committee is usually elected by the convention, but this year they left it to a nominating committee and I was on it. It really doesn't mean anything. You won't have to do anything about it, but I thought it might be interesting for you to come to maybe one meeting."

"I don't take any interest in politics. Besides, it's all Greek to me. And it's dirty stuff too, isn't it?" said Patsy cumulatively.

"Your father was in it. Judge Jennings always took an active part."

"Oh, not in that sort of thing. He was just a judge," said Patricia coldly.

"I know. But don't give it another thought, Patsy. You won't have to do anything. You may get a notice of a meeting, but don't dream of going unless you want to. The whole committee is just a formality. Let me come up some night and explain it to you a little bit."

"You'd better," said Patsy, "all right. I'll let it go. But of course I don't want to get mixed up in politics."

Dicky Sloane hung up the receiver after a few more apologies and turned to the other man in his office.

"Those women are funny! They don't know anything. And they've all got a vote. Isn't it fierce?"

"Don't you believe in woman's suffrage, Dicky?"

"It's all right to let women vote," said Dicky; "but we certainly shouldn't have to count their votes. That's Mrs. Mackay—you know, Joe Mackay's widow. I put her on that list. She won't do any work, of course, but I stuck in a lot of names to keep some of those trouble-making club women off. And I have an idea that she might be good for a nice little contribution if she's properly approached. Joe Mackay left her a very decent fortune, I guess. Besides, I thought it was a good name. She's Judge Jennings' daughter, and he stood very well here in old-time politics twenty years ago—sort of a county boss. His daughter doesn't inherit his brains, but she's a kind of pretty little thing."

"My idea with these women," commented the other man, "is not to stir anything up. I think you're right to put some of them on the committee. Of course you've got to. But you know and I know that 90 per cent of the women who vote do just exactly as their husbands tell

(Continued on Page 50)

At only $890—Oldsmobile's ever-popular touring car provides the smooth, unfailing performance of a forty horse-power L-Head engine. Lustrous Duco finish preserves the appearance of its body, a body so advanced in design that it will still be modern years hence. Delco electrical equipment and pressure feed lubrication are indicative of the sound mechanical elements built into every part of the chassis. Balloon tires and cowl lights are standard equipment. Only a factory enjoying purchasing and manufacturing resources equal to Oldsmobile's could build a car so widely acclaimed the best of the light-sixes—and still sell it for only $890!

Prices of All Models:

All Oldsmobile prices f. o. b. Lansing, plus tax

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN · OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

You can buy any Oldsmobile upon the liberal and convenient terms of General Motors' time-payment plan. Any Oldsmobile dealer will give you complete details of this plan.

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

Continued from Page 48

them—except a few of these uplifters who have booze on the brain."

Sloane looked speculatively at his caller. Sloane was young and shrewd and good looking—young, at least, compared with Hickson, who hovered between forty and fifty. Hickson was a large man with a thick red face, a wattled throat and fat fingers, with a coarse power gained from sheer massiveness.

"The county committee has to be kept on the job if you're going to win for governor," said Sloane, regarding the candidate; "some of them won't be too keen for you and some I know opposed you in the primaries. That's, of course, the real reason we didn't let the convention name the committee or form it before, because we wanted to get a group that would play close to you. It's not going to be so easy. You've got a lot of enemies, and you know there are plenty of people who are going to vote the national party ticket and gag when it comes to the state one. And young Belleve, on the Democratic ticket, is popular even outside of his party. He's got a following. We might as well face that."

"Well, they've got to vote it straight," said Hickson flatly. He reddened a little more with the determination and sat high in his chair. "That's got to be the word, Sloane—vote it straight. The whiners will fall in line—so will the women if you pass out a little taffy. Let me see that county-committee list. I suppose it's half names and half deadwood. You'll have to be chairman, by the way."

They went over the list, on which the name of Mrs. Patricia Mackay figured as deadwood except as a possible campaign contributor.

At about the same time Patricia actively started on her day. She had made a resolute effort since her first acute shock at Joe's death to order her life a little. Frightened into solemnity by all the death machinery which had changed Joe from a humorous, indulgent, almost fatherly husband into an estate and a grave with a white-marble spire, Patsy had thought seriously of life and critically of all her previous living. She had been very close to her father, especially dear because she was his only child and motherless.

After his death, when she had starved for close protection, she had suddenly found comfort in Joe Mackay, twice her age, but kindly and somehow reassuring. He, like her father, had concentrated on her happiness, for they had no children and no much loved relatives. Then pitifully, tragically, Joe had died and become very dignified and distant and stark and not at all loving

Those two cumulative deaths had made Patsy think of serious interests, as she phrased them. Dancing and dressing and playing and laughing seemed very trivial matters when you had to die, and you did have to die. She tried to think of death, and shrank away. She tried not to mind not dancing and playing, and yet unconsciously she turned to the pages in the papers where the doings of her old friends were chronicled. But she refused to go even to small parties, though people had not so forgotten her that she was unasked after the formal period of her mourning was over.

Her first serious interest had been the psychology class. She went to it this morning at eleven o'clock. The meetings were held in the Hall of Arts, and at the hour a string of automobiles outside the building proclaimed that many women in Cosmopolis had serious interests. They came, most of them middle-aged and lonely for full occupation as was Patsy, and listened to the bright, well-reduced woman who told them how to project their personalities. Patsy had tried to like it, but this morning as she looked at the heavy, vapid audience and the artificially eager teacher, the whole business seemed very senseless. She sat near the door and slipped away when they began what was known as the question hour. Patsy knew all the questions and answers.

Joe's sister lunched with her at a fashionable tea room by appointment. Joe's sisters did not entirely approve of Patsy. They were three worthy, charitable women, all older than Joe, and they felt that when he married Patsy he had deliberately chosen a plaything. So, though they did not care for playthings themselves, and doubtless never had, they were good to Patsy because she was the treasure of Joe, and Joe had been the idol of his grave and heavy sisters.

"Patsy," said Alice, who was Joe's favorite sister, as she always said, "are you quite sure you have enough to keep you happy?"

"Enough?" said Patsy, vaguely uncertain of whether she spoke of goods or money

"I mean enough interest in others."

"Oh!"

"I wish you'd come with me this afternoon to see my girls. I think it would do you good, Patsy. You know, my poor wayward girls whom we are trying to make over into useful citizens. That was why I asked you to lunch with me today; I want to tell you about them."

Patsy said to herself that she had known there would be a catch in it.

"But what can I do?" she asked

"I just want you to take an interest," said Alice gently. "It's quite possible that you could help them. You could see, anyway, what they need and how much suffering there is in the world. It takes one out of oneself. It's broadening."

So when they finished their chicken à la King, Alice took her out to the Industrial Home. It was a stark house, made all the more cheerless by the pink geranium plants in the front windows, which seemed, like Alice, professionally cheerful and determined to make useful citizens. Patsy had never seen any girls who lived in such a place. She hated the very thought of sex viciousness and had always kept her clean, happy mind free of it. She didn't want to see scarred girls. But there was no escaping Alice, who marched through the reception room in virtuous lisle stockings.

"Most of them are in the recreation hall," Alice said, after conference with a matron and leading the way upstairs.

The room was rather empty except for the girls in it. A few wicker settees, a battered piano, a small basket-ball equipment and girls. Patsy stood shyly in the door, conscious of her expensiveness and embarrassed by being brought to observe these others. And then she forgot herself. She hadn't expected anything like this. Why, most of these dreadful creatures, these wayward girls, were bobbed-haired children, wild children, racing about like schoolgirls in any gymnasium. Alice stood in the doorway, inspecting blandly, with a dreadful expression of moral cleanness in her face.

"The girls play here," she informed her sister-in-law; "this is their hour of recreation."

"I see," said Patsy. "But let's not stand looking at them, Alice. They won't like it."

That did not bother Alice. She stood her ground.

"I often come. You see, I'm on the board. Sit down over there, Patsy, while I speak to Mrs. Jorgenson. You'll see all sorts of types.'

Patsy sat down because there didn't seem to be any exit, and tried not to appear to stare. She saw that they weren't all children, after all. There were some girls sitting on the wicker couches who had strange, bare eyes, street

(Continued on Page 52)

She Began to Play as She Used to Play for Joe—Teasing, Gay, Popular Things That the Boys Whistled on the Streets

"Smilin' Through"

Of course they're smiling—at the comfortable ease with which their car has taken the miles. Smiling at the thought of being able to take the rough road and still get there first—in spite of miles. Smiling with the joy of a car that will go where few will follow—precious solitude!

That's ninety per cent of the joy of motoring. Being able to go where you want to go, and having a car that will get you there comfortably—swiftly! To see something beside monotonous concrete and the rear end of the car ahead.

That's motoring—the Paige-Jewett kind. And since they couldn't build concrete roads for all the cars—Paige-Jewett engineers have built cars for all the roads. Cars that will take you anywhere because—while they are built low for comfort—road clearance has not been sacrificed. It is still nine and a half inches. Compare that with other cars.

And they've built giant strength into these cars—to stand brutal treatment—with need for service long postponed. 200 to 500 extra pounds of steel. That's the reason for Paige-Jewett stamina.

And there's smooth Paige and Jewett power to carry it. Power from big, superbly balanced—moderate speed—six cylinder motors. Motors that give even these husky cars more power per pound of weight than almost any other car. And such limitless power! It means the motors are never even taxed. So they last longer.

And riding is a revelation. A brand new type of spring design produces slow, easy action. Balloon tires give added ease and you steer with effortless touch-control. Ruts and holes disappear as if by magic—and you ride all roads as you have never ridden before—ride all day without tiring.

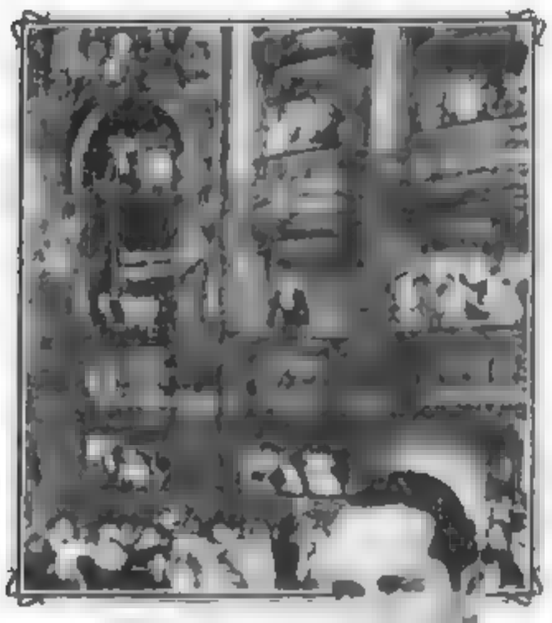
Smiling through! Not merely a week-end trip—but long years of constant use. And you rarely see a repair shop. Paige and Jewett need but the ordinary attention you would give any fine car—to keep it fine.

And built into these cars—with a degree of precision that rivals the making of a Swiss watch—is every engineering quality that makes for smoothness, for silence, for certainty, for performance. (1330)

New PAIGE 6 New JEWETT

PERMANENT · · · PERFECTED · · · PERFORMANCE

Watch This Column



NORMAN KERRY

The singing of Gounod's "Faust" in the gorgeous Paris Opera House before a fashionable audience of 3,000 people, is one of the big scenes in ***"The Phantom of the Opera,"*** Universal's impressive production of Gaston Leroux' great story.

Not only has Universal reproduced much of the theatre in all its beauty, but uses in the scene described an orchestra of 100, a chorus of 80 and a ballet of 250 trained dancers. Alexander Bevani appears in the rôle of "Mephisto," which he has sung hundreds of times on the operatic stage.

The action occurs in 1890 and the costumes and dance steps are of that year. To be absolutely sure, I sent architects and costumers to Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Bayreuth to visit theatres, make sketches and study detail.

"The Phantom of the Opera" deals with a mysterious individual that inhabits the theatre and controls its destinies. He is a man of marvelous mind and distorted visage. He invariably appears in a mask. He brings disaster on the house when his orders are disregarded, and the scenes which follow beggar description.

LON CHANEY plays the Phantom. It took him three months to conceive and complete his make-up. An extraordinary supporting cast is headed by MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY as the lovers.

I suggest that you get Leroux' novel at your library or book dealer's and read it in advance. You won't regret it.

By the way, if ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"*** has not yet played in your town, I will appreciate a line from you telling me so.

Carl Laemmle
President.

(To be continued next week)

Beautifully illustrated Universal Pictures booklet sent you on request

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

eyes, and some of the ones who were playing noisily had queer faces. But there were others, like the pretty one with the lovely head, who looked as debutantes and shopgirls do.

Alice might not have guessed at their thought as they watched Patsy, but Patsy knew. That was one of the singular things about Patsy. She often knew what people thought—jumped into their minds, Joe used to say. She could tell that in the minds of these girls now was: "It's the new-length coat and trimmed with summer ermine, and those slippers must be the newest—style to the hat!" Then perhaps their minds wandered into other avenues, thinking of past and future gambles as to whether they could ever get such clothes.

Patsy did not follow them if she could. She just smiled at the nearest girl, whose face answered with an embarrassed quaver. Patsy knew that she restrained them more than Alice and the matrons did, and vaguely she knew it was because she made them think of clothes and beauty and the things they had so fatally fumbled after.

Suddenly she went over to the battered piano and sat down, pulling off her gloves. She began to play as she used to play for Joe—teasing, gay, popular things that the boys whistled on the streets. The girls came over to listen, and when Patsy accented her notes flirtatiously they began to sing. Alice came back to find her sister-in-law the center of delinquency.

"You see," argued Alice triumphantly, when they were again out of doors, "how easy it is to give those poor girls a little pleasure. Now why couldn't you possibly give two hours a week to that sort of thing—organize some classes in folk dancing or something?"

"Folk dancing!" exclaimed Patsy. "That's not what they want. They want the kind of dancing that you do with men, not with wooden shoes, Alice."

Alice looked at her sharply.

"We are trying to make these unfortunates over into useful characters, Patsy."

"I can't reform people," declared Patsy; "I'd be no good to you. I'd like to give each of these girls a pretty dress, though—one smart street dress apiece that they could wear and look right, not fast; each one different."

"They wear uniforms," Alice reminded her, "although we do have courses in sewing. If you wanted to give some material—some gingham or sateen ——"

"All right," said Patsy; "you buy it, though."

She felt rather helpless and blocked. The thought of the girls stayed with her, poor tragic creatures, safe for a little even in their shamed companionship. Vaguely she listened to Alice's talk about how much was done for the girls.

"—— and turkeys at Thanksgiving and a concert and all kinds of things But we are very much worried."

"Why?"

"They are threatening to cut off our county appropriation. We must have it to carry on the work. It's county money, most of it, though of course we personally supply all the luxuries and extras."

"What's the matter with the county? No money left in its stocking?"

"It's politics," said Alice sagely. "I and Mrs. Jorgenson and Mrs. D. E. Zounds went to see the commissioners. They were pleasant enough, knowing who Mrs. Zounds was and all, but I could see that they weren't perfectly frank. It's very difficult to know just what is behind it. Someone wants someone else's position and so this trouble started."

"I should think you'd find out about it," suggested Patsy, "and give the job to the person who wants the money for the home of the girls."

"It's hard to get at the truth," Alice said again, and Patsy was suddenly aware of the thick incompetence of Alice, and remembered things Joe had always said of her in his kind, funny fashion. So many women were like Alice, pounding along, doing good, but being utterly bewildered when they came up against a sudden obstacle.

"I don't know what those girls will do if the home is given up. There's no place for the young girls then except the county jail, and that place is unspeakable. You see, in some cases," added Alice chastely, "it's the first slip."

"Get the money privately. Raise a fund for your home."

But Alice knew about that too. She said that wouldn't work, because the judges wouldn't commit girls to private refuge homes, for some reason or other. There had been some scandal which had been responsible for the ruling. It had to be a public institution. She sighed again over the mysteries of politics.

"I'm a politician," said Patsy. Alice smiled at Joe's plaything. "I am. I was put on the county committee."

"What's that?"

"I don't just know, but it may be the thing," said Patsy sagely, "that decides about the home for your girls. I'll see what can be done."

She said it in mockery, and yet for the first time that day her interest was being stirred. She had always liked to get at the reasons back of happenings. Joe had come to explain many things to her, while she curled up in a chair and yawned, and often she listened while he and other men talked at dinner. Vaguely, she knew that most women were uninformed about the first causes of public matters and about the events that were in the papers day after day. That was one reason why Patsy preferred to be with men, though she never got any credit for that, being too pretty to be unsuspected of other reasons.

The matter stayed in her head after she left Alice. Dreary as it was, she knew that Alice's work must be good, and that the girls she had seen did not belong in any jail and would be harmed by contacts there. Their offenses somehow did not seem to Patsy things to be jailed for. She thought of their helplessness and their uncared-for minds, and felt not so much charity as sympathy, a strange emotion for a most respectable and lovely young widow who had always been sheltered from every unpleasantness and raw issue.

It was five o'clock when she was ready to go home and she decided not to go. Inga was having her weekly half day off and the house was too dreadful without her. Patsy meditated on the things she might do, feeling that anything was preferable to foraging in her own ice box and sitting down thereafter with the traditional good book with which widows may solace themselves properly. The streets, beginning to glow with evening mysteries, excited her and she decided to stay downtown. It was too early for dinner, so she went to a motion-picture house to see a film which had interested her in its advertisements. It was a magical picture. It slipped her out of a desolate world in which Joe had left her quite alone, into a life when princesses lifted the arras to find their lovers and men wore swords instead of golf clubs.

There were few people at the picture at that time of day, and Patsy noticed during the intermission that the row of seats in which she sat had only one other tenant, a man at the other end of the row. He was watching her, as she knew instantly, and she looked straight at him with that regard she kept for insolence, and then wished that she could explain to him that she was not the kind of person whom he could flirt with at his pleasure. He was red-faced, and Patsy suspected that he had been drinking. But as the picture went on she forgot him, and when it was over she went past him to the lobby without a look.

She decided to dine at Martin's restaurant, for Martin's head waiter had always been a devotee of Joe's and she knew that he would make her comfortable even when she was alone. He would have something special in the kitchen for her and bring it to her at a quiet little table. She rather hated to go there alone; but after all, why not? It was better than a hotel, and she couldn't bear the ladies' dining room at the Hunters' Club or some table-d'hôte tea room.

Nothing worked right. At Martin's, the head waiter, familiar for years, was gone, and a pudgy little foreigner had his place. He wasted no sympathy on a young woman alone, but put her at a table which was rather exposed to glances. Young women usually liked that sort of thing when they came alone, he may have thought. Patsy did not protest for fear of attracting even more attention. She sat down and was abandoned to a waiter who seemed both inattentive and incompetent. Then she saw that the big man of the motion-picture house had the table next to her own. He looked at her familiarly and she hated it.

Many people seemed to know the red-faced man. He was constantly being greeted. The waiters scurried around him and he ordered elaborately.

Patsy, prying into a lobster shell, did not glance at him more than once, but she knew, of course, that he looked at her—without advances; but the advances were there in case she made a sign.

Suddenly she thought of the girls she had seen that afternoon who didn't have fine cars parked in the next block and couldn't put on a little gas and get out of this. Of course, anyone as repellent as the red-faced man ought to be unattractive to any girl; but suppose it wasn't a question of attractiveness. She thought it over, and was not in the least embarrassed by her admirer.

He had come in shortly after she did, and it might have been an accident. But surely it was no accident that he abandoned a half piece of pie and was on the curb when Patsy astonishingly stepped into her gleaming little car. He vanished as if the earth had swallowed him, and all the way home Patsy wore an impish grin. The whole incident had been amusing—the day hadn't been so bad. She read her mail and her good book and went to bed early, because there was nothing else to do, and in bed she could dream of medieval princesses and amuse herself that way. In the morning a new day would have to be tricked out with incidents, and Patsy knew it. She wondered hopelessly what she would do. She couldn't bear any more psychology and she would not teach folk-dancing to reluctant girls.

The notice of a county-committee meeting came on a day when Patsy was in no political mood, and she put it in the wastebasket promptly, with a further feeling of irritation at Dicky Sloane. For on the letterhead of the county committee all the names were printed, and Mrs. Patricia Mackay did not like to see her name stuck in a political column beside her grocer. The committee, it appeared, was to have a dinner at a hotel, where they would open local headquarters. She was urged in her invitation to the dinner to bear in mind that everyone must do all in his power to support the ticket and that each member was especially responsible for his precinct and would be expected to deliver a 100 per cent vote.

"I am nothing of the sort," said Patricia; and though she knew it was formality, she hurled the letter into the wastebasket with special unction. And that was that.

That was on Monday. On Wednesday, Mrs. Vancil called Patsy up.

"Can I call for you and take you to the dinner tonight?"

"What dinner, Mrs. Vancil?" asked Patsy. She liked Mrs. Vancil, but she was an old woman, older than Joe by a good deal, and Patsy had always thought she was terribly highbrow.

"The county-committee dinner. Didn't you get your notice?"

"Oh, that thing. Oh, I'm not going to that, Mrs. Vancil."

"But, you know, we need you very badly. We're going to need every woman on that committee."

"Mr. Sloane told me it's just a formality to put me on and that I wouldn't have to do any work," said Patsy blithely.

Mrs. Vancil's voice came back, heavy with meaning.

"I am quite sure that would be exactly what Mr. Sloane desires; but I really think, Mrs. Mackay, we shouldn't let him do that. Personally, I object to that attitude toward women. You realize that they put your name on, in that case, to keep off some other woman who would be useful."

"Oh!" was all she said.

"Or perhaps they just want to get some money out of you."

It was true that Dicky Sloane had suggested the other day that they didn't want to bother Patsy with these matters, but that if she felt like helping the cause with a small contribution—it had been a skillful note and Patsy had put it with her requests for worthy charities to which she would send checks. She hadn't sent the check because she didn't know how much was expected.

Mrs. Vancil went on smoothly.

"Mrs. Mackay, you have the leisure and the ability to do something in this campaign. I wouldn't let them make a figurehead or a monkey out of you. I knew Joe very well. He wouldn't ever let them put anything over on him, and he'd hate to see them try it on you. As for your father, if he knew what this bunch was trying to do to the party in this county he would turn over in his grave. Can't you come down with me tonight?"

"All right, I'll come," said Patsy; "but I don't know a thing about politics."

(Continued on Page 54)

DODGE BROTHERS
SPECIAL
TYPE-A SEDAN

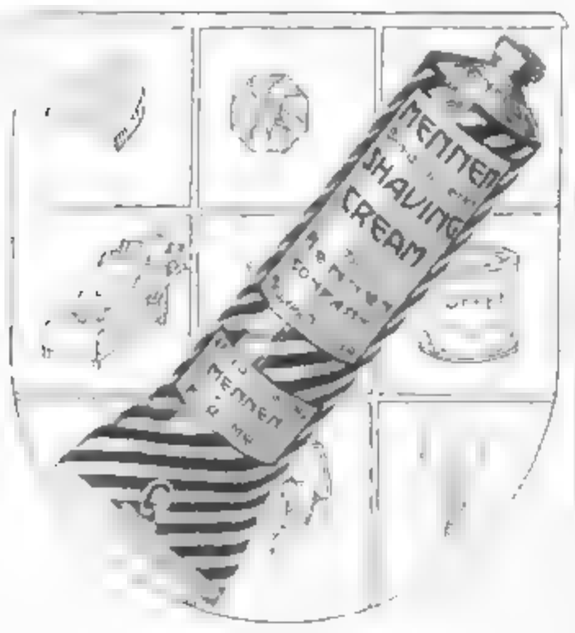
The Type-A Sedan has always ranked above its price class in distinction of line and appointment.

This Special Type further advances that leadership beyond current standards.

No special feature that could heighten the car's beauty, or enhance its comfort and convenience, has been overlooked by the builders.

Five Balloon Tires

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



My Job!

THROUGH the written and spoken word I sell Mennen Shaving Cream. I have the best job in the world. Any challengers? All right, listen.

An office appliance salesman sells time-saving. I do, too. Mennen Shaving Cream saves minutes when they count most—before breakfast. All the time devoted to fussing, finger-rubbing, hot towels, etc., is eliminated by using Mennen's.

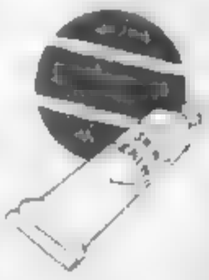
A rubber heel salesman preaches the gospel of comfort and protected nerves. That applies equally to Mennen's. Dermutation (the Mennen process) softens the beard so thoroughly that the razor work is always comfortable and never nerve-wracking.

A diamond merchant offers luxury and good looks. Mennen's not only gives a close, velvety shave, but also adds to the appearance of your skin, and keeps blackheads at bay.

A coffee broker deals in good cheer and gentle stimulation. Those are just the feelings a man has after a quick, refreshing Mennen shave.

If you're a Mennen user you know I'm right. If you're not—any druggist in America will fix you up for 50c.

Another thing that makes me love my job is Mennen Skin Balm—the new after-shaving balm that is taking America by storm. Just the odor you like and a cool, suave touch that's immense. Not at all greasy. Tubes cost 50c.



Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 52)

"You will before you're through," prophesied Mrs. Vancil, and let it go at that with a quick good-by.

Patsy tried to call her back later in the day to tell her that she had changed her mind about going, but Mrs. Vancil was not in. At six her car was outside, and Patsy, a little reluctant, came down the steps in her new suit, her first emergence from mourning—soft tan flannel with white collar and cuffs. She looked so decorative and childish that Mrs. Vancil may have wondered what she would do with her, but she showed no sign of that. She drew Patsy down beside her and as the machine shot down the street told her something about the people on the committee and what they aimed to do. In substance, it was what Dicky Sloane had told Hickson and Hickson told Dicky Sloane, but the angle was somehow different.

"This committee is supposed to be Hickson's committee pure and simple," said Mrs. Vancil. "It shouldn't be so, of course. It should have been organized earlier so we could have tried to get a better man for governor. Hickson is an old-time politician, a crook from the bones out. He isn't fit to be governor. But he will be unless the women get busy."

Patsy was quite bewildered.

At the hotel they found themselves in a private dining room where tables were arranged in a great circle for the committee. There were men there whom Patsy knew a little, a couple of lawyers whom she knew held political offices and whom Joe had known. They came over to shake hands with her. The sense of something interesting was in the air and Patsy liked it. This didn't embarrass her, as purely social things did, with a sense of disloyalty to Joe, and yet it wasn't deadly like the women's clubs. She found herself talking quite eagerly to the men, and phrases which she thought she had forgotten, old anecdotes of her father, came to the surface of her mind. "A presidential year." She remembered suddenly that it had been a presidential year which was responsible for the failure to elect her father that last time to his judgeship. How it had worn him out—that failure, and how quickly he had gone after he had resumed the practice of law. It hadn't been the position; it was the injustice. That must have been twelve years ago now. She had been fifteen.

There were women there too—very plain women for the most part. All of them were older than Patsy, and one or two were good-looking. One was wildly overdressed, evidently believing that a dinner was a dinner and always deserving of a black-beaded dress, which she wore with a large feathered hat. But the others wore suits and plain dark dresses and they gathered together in knots. Mrs. Vancil knew everyone. It astonished Patsy to see how that handsome dowager, whose manner was formed by years of handling Vancil millions, was so simply friendly with all these women, and how interested she was in them. There was a thin little person whose face lit as she talked; a fat, comfortable, motherly looking woman weighed down by a hat with purple grapes all over it.

At the dinner, there was no order in being seated. You took a place anywhere, Patsy found; and Mrs. Vancil kept Patsy close to her, which put her in the most conspicuous part of the circular table. The dinner was good—a man's kind of dinner—of clear soup and club steak and combination salad. Patsy wondered where her check was and discovered that she wasn't supposed to pay for it. That was part of being on the committee apparently.

The dinner was half over, when a man came in whom everybody greeted with much enthusiasm apparently. Young Sloane called to the newcomer to come to the place of honor. Patsy looked up from her salad and saw the red-faced man who had tried to flirt with her in the theater and had been in Martin's.

"Who's that man?" she asked Mrs. Vancil.

"That's the famous Hickson, candidate for governor; put up to do our county honor. We have to support him and he's rotten."

"That one!"

"Not much to look at, is he?"

They finished dinner, and after a few jokes about the permission of the ladies to smoke and heavy humor over the fact that the ladies might join them if they wished, the men began to smoke. No woman was expected to smoke. That was obvious. Patsy wondered at that, and kept wondering while they elected a chairman. It appeared that Dicky Sloane was the one everyone wanted, from the clamor and quick shutting out of all other suggestions. But recalling the way that Dicky Sloane had welcomed Hickson and what Mrs. Vancil had told her, Patsy began to fit the pieces of her puzzle together.

Dicky Sloane made a speech. He did it well, Patsy admitted. She had known Dicky Sloane for years and years. He had always been like this—good-looking and in the center of things. But even in high school some of the boys had detested him. It all came back to Patsy as she listened. Dicky Sloane always seemed to do the right thing. It was certainly more public spirited to be here than out getting soused at the Hunters' Club, the way the rest of his social crowd might be. But the boys had said, "He goes away by himself when he wants to be vicious"—something like that, which was beyond the pale.

Standing there, with his clear Greek profile turned a little away from her, Sloane was very handsome. He was saying that the issues were clear, that it was the Constitution versus Bolshevism. Patsy didn't quite see how he worked that out, but he went on to other interesting points without elucidating. Everyone needed to put his or her—gallantly—shoulder to the wheel. They were glad to welcome the women, whose purifying influence was needed in politics. Patsy heard Mrs. Vancil give a faint sniff. The only slogan for the campaign, the only course for every good Republican was to vote the ticket straight from top to bottom; support the ticket and everybody on it.

The men drank coffee and smoked and shuffled. The women did the listening.

Others talked. The first one was a committee member whom Dicky Sloane recognized with an accent of boredom

"Yes, Mr. Marlow," he said rather curtly.

Mr. Marlow stood up and pushed back his chair, drumming on the table as he talked. His fingers were nervous, more nervous than his eyes, which looked beyond the smoke-laden room, and Patsy noticed that his mouth was not set or flabby like most of the others, but young and mobile. He had a bad haircut and he was not well-dressed, but Patsy liked him—liked his youth and the way his enthusiasm ran ahead of his words and tripped them up.

"What I think," he said, "is that it's the biggest chance the party's had in years. The issue is clear, as Mr. Sloane says. But I think it's fake or not fake. What we ought to do is to cut out the bluff and tell the people facts, stop making the eagle scream. Tell them the party's the best thing they've got so far and if it isn't good enough for them to come in and clean it up. Make a real party of it. Let's convert people for once, and not club them. Tell them that the economic theory back of the party is sounder than that back of any other."

When he sat down, there was a strange embarrassment over everyone as if he had been making bad breaks. Mrs. Vancil and a few other women gave lonely applause. The men were unstirred, and Patsy heard Sloane mutter "Damn Bolshevik" to his neighbor. She was beginning to wonder about Bolshevism.

"Who was that young man?" she asked Mrs. Vancil.

"Tony Marlow—nicest young lawyer in town. I dragged him on this committee—and look at what he gets for it!"

Patsy leaned well forward and smiled at Tony Marlow. His face grew very red and his shy eyes lit with pleasure.

Someone called, "Let's hear Hickson—let's hear the next governor."

"Reminds me of a story," said Hickson, rising and taking the edge off things with a story which Patsy remembered as old in her early married life.

"Speaking seriously," he went on, "it's time this county was represented in the state capital. This county has had a back seat in the state long enough. We need to run the show from this end of the state for a while. I stand for the county. I stand for labor. I don't stand for Russia or for Russian government under the Stars and Stripes."

At this point his eyes fell on Patsy and lingered. It was a puzzled eye. Patsy gazed blandly back with an expression of acute interest in whether Russia was to be allowed to stampede America or not. Hickson became grave and oratorical. He said that the women would safeguard this election with their high purposes. He grew mightily moral and the men chewed their cigars.

Then with a flourish someone asked that the ladies say something. It was to Mrs. Vancil that everyone turned. She looked quietly about the room and her words dropped coolly into its hot flamboyance.

"We haven't much to say yet. We are not well organized. Mrs. Davis, who has been the Republican woman leader, is seriously ill and we need to find a new president for the club. We would like your confidence in this campaign. We really don't claim any purifying influence, but we are ready to lend what intelligence we have if the strategy of the campaign is such that we can go into it without humiliation. Tell us the facts when you come to us for votes."

The men were restless. With her imaginative quickness, Patsy knew that they thought Mrs. Vancil was out of the picture. But she agreed entirely with Mrs. Vancil Patsy did not want to be a purifying influence. It made her feel as if she looked like Alice, her sister-in-law.

The discussion became general.

"The thing is this: Pass the word to vote it straight this year of all years."

"They say that in every campaign," sighed Mrs. Vancil; "the old swing of the whip."

Suddenly Patsy's voice came clearly through the smoke.

"What do you mean by voting it straight?"

Someone guffawed loudly and Patsy flushed, holding her head high. Hickson looked amused and the attention focused on Patsy. Sloane spoke quickly, with the air of someone saving a situation for a woman. He spoke tolerantly and Patsy's back grew stiff at his condescension.

"The thing is, Mrs. Mackay, to vote for every Republican candidate and not do what is known as splitting the ticket—that is, allowing personal preferences to stand in the way of voting for Republicans."

"You don't vote for men because they are good for the office then, but because they are good Republicans?" asked Mrs. Mackay.

"They settle the rest of it at the primaries. You understand about the primaries, don't you, Mrs. Mackay?"

"Quite," said Patsy, and was astonished to find that she really did know. "I just wanted to be sure of what you mean by a straight ticket. You mean the ticket has to be straight, not the men on it?"

Tony Marlow gave a delighted and boyish whoop of laughter and the room rocked with mirth. Hickson, red to the gills, joined in it. But Dicky Sloane, under cover of his mirth at a pretty woman's blundering joke, was irritated. Patsy Mackay needn't pull that funny stuff. This wasn't any club dance. That wasn't what she was here for.

The meeting was over almost immediately, and Patsy was in the hall with Mrs. Vancil and a group of other women. She was surprised at the friendliness of everyone. Tony Marlow was brought up by Mrs. Vancil and introduced, holding Patricia's hand loosely in his big firm one as if he were shy to his finger tips. Dicky Sloane brought Hickson over, a model of courtesy and gentlemanliness.

"Let me take you home, Patsy," urged Dicky.

"Sorry, but I'm going with Mrs. Vancil," Patsy told him.

"I want to talk to you one of these days," said Dicky; "I'll call you up."

"Well," said the older woman dryly as they went home, "you've seen part of the picture—you've seen the way they do things as they want."

"But they want your votes. Why do you let them stampede you?"

"Because the women don't hang together, and they know it."

"The women would if they knew about things," suggested Patsy sagely.

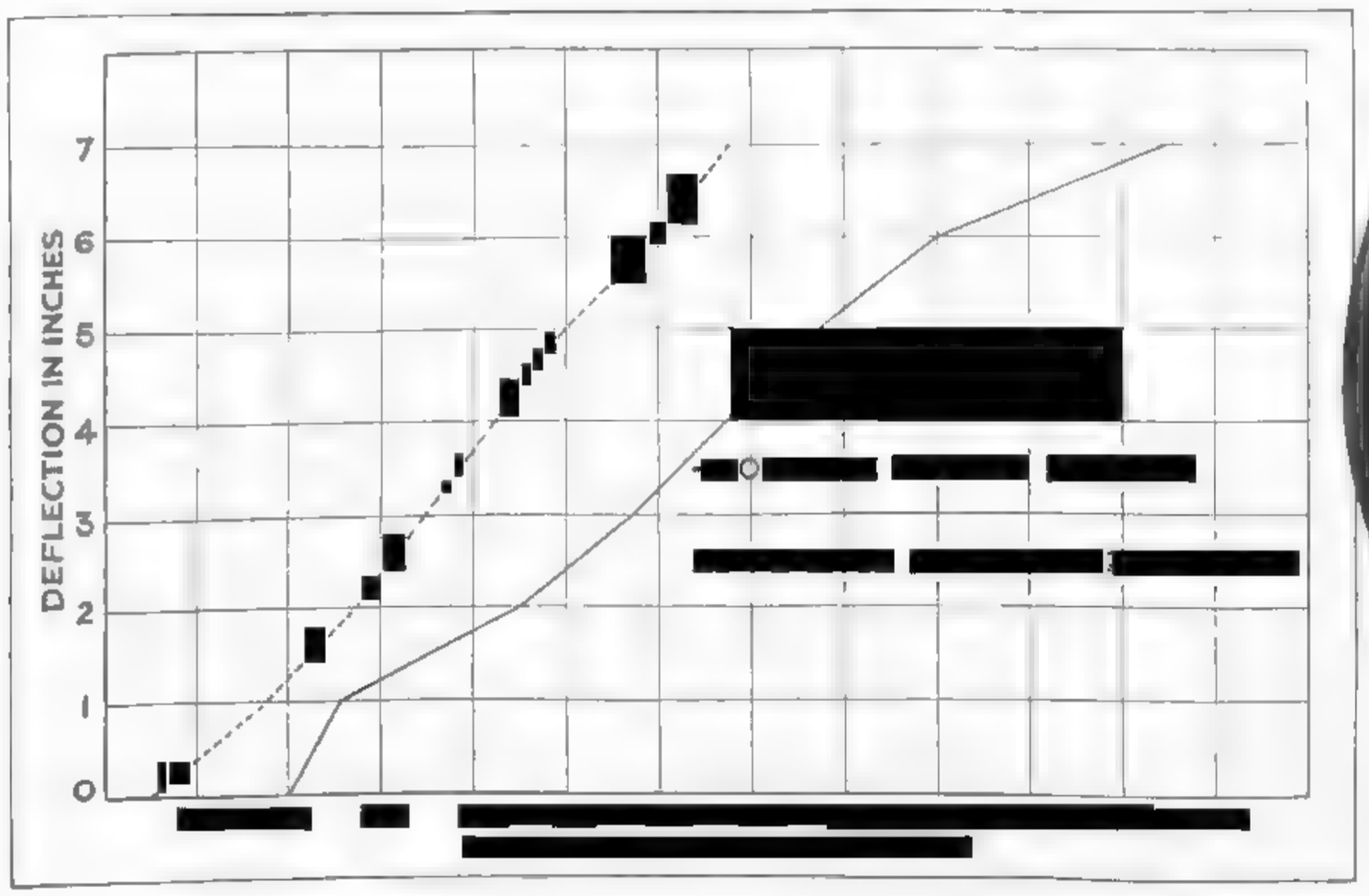
Mrs. Vancil looked dubious.

"Patsy," she said, with greater friendliness, "why don't you get in the game?"

"Why should I? I don't like that dreadful bunch of men—that awful Hickson," answered Patsy captiously.

"Then why let him get away with being governor? It's you idle women who do it. I don't blame the women," went on Mrs. Vancil, with a kind of passion—"the women who have babies at their breasts or at their skirts, or the girls who work all day long, for not helping. At that, they are the first ready to vote or to learn things. But I do blame idle women—women with brains and charm who refuse their interest.

(Continued on Page 56)



The comparative curves show how greatly the braking power is increased in the improved Balloon-Type Snubber, at the beginning of the snubber action and throughout its entire range, also its progressive increase from 60 pounds at the beginning to 250 pounds maximum.

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber*. To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2600 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

100% Increase In Braking Power

Right at the beginning of the rebound, Gabriel braking power is now increased a full 100 per cent.

Gabriel, always alive to progress in easy riding, was first to meet the new needs developed by balloon and low-pressure tires.

To the increasing braking action which is the basic principle of Gabriel Snubbers, was first added the vital factor of free play—to enable low air pressure to yield all the comfort it is intended to yield.

Now in the improved Balloon-Type Snubber the braking power is greatly increased throughout the entire range of the snubber action.

Gabriel braking action, increasing in direct ratio to the extent of the rebound, softens and smooths out the jolt and keeps you on the car seat.

Gabriel free play, permitting the tires themselves to take up the tremor and vibration of the little ridges and bumps which you can't see, gives you the sensation of floating along.

The two are absolutely necessary to get complete riding ease out of balloon and low-pressure tires; and you will not know the meaning of motoring comfort until you have Gabriels on your car.

GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
Sales & Service Everywhere

Gabriel Snubbers

Improved Balloon Type

Best for All Tires Carrying Low Air Pressure

Why is this man called "big"?

He handles things—everything—in a big way. He doesn't know the word compromise. Even in his dress he is sensible, outstanding.

Of course, he demands value. That is the first essential of success. Next, he looks for good appearance, because he associates with people who regard the niceties of life with respect.

He selects the Just-Wright Shoe because it answers every requirement he makes of shoes. He has been wearing it for years.

Invariably men who think—think well of the Just-Wright Shoe. They appreciate its high quality at a reasonable cost: $9.00 to $11.00.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., Inc.
Dept. S-213, Rockland, Mass.

Makers also of Men's Arch Preserver Shoes.

THE JUSTWRIGHT SHOE

A style for every occasion

No. 410
The Savoy, a new feather weight shoe.

E. T. Wright & Company, Inc.
Rockland, Mass., Dept. S-213

Send booklet "From Father to Son" and name of "Just Wright" dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

(Continued from Page 54)

All I'm asking you to do, Patsy, is to give me a chance to show you something. If it doesn't get you started, I'll be surprised. Come around with me tomorrow to a meeting of that Republican Club and I'll show you what I mean."

Patsy never knew exactly what Mrs. Vancil did mean at that point. It was only two weeks later that she sat before the evening paper one night and looked with appalled wonder at her name stretched over two columns in the paper. What in the name of all that was unholy had she let herself in for? She was angry and irritated and felt absurd, as if everyone was laughing at her for being a flat-heeled politician. She didn't want to be president of anything, much less of a woman's Republican club. Why should she have done it? Just because there wasn't anyone else except the woman who obviously would have done exactly what the bosses told her to? Just because the women were so leaderless and so many of them were doing more than they had time to do? Just because she had gone around with Mrs. Vancil and the thing got hold of her imagination? Or was it because Hickson got under her skin with that reported joke about society women in politics? Or possibly that Tony Marlow —— Well, she'd resign. That was flat. She'd get a doctor's certificate or something and go around the world with Alice. When she got back it would be all finished. Too bad if the party got beaten. Still, what was it to her?

The telephone rang.

"I've got the place for headquarters," said an eager voice. "It's on Marquette Street right in the heart of the downtown district, and the restaurant next door closes down in thirty days, moving to a new location. If we wanted to take an option on that place, we could. I thought we could serve lunches to the girls at noon and give short political talks, you know—give the girls a good lunch and then talk while they eat. What do you think? Should we take the option?"

It was the chairman of Patsy's housing committee, and Patsy did not offer her resignation on the spot. Instead she said:

"Yes, I'd take the option. That won't do any harm. About furniture, you know there is a lot of my husband's office furniture in storage. I won't sell it, because he used it for fifteen years and used to like it. But I'd be glad to have you borrow it if you could use it. There are chairs and desks and some bookcases."

"You're sent from heaven!"

Patsy went back to her chair. At least when she was gone around the world they'd have the furniture. That was one thing she had done anyway. She looked at her good novel and her newspaper and picked up her book deliberately.

Again the telephone. Patsy took it herself.

"It's Tony Marlow," said the voice. "I wanted to tell you how glad I am that you did that—took that presidency. That club ought to mean something. Can't I talk things over with you sometime?"

He sounded both shy and eager. Patsy looked over her shoulder at the living room. It looked very hospitable and empty.

"Why don't you come tonight?" she asked. "If I'm going to do this, I've got to ask someone about a million questions."

Before he came she went upstairs and brushed her hair. Then she looked at herself in the glass and went over to pick up Joe's picture, which as ever approved of her.

"He's very nice, Joe dear, and strictly honest. And though politics is interesting, I doubt if we spend the whole evening on it," said Patsy. It was another of those very correct flashes of imagination.

That was June. July was hot and August hotter. People left town, and politics became a matter of leisurely editorial prophecies to most people. Patsy, working part of her day at the headquarters, where she sat in Joe's mahogany office chair, sometimes thought that she had seen a thousand kinds of women. For during the heat the merciless work of organization had gone on. Mrs. Vancil and Mrs. Thorp and Mrs. Swenson at her elbow had seen to that. There were great political posters in the windows of the headquarters and tables full of literature within. There had been meetings, cruelly disappointing meetings, when they had planned to inspire women with the reasons for voting, and women hadn't come to the meetings.

Patsy had learned to see them go by, on their way to shopping rendezvous, on their way to movies, with never a look at the political headquarters. She had learned to swallow the vast superiority of women who declared that they never took an interest in such things and hugged their own superiority for that reason. She had learned suspicion, and how it felt to have men glower at you instead of regarding you with admiration and gallantry. But she had learned also what Tony Marlow knew, learned some of it under his guidance—that no one had any right to drive you off the grass, no matter how they might threaten to do so. The political grass was public property, said Tony.

She had learned, too, what Mrs. Vancil knew—that the thing they had in hand was vastly bigger than Sloane's idea or Hickson's governorship or the vote of Cosmopolis; that it was the business of all the women in the world and that she might help to decide how far women were dummies, how far their brains worked, what there was for women beyond sex, for the widows and the business girls and the women past fifty. It blew hot and cold on you all the time, Patsy knew now—hot enthusiasm that almost blasted you and cold discouragement that chilled you through.

Then came September, with its sudden thickening of interest. There were only two months now before election, and the air was laden with over-rumor. Patsy stopped her coach militantly before the door of the headquarters and got out, turning the key in the door lock and looking happy. There was much afoot and she knew it. Inside on her desk she would find excitement.

The stenographer looked up interestedly at Patsy. Patsy was dress-and-manner model to the typist, and Patsy knew it and used her power to advantage. She knew that one thing which had put girls in business across a gulf from most club women was that the club women represented nothing that the girls wanted to be. Patsy lured them on and kept her tradesmen smiling by buying new clothes.

"Good morning, Miss O'Brien. Anything new?"

"Mr. Sloane was in. He said he'd come back—and Mr. Marlow."

Patsy settled herself. She was planning a series of neighborhood meetings and was working on the big precinct map always under the glass on her desk. Odd how much more the city had come to mean to her. She sometimes idly traced her old routes in pencil over it. What a beaten track it had been—up and down twenty residence streets, the shopping district, the theater belt. She hadn't known anything about the little German settlement, with its neat square houses, or the five different precincts around the docks and what kind of people lived there, or the hundreds of other localities.

In the doorway a woman with a plush coat, fit for neither summer nor winter, hovered.

"Come in," said Patsy with her new ease.

The woman came in and took the seat Patsy indicated.

"I just wanted some information," she said.

Patsy saw that her lips were thin and her face severe. Not a joking woman.

"If we can give it, we'd like to."

"This Mr. Hickson—is he a good candidate?"

"He's the party candidate," said Patsy; "I can't tell you a great deal about him."

"Is he a proper man to vote for?"

Patsy fumbled for words.

"I don't know what you mean." She had learned a good deal of strategy in two months. "Of course, there's a great deal to be said for voting for your party straight down the line. It's the Republican platform and its principles that count. You've got to vote for it or against it."

"Is he a good dry man?"

"I don't know."

"For forty years I've been a white-ribbon woman," said the other. "I'm anxious to do my duty, but I have to know whether a man uses the devil's instruments—liquor and cards—before I vote for him."

Patsy had met women like this before. She had very little patience with that harsh principle of theirs, but there was respect in her for their grimness. She hesitated.

"Do you support him?"

"I don't know," said Patsy; "I've not decided."

Miss O'Brien laid a package on her desk and Patsy began to cut the string, because she didn't want to talk further about that. She hated drunkenness; but this woman's feeling was obsession, of course. She meant to end the conversation. But as she unwrapped the package a card dropped out and fell to the floor. The woman in the plush coat picked it up, her eyes on its message, just as Patsy saw what her package contained. It was a bottle of gin and on the card was the legend, "A little bottle for our friends, the girls. We know you all like it."

The woman's face had grown taut, but not more so than Patsy's. She looked at her caller, who rose to her feet.

"I've been a member of this club, but I am not any longer," said the woman with terrible condemnation. "And eight hundred others who are decent God-fearing temperance women will agree with me that this club is unfit for any good woman."

Patsy spoke swiftly.

"Miss O'Brien," she said, "you take this bottle of gin and smash it somewhere as quickly as you can. Now, lady, I don't know your name, but I'll tell you this: I don't mind seeing anyone take a drink; I've taken them myself. I never belonged to any temperance society and I probably never shall. But this is a decent club and that liquor was planted on us on the chance that it would do some harm. I think anyone who votes for people just because they are wet or dry uses very little intelligence. You asked me what I thought of Hickson. I'm not giving you a temperance answer, but I'm telling you that that man isn't fit to be governor and I'll tell you why. Sit down. We haven't begun this discussion yet. Sit down please."

The lady with the plush coat knew how to smile. She proved it at the end of half an hour, when she went out prepared to organize her district and to talk party policies. But Mrs. Vancil, coming and seeing Patsy later, noticed how white she looked.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm just crazy mad," said Patsy. "Things are going to happen before this day is over. I've hedged long enough. We all have. I'm not going to vote a straight ticket. I swear I'm not, and I don't care who knows it."

"It's going to make hard going if you say that. They'll hold up our money."

"I've got money and so have you," retorted Patsy, "and if we are going to work with these women, we've got to have our hands clean. They never will be as long as we side-step Hickson. I don't give a hang what happens to him. The party's better off without a Republican governor than with him in. And we all know that the Democrat isn't a bad sort at all. If the women vote for him, they'll keep out Jeffry, who's another crook. I know. I heard Jeffry at a meeting last night shouting about how the rich prey on the poor. I know that he used to come around to the corporations with his hand out for bribes so as to get the labor unions friendly. Joe despised him. I remember. I heard him say that."

"You remember a lot. Well, let's get the board together and see what we can do."

Sloane and Hickson came in that afternoon. The board meeting was breaking up and twenty women or more were distributed about the room. They looked noncommittal in the face of the men's gallantries.

"You want a private conference with me?" laughed Patsy. "I've been in conference all day. I'm ripe for it. Come on. You want just me, you say? All right."

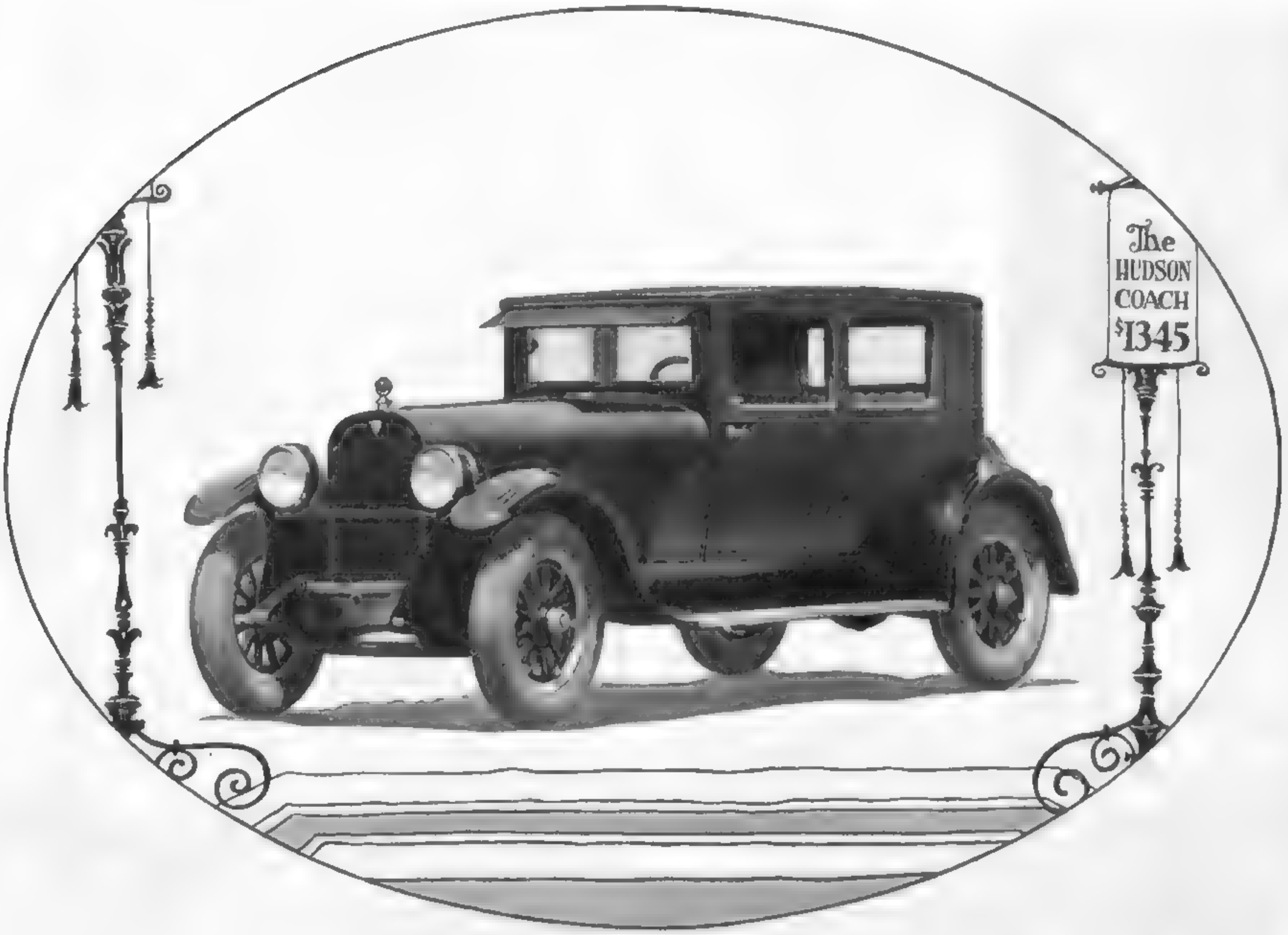
They stayed in conferenc while the other women drifted out—all but Mrs. Vancil and Daisy Norton, a young business woman, who sat down easily, as if they supported Patsy by their presence. Sloane began with praise that was sincere. He liked to see Patsy's growing power among women. He was beginning to be sure that he and Patsy would make Washington or the Court of St. James some day. Bigger fish than this. And she was very pretty. Scraps of it came to the other women.

"We want the women publicly to indorse Hickson—as a group. But you don't understand—there are things that will come your way—pledged to fight child labor—always the woman's friend. You don't understand. A politician—this isn't a Sunday-school game, Mrs Mackay."

Through it all Patsy's steady, "It can't be done."

"It looks to me," said Hickson, getting up, "as if these women were fighting me.

(Continued on Page 58)



FOR TEN YEARS

"The World's Greatest Buy"

Everyone Says It—Sales Prove It

It is only as you find the real comparisons for Hudson qualities among the costliest cars that the enormous difference in price is so astonishing.

Today it offers the greatest price advantage and finest quality in Hudson history. Never was this supremacy of value so outstanding. And the greatest Hudson sales on record show how complete is public knowledge of the facts.

HUDSON
COACH
$1345

SEDAN
5 PASSENGER
$1795

7 PASSENGER
$1895
Freight and Tax Extra

Is There Any Reason to Pay More?

Hudson's position as the "World's Greatest Buy" is not merely a new attainment. It is acknowledgment of ten years' refinement of a great car around the famous patented Super-Six principle. No motor design, however costly, has been found to displace this long-time leadership of the exclusive Super-Six.

It is responsible for the way Hudsons endure the hardest service, free of mechanical annoyance, and retain their new car vigor and flexibility when they have become old in point of years and service.

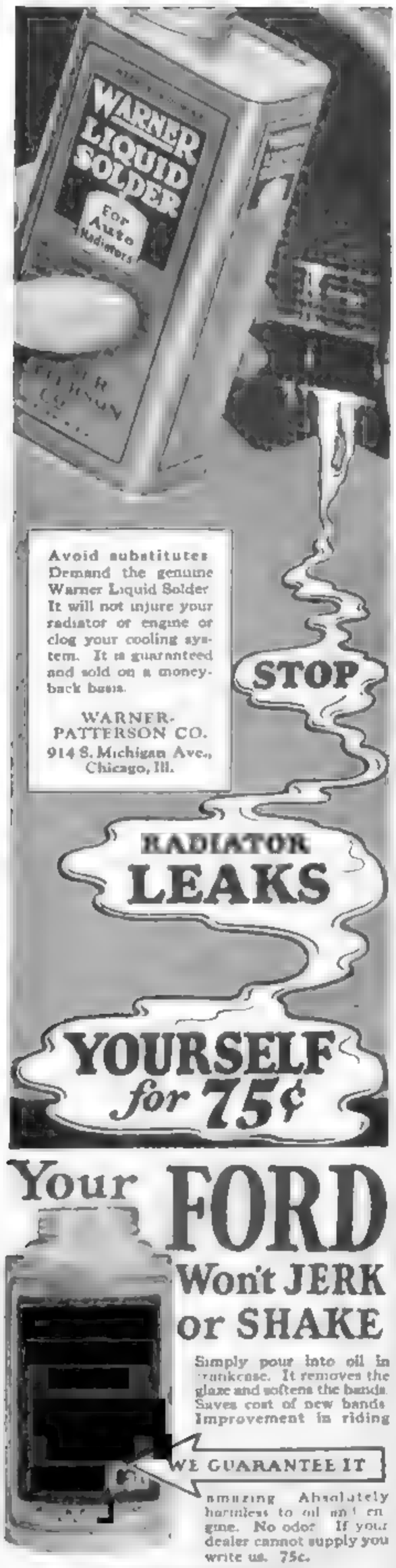
Its simplicity has always meant a lower selling price than is permitted in complicated types. And today, economies possible only to the largest production of 6-cylinder closed cars give it value advantages never held by any rival.

Hudson's invention and more than three years' development of the Coach, of course, give it exclusive manufacturing advantages in this type. No car at or near the price rivals the Hudson Coach in actual proof of value—which is SALES. And the unsurpassed luxury of the 5-passenger and 7-passenger Sedans is offered at a price in keeping with Hudson's policy of greatest closed car values.

All now know that higher price can buy no smoother performance than Hudson's. It cannot buy more brilliant results in acceleration, power or speed. It cannot buy greater reliability or endurance.

To hundreds of thousands of owners Hudson value means the most economical service in operation and maintenance, as well as the finest in quality within hundreds of dollars of its price

The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Closed Cars


WARNER LIQUID SOLDER
For Auto Radiators
STOP
Avoid substitutes
Demand the genuine Warner Liquid Solder
It will not injure your radiator or engine or clog your cooling system. It is guaranteed and sold on a money-back basis.
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
RADIATOR
LEAKS
YOURSELF for 75¢
Your FORD
Won't JERK or SHAKE
Simply pour into oil in crankcase. It removes the glaze and softens the bands. Saves cost of new bands. Improvement in riding
WE GUARANTEE IT
amazing. Absolutely harmless to oil and engine. No odor. If your dealer cannot supply you write us. 75c.
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WARNER-PATTERSON
A few drops work wonders. Quickly penetrates and dissolves rust. Releases connections where brute force is futile.
Frees Rusted Pipe Connections, Nuts, etc.
Daily used by Plumbers, Mechanics, Farmers etc. Over 1001 uses
75¢
WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Enclosed find seventy five cents. Please send me one can of Warner Penetreen.
Name
Address
Town State

(Continued from Page 56)

Think we'll have to show them a few things, Sloane."

"Don't send any more gin," advised Patsy dryly, "or I'll put the story in the paper; or if the papers won't take it, I'll circularize every woman in town."

"What gin?" asked Hickson overquickly.

"Any gin," mocked Patsy; and then "I won't be double-crossed by anyone, Mr. Hickson. I know a lot about you. I know, for instance, that you are one of the people trying to cut off an appropriation for that home for girls who need help."

"Say," asked Hickson, "would it fix it if I got you the money for that house?"

"No, it would not. It's not that single thing, though that mustn't happen. It's you we object to, Mr. Hickson."

"Call this a Republican club?" asked Sloane.

"Surely we do."

"This is the Republican candidate for governor."

"I'm sorry for that."

"My dear lady," said Hickson, "we don't need your vote or that of these other ladies. We are going to win hands down. This is only one city in the state. But I think and hope you'll change your mind, because I mean to get a vote here. If you don't, you can't hold your women and it would be a pity to see so charming a lady discredited."

Patsy looked up. In the doorway she saw a lean, eager young man in a rather shabby suit, his eyes on the little group.

"Tony," she cried gayly, "they're going to discredit me. Now what do you think of that?"

"So this is your stuff, Marlow?" asked Dicky Sloane, sarcastically—"a little more uplift stuff? It isn't going to be safe, you know."

"I like risks," answered Tony.

Somehow he took his place quite naturally beside Patsy. Mrs. Vancil and Daisy Norton sat quietly by the door as the two politicians went out. They glowered and scorned as they went, and as the door closed behind them Patsy sat down bleakly and said, "They certainly intend to ruin us. What can they do, Tony?"

"Oh, lots of things," answered Tony blithely; "but they may not elect Hickson. He needs Cosmopolis badly. Things look sick for him in the county and he knows it."

"It's turning against your own party—that's the ugly thing," said Daisy Norton.

"It's not! It's refusing to unload that old rotter on the party!" cried Patsy.

It had been fun before, when Patsy looked back during the next few weeks—fun and distinction compared to what followed. The first thing was the disintegration she felt among the women of her group, even on her board of managers. There were plenty of them who were ready to say that Patsy had her own reasons for opposing Hickson and that she should never have been made president, that she had forced her way in. Patsy heard the remarks, as it was intended she should. She talked a good deal to Joe's picture as she dressed every morning, explaining and arguing about her hurts and her worries. And once she flung her arms about it and cried like a child. That was the night when she heard that some woman had said she just went into politics to pick up men and that she hadn't mourned for her husband. But the next day she was on duty again, solidifying her ranks. The political lunches at noon were always crowded with young women. Patsy went into stores and factories herself and urged them to come to the meetings, and they came because Patsy asked them and stayed because they were interested. She sent women out into all districts of the city, women who could talk various languages, to tell the women what a vote was and why they should use it. She signed endless letters. And still, as she drove through the streets or walked them, she saw hundreds and hundreds of women and wondered how they would vote or if they would vote.

She had been slim before, but she was thin now, like an overworked child. Tony used to order her lunches—thick soups and fattening foods. He used to take her home nights when the headquarters closed, and urged her to go to bed early. Sometimes she did—when the urging was not prolonged for an hour or more. And sometimes she changed the subject and they sat talking for hours, Tony's talk of governments and the machinery of the world management holding her fascinated, especially as she knew that there was more in his shy eyes than faith in republics. She worried, too, for Tony told her that if Hickson got in now it would mean serious trouble for Tony. Hickson had ways of paying back grievances and he had no habit of forgetting them.

It looked very black. The newspapers were full of easy prophecies now. Hickson was running better now, according to every guess. The betting was big on him. He had come apparently to leave the women alone. The word had gone around that the women were out against Hickson, but no one took it seriously. Women voted as their husbands voted, people said, and toward the end Hickson threw the women a few special promises. A new park system—milk inspection—things to catch women were included in these promises. At the women's headquarters the work went steadily on. It had been Mrs. Vancil's dream to reach every prospective woman voter in a city of two hundred thousand and tell her something of the issues. It had not been done, but it had nearly been done. From door to door the women had gone, taking rebuffs often, meeting stupidity and hostility; and back in her office Patsy wondered and wondered at the patience and bravery of women's work. She knew hundreds of them now, and it seemed that her job had been worth while for just that fine acquaintanceship.

It was a few days before election and Patsy had had a hard day. It was sure now that many women would vote, but no one knew how; and Patsy had the dreary sense of inefficiency and loopholes left which always goes with the completion of such work. She thought she might as well go home for supper and was stepping into her car when she heard a newsboy shouting something that rang in her ear. He was selling one of the daily papers, one that Hickson claimed as his chief backer, and his call tonight was, "Scandal of Pat Mackay! Read about the woman boss."

Patsy went dead white. She tried to run away from that dreadful shout and couldn't. Grimly she gave the newsboy a dime and waited for change, thinking with her head light that this was no occasion for tips. Then she turned the car and drove madly home. Not until she was in her own room did she look at the paper.

She had known that things could be ugly, but never had she dreamed of anything like this. Only such a paper as the Sentinel could have printed it, sliding along the edge of libel. Patsy didn't mind what they said about her—the insinuations about childless society women who sought men and sensations anywhere, about the attempt to dominate worthy and poorer women, about political ignorance and desire for power—that was horrible but bearable. It was the rest that hurt:

"Her father was old Bill Jennings, well known as a last-generation machine politician, and part of her training came from him, no doubt. Pat Mackay is a widow, whose wildness may have broken the spirit of her respected husband, the late Joseph Mackay. At any rate he has left a merry widow."

It was that—to drag in her father, to drag in Joe. She hadn't meant to get in this thing. It was Mrs. Vancil—it was Dicky Sloane ——

Inga knocked at Patsy's door in vain. Patsy would have no dinner. And when the telephone rang and rang downstairs she took the receiver off the hook and let it buzz until in despair the operator gave up and reported the line out of order. That did not stop Mrs. Vancil from coming—or poor Tony Marlow. But Patsy would not see them. She lay there on her day bed with Joe's picture smiling at her. He was the only person she wanted to see.

It was midnight, and after, before she began to come back from shame to reason and see that the crowd which was out to get her had apparently done it. She had been lying drearily, thinking that she might forget all this when she got to the Riviera, when she suddenly saw Hickson's fat smile in her imagination. Patsy jumped up violently and washed her face. Then she picked one of Joe's favorite oaths and used it vehemently as she opened the window and looked out at the starlit midnight. Opposite her house, leaning against a post, wrapped in what looked like a very thin overcoat, she saw a watcher. At the sight of him another sob came in her throat, not of rage but of comfort.

"Tony," she called softly, "go to bed. Go on home. I'm going to sleep now—like a top. Tony, come closer. I want to tell you something. I don't give a hang!"

They worked for Pat Mackay that night, both women and men, all over the city. After Pat had refused to see her, Mrs. Vancil wasted no time. She took the Vancil presence to the homes of a few editors and a few bankers and she talked to men who ordinarily kept well out of politics, but in emergencies could be counted on.

Presses stopped for Patsy that night. In the morning the biggest daily carried a spread editorial headed One Woman's Work. It wrote about Patsy Mackay in its best editorial style, for something in the attack had captured the imagination of the people of the city.

"You fool," said Dicky Sloane to Hickson, "what'd you overplay it for? They say half the men and women in town have been over at the women's headquarters today. You're licked—that's what you've done! You've slipped all over the state, and now you won't carry your home city. It's your last stand here; only two days to go. We can't do anything now, and we could have got by if we'd won the city."

"If I'm licked, it's bad management in this county," said Hickson savagely.

It was the touch of scandal, perhaps—the chance for championship—that sent people to the polls in droves that day of election. Thousands of women who voted had heard the story of the attempt to ruin the women's club and Mrs. Mackay, and it was amazing how many friends Patsy had. The woman of the plush coat wore it from house to house, making short speeches, and her district seemed to vote in a body. The girls in shops and stores gossiped and talked and went out to vote.

But at headquarters the women did not gossip. They worked all day, checking over districts which they feared might be neglected, getting out the vote, and Patsy was in the midst of it.

"Tired, Patsy?" asked Mrs. Vancil gently. "If I'd known I was going to let you in for this, I should never have done it. You know that, don't you?"

Patsy laughed.

"I never knew that there was anything in the world that could make you forget what was happening to you personally," she said. "Isn't that worth knowing for a woman?"

At that moment the special wire began to tick and the operator took off a typewritten page. Two precincts out of ten in a distant county knew how they stood.

"Far off there they've been having some battle, I suppose," said Patsy dreamily. "I hope the women were in it. It sounds as if they must have been from the result."

That was the beginning. All night long the typewritten messages came off the operator's machine. All night long the reports from the city and state came over the telephone. Toward three o'clock the women began to look at one another wonderingly. It was a landslide, and locally it looked good. At four they smiled a little and began to tabulate. There was not much doubt.

It was five o'clock when Mrs. Vancil and Daisy Norton and Patsy sat with three or four men at a restaurant eating breakfast. The table was near the window and Patsy saw the dawn coming up slowly. It was very pleasant—the warm, spicy smell of the pancakes and sausage, the sense that things had gone wisely and as they should. Across the table, Tony smiled at her a little less shyly.

She saw a taxi stop at the hotel opposite and in the vacant street they watched two men get out of it, or one get out and help another, stumbling drunkenly up the steps. The one who stumbled had a bulk that was unmistakable. It was Hickson, already beginning to drink off his defeat. Patsy turned her head away from the sight outside.

"And they told us to vote it straight," said Mrs. Vancil reminiscently, watching.

"We left out the 'it,'" answered Patsy, and poured sirup on a pancake in conclusion.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Margaret Culkin Banning. The next will appear in an early issue.

YOU can get longer wear and greater riding comfort from balloon tires by using this new Schrader Balloon Gauge regularly. Balloon tires must be kept correctly inflated to the pressures recommended by the tire maker. This gauge, calibrated in one-pound units (10 to 42 lbs.), will help you check pressure closely. Easy to carry, withstands hard usage, fits all types of wheels. At dealers' everywhere.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N.Y., Chicago Toronto London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves · Tire Gauges

BE SURE IT'S A Schrader · · LOOK FOR THE NAME

For men who crave action

Some men are tame—others are dynamic. Some wait for orders—others give them.

The hardest fight that some men face is a ball room clinch—others have walked up to an automatic and used it for a club—and think a fight isn't fair unless odds are three to one.

Packards are game—and game men like them. They have the rugged symmetry of lithe muscles rather than the curves of soft flesh.

Good looking of course, for they're street shoes—correct in contour and finely finished; but inside and underfoot are fibre and substance for hardest punishment.

Plenty of room for bone and sinew—Packard pliant, slow tanned leathers never cramp or bind—every joint finds its home—every tendon its support.

You'll get in Packards all the comfort, smartness and honest service you could possibly desire—and they cost only $8 to $10—a few styles higher. Ask for them in the best shoe store in town—or write to us.

Packard

No 690
RUGBY MODEL

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

THE MODERN MAGIC CARPET

(Continued from Page 47)

organization appears to have a very great drop on all the others in some special case, as in the following story, the others will combine forces against it.

Late in September, 1923, a few weeks before the memorable race between Zev and Papyrus, a representative of the racing association approached, one by one, the heads of the various news-reel organizations and offered for a price the exclusive rights to take pictures of the event. His intention was to get bids and then give the privilege to the highest bidder. But with one exception his offer was laughingly refused. There was no need to pay for the rights to the race, he was told by three of the four men he approached. It was a public event and should be open to cameramen just as it would be to reporters. Besides, they were not under any obligation to print pictures of the race; they could get out a perfectly good news reel without it if necessary. They'd rather do without them than set a precedent which would result in their having to pay for the right to film every sporting event of the future.

The fourth man, however, swallowed the bait, to the extent of paying fifty thousand dollars for the privilege of taking exclusive pictures of the race. So elated was he at this coup that he decided to get out a special two-reel feature, instead of including the race in his regular semiweekly release. A national advertising campaign was put on, exhibitors were all steamed up over the wonderful opportunity coming their way, and all sorts of elaborate preparations were made to ship the prints the night of the race.

The organizations that had rejected the offer didn't say much, but just smiled and got busy and let it be known that they had every intention of stealing the race. Among them they leased every available house and tract of land within long-distance camera-lens shot of the racing track. They erected crow's nests in trees just outside the park rail. The rival company by the time of the race was feeling a bit worried, and took precautionary measures, such as throwing up a smoke screen opposite the grand stand and erecting enormous mirrors to prevent the trespassing cameramen from getting pictures. A corps of detectives, too, was engaged to rout out any enemy photographers who might be sitting in the grand stand taking pictures with tiny concealed cameras.

Routine Methods

But there is nothing in the world that can stop a man from taking pictures from the vantage point of his own territory, nor is there much that can stop him from going up in an airplane and taking pictures from above. Property rights have not yet been applied to the ether. All three rival companies managed to get some pretty good shots of the race, in spite of all handicaps, and hurried their film to New York, where it was developed and shown the next day, beating the other organization's much-touted two-reel feature by twenty-four hours. It cost them as much to steal the pictures as it had cost their competitor to buy the rights, but they felt that the money was well spent if they had prevented a precedent from being established.

To return to the routine methods by which these feats of film journalism are accomplished, the news reels are, at home and afield, organized similarly to the big news bureaus, having a director in chief, sometimes called editor in chief, a foreign editor and a news editor. The editor in chief directs all the operations of the news reel, furnishes the contacts with people of prominence all over the world, gives out the more important assignments and executes the policy laid down by the heads of the firm. Much of his time, naturally, is spent reading the daily papers and the magazines, especially of a review nature, so that he is thoroughly informed as to what is going on in the world. He must be a man of wide experience and good judgment, and he must have as much diplomacy as an ambassador, because so much of the success of his news reel depends upon the good will of the representatives of this and other governments, as well as of private organizations. And since each news reel, as mentioned earlier, reaches between twenty and fifty million people in this country alone, in every geographical location, of every creed, every color and every political viewpoint, he must have an almost incredibly canny understanding of the public mind so that he can interest all his spectators, from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and step on the toes of none of them. Not a small order, that.

The news editor, like the city editor of a newspaper, is responsible for the local territory, only in the case of the news reel it applies to the entire United States instead of to only one city. The New York territory, which includes a field within an approximate distance of one hundred miles from New York, is his immediate consideration, but he must keep himself apprised of everything that is taking place or is about to take place anywhere in the United States. He makes up an assignment book every day, just as the city editor of a newspaper does, only instead of fifteen or twenty reporters he has four or five hundred cameramen at his disposal.

A large part of the most interesting news of the camera comes from abroad, especially in these days of Europe's gradual emergence from the chaotic conditions of postwar times. The foreign editor, who is usually a man with many years' experience as a newspaper correspondent abroad, must be intimately acquainted with events that are going on in Europe, Asia, South America, Australia -everywhere. Not only must he constantly read the newspapers and periodicals from abroad, but he must have what amounts to an intuitive sense of foreign news. He must, to a considerable degree, work on hunches.

Ninety-five Per Cent Waste

At the service of each news-reel company are some thousand to fifteen hundred cameramen, located all over the world. From one to two hundred of these men are staff photographers, on regular salary, stationed in various cities or points of pivotal interest in world affairs. There are about a dozen staff cameramen for each company in New York, almost as many in Chicago, and at least one or two in every city of importance in the United States. Abroad each news-reel company has a main foreign office, usually in Paris, with fifty or seventy-five staff cameramen located in the important cities or news centers. One organization estimates that it owns two hundred thousand dollars' worth of cameras the world over and spends fifty thousand dollars a year for their maintenance and repair. About a thousand more men are working on a semi-attached or free-lance basis for each company. These men own their own equipment, and work on what is called a footage basis—that is, they film anything that strikes them as being of interest and submit it to the editor in chief just as a free-lance newspaper correspondent submits his copy. If accepted the film is paid for on the basis of so much per foot, depending on the value of the subject. Usually it is about two dollars a foot, but in the case of some extraordinary subject as high as ten dollars a foot has been paid. How much profit these field cameramen make depends largely upon the fruitfulness of the territory they select and their own judgment in taking the shots. If their film is not accepted it is returned to them at once with full explanations as to why it has been rejected.

Many of these field cameramen are working on roving assignments that take them to such remote regions as Asia Minor, India, and the Far East, with the result that there is scarcely a part of the modern world that is not brought to the screen some time or other.

All the news reels have the same release days—Wednesday and Saturday. The reels are of uniform size, approximately one thousand feet. On Monday and Thursday they are made up, and the process is a long and grueling one for the editors. In the first place they have to examine every foot of film that comes in. The flow of negative often runs as high as twenty thousand feet and is never less than ten thousand, and as the completed reel runs only one thousand it is easy to see that the job of selection is not an easy one. The film is run off in a small projection room. It is not developed and printed, as that would take too much time, but run off in negative form, so that everything appears in reverse, as it does when you hold a snapshot negative to the light. It is difficult at first to distinguish scenes and people in the negative. Faces, registering black and featureless, are particularly hard to recognize, but the editors soon become accustomed to it, just as newspaper make-up men soon learn to read type back side front.

With each subject he turns in, the cameraman sends a dope sheet, giving all the information about the picture, place, people, footage, and so on. With this dope sheet in his hands, the editor in chief sits with his staff, which includes, in addition to the news and foreign editors, the head film cutter and a title writer or two.

The subjects are screened and gone over, one by one. As not more than about 5 per cent of the film received can be used, the process of elimination must be a very careful one. Many things are considered. First of all, is it an interesting news subject? Is it free from prejudicial viewpoint in regard to politics, religion, race problems? Is it fair and nonpartisan? Has it a universal appeal? These are the main considerations for a strictly news subject. Then there are the feature subjects, without which no news reel is complete. In a feature subject the main consideration is its entertainment value. Is it amusing, novel, unique? The news-reel editors must bear in mind always that their first job is to entertain their audiences. Information and education are all right, but they must not be thrust upon the consciousness of the spectators. The news reel resembles the newspaper in many respects, but not in all. You can skip what you don't want to read in a newspaper, but it's pretty hard to skip part of a news reel without leaving the theater. Its primary function is to amuse, and if it instructs as well, that must be done subtly and incidentally.

Second to these points of policy is the matter of photography. Is the film clear, unscratched, free from static? Many a good subject has been spoiled by some imperfection in the filming.

Recently I sat in on a make-up session for a couple of hours, during which something like four thousand feet of film was screened and not more than two hundred feet finally used in the reel. The subjects included among other things an airplane flight over Athens, Greece, an electric railroad train plowing its way through gorgeous snowbound scenery in the Far West, General Pershing on a battleship in the Panama Canal, a basket full of infant puppies, the opening of the racing season in Havana, a cavalry school in Georgia, a baby show in New York and a fashion parade in Paris.

Babies and Battleships

The subject on the battleship was supplied by the Navy Department. There is much coöperation between news-reel editors and many of the government departments. Recently, for instance, one of the news-reel companies, in coöperation with the Secretary of the Interior, got out a subject on forest preservation. The riding-school subject was treated interestingly, but the negative showed static, so scarcely any of it could be used. The opening of the racing season in Havana would have been great if the cameraman hadn't forgotten to show any races. There were bird's-eye views of the city, crowd scenes, close-ups of track officials and the buxom señoras, but not a sign of a horse. So that was out altogether.

Parts of the baby show and the fashion parade were used, and so were the puppies. The editors all agree that in making up a news reel it is most important to regard the tastes of women, as women compose 65 per cent of their audience. Babies and battleships, they say, seem to be the favorite subjects, and there is scarcely a news reel that doesn't have one or the other or both.

After a subject has been determined upon, the editorial board decides just how many feet of film it is worth, and the cutter makes notes as to what parts are to remain and what to go. The continuity of the scenes is arranged, and the titles are written. Title writing is a difficult and delicate job because in addition to telling the story and fitting the space, it must, if the picture is of any subject that might be considered controversial, maintain a strict neutrality. It is so easy to give a personal bias by the printed word to a picture which is in itself utterly unprejudiced.

(Continued on Page 62)

Results that Belong to Chrysler Alone

IT'S no trick to build a car that will go 65 or 70 miles an hour if it has a power plant big enough to haul a freight train.

It's a *great* achievement to get more than 70 miles an hour out of a motor of 3 x 4¾ inches, with a gasoline mileage safely above 20 miles per gallon.

And that's the wonder of the Chrysler —a wonder so different and so superior that Chrysler was forced to build over 32,000 cars in 1924 in trying to meet its first-year demand, and delivered to the public Chrysler cars to the value of more than $50,000,000.

Take your own "high-powered" car out on your favorite hill—and we hope the car is fast and the hill steep.

GIVE it all the best of it on Coon Hollow in Seattle, Twin Peaks in 'Frisco, Ft. George in New York, Lookout Mountain in Denver, Uniontown or Ligonier in Pennsylvania, Reservoir Hill in Kansas City, Green or Hall Streets in Portland.

Then do the same job with a fully loaded Chrysler. We want you to know the result as we do.

Such a test is a revelation of what real science in engineering, manufacturing and selecting materials can accomplish.

Of course, you don't want to drive your Chrysler over 70 miles an hour. In fact, you may *never* go that fast.

But there's something you *do* want every minute and at every speed that only a speed-ability of 70 miles an hour can give.

That something is sure, steady power for steepest hill or deepest sand. It is pick-up to flash you out of a traffic tangle before you can say "Jack Robinson." It is sturdy, dogged pull, so you can throttle to five, three or two miles an hour on high without "bucking."

THAT'S Chrysler performance in a nutshell.

Another of the Chrysler wonders is that you feel no strain or tension at 60 or 65 or 70 miles an hour.

The smooth, vibrationless power torque is constant. Never was there such a steadily progressive power curve.

AND the riding quality is perfect—no bouncing around the road.

The Chrysler with its low center of gravity, seems to flatten down at high speed like a greyhound after a rabbit.

Chrysler pivotal steering, with spindles operating in ball bearings, is also as easy at 70 as at 17. You never find yourself clutching the wheel. You don't have to strain to keep your Chrysler on the road.

For the first time, as far as we know, here is a car whose performance carries no qualifications.

Read that again—*no qualifications.*

And best of all, you can stop even quicker than you can speed up.

CHRYSLER-LOCKHEED hydraulic 4-wheel brakes give the ultimate degree of safety. They are soft, positive and easy to apply. They are the final touch of this scientific engineering.

But Chrysler superiority doesn't stop with phenomenal performance, as any one of the thousands of Chrysler owners can tell you. No car is built of finer materials; to higher standards. The result is quality throughout as extraordinary as its performance. No car has ever proved more durable and dependable in its service.

You simply must drive the Chrysler. That's the only way you can fully appreciate that it is the best-built car you have ever driven.

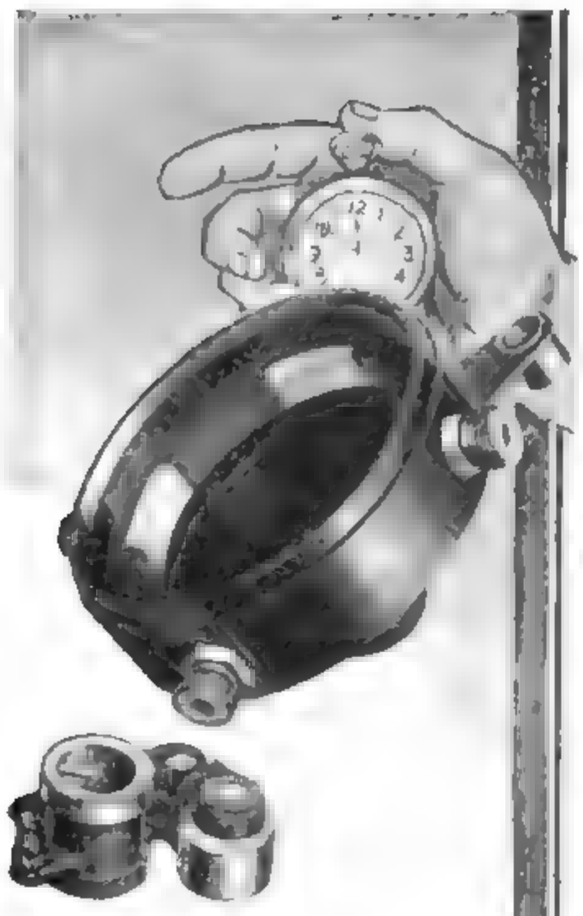
The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Royal Coupe, $1895; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195. All prices f.o.b. Detroit subject to current government tax.

All Chrysler Six models are equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX



Dependable as Your Watch

DEPEND on a good watch to time yourself accurately. Depend on a MilwaukeeTimer to time your Ford accurately.

A Milwaukee will give your good Ford motor more power and speed, quicker starting, faster pick-up. You can depend on it because of its

Higher-efficiency roller design (Ford's type)—
Bakelite Case, short-proof, durable—
Special alloy contacts, longer-lived—
Smoother-running brush assembly.

No wonder Milwaukee is the chosen timer of a million Ford owners. They know that Fords are on "good behavior" when there is a Milwaukee inside the hood.

Slip one on your Ford for the power you need for Spring's heavy going. Get one at any auto supply house, garage or hardware store. Attached in five minutes—then watch your Ford's new life!

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS, Inc
Milwaukee Wisconsin

MILWAUKEE TIMER for FORD

Only $2.00

(Continued from Page 60)

When these various operations, which frequently take from early morning till late at night, are over, and the actual cutting is done, the film is rushed to the laboratory, developed and printed. Modern machines for printing films can turn out four prints at a time, and the process is very rapid. As soon as they are printed and canned, the reels are sent on their way. In some cases, where they are going to a very big theater, they are sent direct to the exhibitor; in others they are sent to branch offices of the organization and distributed from there.

The news reel's money value naturally depends on its age. Those houses which buy first releases, fresh from the can, as the trade term goes, pay the top price, which ranges according to the size of the city and the importance of the theater, anywhere from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars. From there it is a sliding scale downward, in direct proportion to the increasing age of the reel, until, by the time it is a month or so old, it can be bought for fifteen or twenty dollars. In some cases the reel goes through as many as twenty or more runs, and before its life is over sells for as little as two or three dollars. The main profit seems to come from these second, third and fourth run purchasers. Most of the big houses buy all the reels and make up their own news pictorial, and a careful check is made each week by the news-reel editors to see which organization totals the greatest number of subjects.

The Smyrna Fire Pictures

This, then, taken by and large, is the process through which a news reel goes before it reaches the public. To give some idea of the staggering size of the undertaking, I will pass on some of the figures presented to me by an official of one company, a man who apparently still finds it most effective to express one thing in terms of another—a member of the if-laid-end-to-end school of ciphering.

During the year 1924, he told me, his organization shot and viewed 1,518,187 feet of negative. For each thousand feet of film used, from 5000 to 18,000 feet of negative was screened in order to pick the best. The service included 1187 different subjects, and printed 21,689,210 feet of positive film.

"If this positive," he said, "could be placed on one gigantic reel and run through one machine, it would take one hundred and eighty days, or six months, constant running twenty-four hours a day, for screening. This positive footage would make a line 4108 miles long, enough to run from New York to Paris and start 162 miles on the return journey." There was considerable more along the same line, but the above will suffice to give an idea of the magnitude of this part of the movie industry.

The news reels, like the newspapers, sometimes get out extras, if something happens that is important enough to warrant it. Big stories don't always wait for make-up day to break. It is at these times that every resource of the organization is brought to bear, and some really remarkable results have been achieved, mainly through the use of airplanes.

One of the most notable achievements was scored by a company which concentrates on spot news, in connection with the Smyrna fire, a little more than two years ago. The ruins of the city were still smoldering when pictures of this disaster were shown on the screen in New York and other Eastern cities, just thirteen days after the fire broke out. The distance between Smyrna and New York is more than fifty-six hundred miles. The film was rushed from Smyrna to Constantinople by airplane, then by way of the famous Oriental Express to Paris, from there to Cherbourg by air again, arriving just in time to be put aboard a fast liner as she pulled out. It happened that the cameraman for this organization, acting upon instructions from his intuitive chief, had remained near Smyrna when all the other men covering the Turko-Greek conflict had left, deceived by a temporary lull. Consequently he got the only real pictures of the holocaust. Newspapers all over the United States used clips from this news reel to illustrate their stories of the fire.

The Russian famine, the Wall Street explosion, the burial of America's Unknown Soldier, the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, Montana, the recent arrival of the ZR3—are some of the news beats scored.

An illustration of the old truism that it takes all kinds of people to make a world occurred last year, immediately after the Japanese earthquake. The editor in chief of one of the news reels got a tip that on a train coming across Canada was a man who had the first pictures of the disaster. The editor himself went up to Canada, boarded the train, found the man and started to discuss terms. When he examined the stuff he discovered that all the man had was a single print of positive film, comparatively worthless, because while a negative could have been made from the print, it would have been such a slow, expensive and altogether unsatisfactory process that the news-reel man wouldn't touch it. The man with the print said he had paid fifty thousand dollars for it under the impression that he could sell it for a fortune when he reached the States. He had succeeded in selling a duplicate print for five thousand dollars somewhere en route, but stood a loss, according to the story, of the remaining forty-five thousand dollars.

The Rum Runners' Welcome

A new angle of the news reel, one which has not yet been fully developed but which should some day emerge into something extremely interesting, is camera investigation. Recently one of the news-reel companies brought out a picture showing the operations of the rum runners off the New England coast. Expecting to meet with resistance from the bootleggers the cameramen went stealthily, but they found a warm welcome, and were invited to "come aboard and take as many pictures as you like. We're outside the twelve-mile limit, so it's all perfectly legal." Extra prints of this film were turned over to the Federal enforcement office for its information.

"We've only just begun this type of work," the editor in chief said, "but we want to continue along the same lines. We do not express any opinion of what's going on; we just take a transcript of the event and offer it to the public for what it is worth. We try to let people know what is going on all over, to take them, by camera, to the spot and let them see for themselves."

Occasionally, if something happens that is of great importance in a certain community but not of national interest, the companies will get out local reels. This, however, is not encouraged, as, if it became a common practice, it would make the manufacture of the reel almost prohibitively expensive.

Propaganda Barred

With the circulation of the news reel so tremendous, the question arises as to how the power thus placed in the hands of these people can be used. Haven't the news-reel owners, like newspaper owners, political leanings, and don't they try to insert perhaps a little subtle propaganda into their reels? And don't they, like all big business men, have certain financial interests that they might gently foster in the same way? I put that question to various editors, and received a large and emphatic No! on all sides.

"We couldn't get away with it, even if we wanted to," was the general tenor of their replies. "Remember, we don't sell our product to the public direct; we sell to exhibitors, and they're pretty cagy birds. If we tried to slip in any propaganda of a political nature, or emphasized any particular commercial activity in our reels, we'd soon hear squawks from the exhibitors, and squawks would be followed by cancellations. We couldn't afford to try anything like that."

The news reel, although it has not suffered greatly from the fact, is under the shadow of censorship. The matter came up legally in New York a couple of years ago, when the motion-picture commission of that state objected to some pictures of girls in bathing suits, and it was decided by the supreme court that the freedom of the press did not apply to news reels, but that they came under the same general head as feature pictures and were subject to the same supervision.

The censorship is really nothing but a formality—an expensive one, as the news-reel organizations are taxed for the maintenance of the motion-picture commission. Since the one flurry about the bathing girls practically no objections have been filed. On the whole, it is believed that the public can take its pictorial as well as its printed news without benefit of censor.

The recent experimentation in photograph by radio was watched with great interest by the news-reel people. While it has not yet approached a stage of development practicable for their purposes, they hope and believe that some day it will, and when that day arrives, the millennium of the news reel will pretty nearly have arrived.

The Cascades, on the Columbia River

ELGIN.....TIME · KEEPER · TO · THE · SUCCESSFUL

HUDSON MAXIM

Painted from life by
WM OBERHARDT

When robbed of my Elgin I lost a friend that had to be replaced...by another Elgin

One of a series of little biographies of Elgin Watches

WRITTEN BY EMINENT ELGINEERS

A watch is an indispensable part of me, but the one watch—the watch of watches—the best watch ever—an Elgin in a hunter case—was purchased by me just after I had sold the secret of the high explosive Maximite to the United States Government in 1901.

On the crystal, right between me and the time of day, I had photographed the face of my wife as she was when I first met her—the loveliest face in all the world, which has since haloed all my hours.

I carried this watch for about five years, when one day, in a crowded trolley car, during a savage February blizzard, some light-fingered fellow working that crowd took my watch, and when I next looked for the time, I found I had only the end of the chain.

Well, I bought another Elgin, restored the photograph, and thus far I have avoided losing it to the light-fingered gentry.

I like a good time. Time is my keeper, so I like a good time-keeper.

—*by* HUDSON MAXIM

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

We feel that you are doing a great injustice to us in claiming, through your paper and the articles of Mr. Hall, that our frog came from Salome, and we insist upon some kind of statement that this frog came from the Salt River Valley and is not a desert frog.

With every good wish, and trusting to hear from you very promptly, we are

Cordially yours,

H. B. WATKINS, *General Manager.*

A Good Town Gone Wrong

SALOME, ARIZONA.

TO THE EDITOR: Phoenix used to be a Pretty Good Town, a real Live, Wild Western Village where a Man could Scare up Some Excitement and have a Good Time—but it is sure going to the Deuce since Jerry Elliott and Colonel Watkins got to running the Chamber of Commerce as the President & General Manager, respectively and with No Disrespect to them. They have got so used to claiming everything for Phoenix, à la Los Angeles, that they don't know no better and now they are trying to claim my Frog and writing in to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that I stole Him from their Ranch. I don't believe either one of them ever Had a Ranch.

I can remember when you could Have a Good Time in Phoenix and all the Cow Boys and Miners come from All Over and Irrigated Up at the old Palace and the Anheuser and the Adams Bar and Invested their money in the Red and the Black and single O and Double OO on the Green at the Roulette Department and Deposited their Savings in the Faro Bank and listened to the Canary Birds Sing and Everybody was Happy—and the Indian Squaws used to come to Town and Set Around by Goldberg's Store selling Beads and Baskets without Nothing On, and Tourists used to come from Back East just to Look at Them—the Indian Beads and Baskets.

The Phoenix Chamber of Commerce has changed All This. It seems to Think that Phoenix is a Little New York or Chicago. All the Irrigating is Done in Ditches Now, or down some Dark Alley, and the Cow Boys is Picking Cotton and Jerry Elliott got the City Council to Pass a Law making All the Squaws Put on Shoes when they get to the City Limits and Wear Blue Mother Hubbards when they Come to Town, for fear Somebody will get Shocked and Talk about Phoenix. There ain't a place in Town where you can Tie a Horse and the streets is all Paved and Cement Side Walks running clear out into the Country now. They had a Cow Boy Arrested the other day for Wearing his Spurs and Scratching up one of their New Cement Sidewalks. And yet they Brag about What a Town Phoenix is.

I was talking to a Tourist the other day, leaving Phoenix. He said he come clear from Massachusetts just to Get Out West and see some Frontier Stuff and Cow Boys and Indians and Old Prospectors and such stuff and he was Disgusted because he said Phoenix was Worse than anytown in Massachusetts, everything New & Modern and All Polished Up and Nothing Interesting No More like what he had Come Out West to See, so he was Going over to Hollywood looking for Something Wild. I guess he'll find it—but I'll bet it won't Look Like a Horse or an Indian.

No, My Frog never Come from Phoenix—but if he did he Showed Good Judgment in leaving Phoenix and coming to Salome, Where She Danced. Once and for All, My Frog belongs to Me. I found the Egg up in the Owen's River Valley and brung it Home with me, thinking it was a Duck Egg, and I Set it under a Hen. She Died the Day he Hatched, but I took a Couple of Drinks of Cactus Juice with the Thorns On and decided to Make the Best of it. Most Folks with Families will Know about How I Felt.

As near as I can Make Out, My Frog was Mothered by a Hen and Fathered by a Duck—and he Looks Like the Devil but He's Brung me Luck. I'm his Step Daddy, but every time I look at Him I have to Laugh—and if a Man can just Keep on Laughing Long Enough he is Bound to have Good Luck, Sooner or Later. It's the Folks that Belly Aches all the Time that has the Bad Luck—and even if you don't have Much Good Luck, you can get a Lot More Fun out of Life as you go along if you can Laugh and keep on thinking that you are a going to have Good Luck Some Day. That's what Me and the Frog thinks About It—and we have a Pretty Good Time, even if he is Seven Years Old and Can't Swim—and Neither Can I.

—DICK WICK HALL,
A Editor & Alias Arizonan.

DRAWN BY NATE COLLIER

Sad Fate of a Generous Man on Tag Day

Jabbervoltic

'TWAS static, and the radio phones
Did roar and rumble on each wave;
All quinsy did their monotones
Acoustically rave.

"Beware the Jabbervolt, my son!
The chords that grate, the bars that blat!
Repair the Two-Tube set, and shun
The spurious Rheostat!"

He took his Antennæ in hand,
Long time his aerial trouble sought—
So rested he by his battery
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in crystal thought he stood,
The Jabbervolt, with tongue of flame,
Condensing through a coil or two
Cacophonous became.

He guessed! He knew! Away he flew
And quelled that blighter tuning in
With words so plain he'll ne'er again
Make diabolic din.

"Hast thou signed off the Jabbervolt?
Come to my arms, my radio boy!
O ampère day! Kilo! Kilaye!"
Marconied he in joy.

'Twas static, and the radio phones
Did roar and rumble on each wave;
All quinsy did their monotones
Acoustically rave. —*Geoffrey W. Cox.*

The Future Looks Bright

"I'VE just got back from visiting my boy Ashbel in New York," remarked Samuel Tilden Simmons, the well-known real estate man, as he pulled out his chair at the weekly luncheon of the Central City Rotary Club.

"Ashbel has a studio-stable apartment: you see, he's an author and bookkeeper. He said he lived that way because atmosphere is necessary for a true artist. I asked him how he figured that affected him

"But Ashbel's really doing right well. He makes enough as a bookkeeper so that the author part doesn't cost me much. He says he is working on a novel that'll surprise the literary world, but he doesn't want it known in the East for fear some of the big publishing houses'll pester him to death with offers. He said he'd a sight rather publish it at his own expense than prostitute his art.

"You've got to admire fellows with a spirit like that. They're whirlwinds in an office or foundry, once they come to."

—*McCready Huston.*

Easter Signs

EASTER has come again;
Early bees hum again;
Brooks, no more dumb, again
Sing with a shout;
Gardens are crocusing;
Anglers are focusing
Eyes upon trout.

Ways are not slippery;
Songbirds are chippery;
Gowns full of frippery
Show in the shop;
Airs are not grip-pety;
We can go hippety-
Hippety-hop.

All of the scenery
Soon will have greenery;
Every small beanery
Savors of shad;
We never saw berries
Like these fresh strawberries;
Let us be glad!

Spick as the spats we view
Are the spring flats we view;
Sometimes the hats we view
Give us a shock;
Maids on each avenue
Beam, for all have a new—
Have a new frock.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

Drab Ballads

XII

LAST night, at the Sorghum Corners Opera House down here, PILLAR & POST (BITS FROM GRAND RAPIDS, GRAND OPERA & GRAND LARCENY) sang with great success, the ancient folk song entitled:

OH, MISTER BURGLAR, PLEASE DON'T ROB MY BABY BROTHER'S BANK

'Twas midnight. All within the house were sleeping,
When a burglar through a window made his way.
With stealthy tread upstairs he came a-creeping
To the room wherein two little kiddies lay.
One of them was wakened by his prowling—
A golden-haired, sweet miss, who left her bed
And faced the crook, undaunted by his scowling—
Then to that individual she said:

REFRAIN

"Oh, Mister Burglar, please don't rob my baby brother's bank,
But take the pennies I have saved in mine."
The burglar looked quite sheepish, realizing he was rank,
For he had children, too, who were as fine.
Then breaking down, he telephoned headquarters:
"It serves me right on Blackwell's to be isled.
While I wait the wagon, chief,
I will sing that anthem brief:
(Close harmony)
OH, FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD!"

—*Harry G. Smith.*

A certain tune
Is coming soon:
ONLY A POOR CHORUS GIRLIE.

"One Shot" Lubrication System

This is the way you oil the Cleveland Six chassis

ASIDE from the Cleveland Six there is no other car of which the chassis can be kept permanently and perfectly lubricated *without the use of grease gun or oil can and without any form of manual labor!*

One Ton Pressure

In this revolutionary six—which has literally electrified America by its sensational power, speed and stamina—you simply step on a plunger and the job is done.

Winter or summer this simple, two-second operation flushes a measured dose of oil into every moving part under one ton pressure.

Four fillings of the reservoir with crank case oil are ample for a whole year's driving.

Hailed by thousands of owners as the greatest improvement put into motor cars since the self starter, the "One-Shot" Lubrication System *alone* merits a call on the nearest Cleveland Six dealer. Ask him for the revealing booklet, "What they all say about 'One-Shot'"; or we will mail it on request.

"One-Shot" on all Models

Whether you select the $895 Standard Six Touring, or the $1695 Special Six Sedan De Luxe, you enjoy the convenience of "One-Shot"—just as you enjoy the phenomenal performance, the notable grace and beauty, and the almost uncanny roadability that is winning all America to the Cleveland Six.

"Oil Your Car—

—at 60 Miles an Hour"

(The "One-Shot" Lubrication System is licensed under Bowen Products Co. patents)

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY · CLEVELAND
Export Department, 1819 Broadway, New York City — Cable Address "Cleveauto"

CLEVELAND SIX

Standard Six
Touring Car . . $895
Four Door Sedan $1195
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Special Six
Coach Premier . $1295
Brougham . . . $1545
Prices f. o. b. Cleveland

Time Favors
BLAW-KNOX
1881
44 Years of Proof!
In 1881 the inventor of the Blaw-Knox steel building designed and built the first all-metal building of galvanized sheets and employing an interlocking expansion joint. It is this same principle which is employed in the modern Blaw-Knox design.
The Origin of Blaw-Knox Buildings
This building—the first all-metal structure on record—was exhibited by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association on Huntington Ave. Boston in 1881. It was called the "Sheet Metal Pavilion" and was fully described in all the principal journals of the day. From that "pavilion" and that design has come into being every time tested enduring steel building ever made.
All-purpose One-Story
Steel Buildings

Modern, one story industrial buildings are being made of steel. They outlast those of wood, are **firesafe** and more substantial, and cost no more to erect.

But in selecting your steel building make sure it is ***rust-protected*** to give long life. You should expect at least twenty years' satisfactory service—even without painting. Refer to the Bureau of Standards Circular No. 80 which recommends that zinc coatings (galvanizing) should be given preference when the object is protection against corrosion.

Service Records Prove Value

The joints should be weather-proof and provide for expansion and contraction. The roof sheets should be without holes, and every design feature should insure dependable service and long life. Ask the sales engineer to show you **actual service records**—not mere laboratory tests. Steel buildings vary widely in material and design. You cannot be guided by appearance, cost or theory. Time, records, condition after years of hard service—these are the only proofs of value.

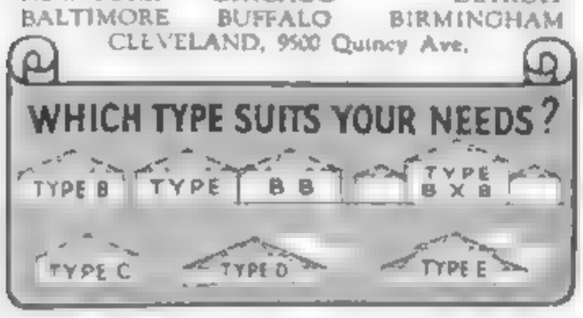
Blaw-Knox is the **time-tested** steel building whose design and service date back through a half century of experience and proof. Blaw-Knox buildings have survived through every kind of test. Blaw-Knox is proud of its service record. It is open for your inspection.

Exclusive Design Features

Galvanized sheets, with concealed edges; shop-riveted structural frame; standardized unit construction; flexible, interlocking expansion sheet joints; roof sheets without any holes; standard, interchangeable window and door panels; Fenestra steel sash; galvanized kalomein doors; leak proof, shop-built skylights; non-combustible, rust-protected, weathertight; simple and speedy erection, low cost, low upkeep and permanent. Furnished in any type and size—all steel or steel and masonry—any combination of windows, doors, skylights, ventilators.

One order—and complete service from plan to erection. Send for catalog today.

Blaw-Knox Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
661 Farmers Bank Building
District Sales Offices
NEW YORK CHICAGO DETROIT
BALTIMORE BUFFALO BIRMINGHAM
CLEVELAND, 9500 Quincy Ave.



HICKS, D. D. S.

(Continued from Page 42)

point. So the ensuing conversation was laconic.

"What luck?"

"Missed her."

"Too bad. Try again tomorrow. No time to lose."

"I will."

"'S fine."

Until slumber brought release Merle wondered why on earth he had said he would try again. But having uttered the ill-considered words, the habit of paying all obligations left him no alternative.

Thus it came about that Alice Woodward discovered him following her again the very next evening. Now the office of Peck & Silverman, in spite of its large assortment of valuable services, all of which it stands ready and eager to offer, does not even claim that it produces, or can produce, shrinking violets. The plain truth of the matter is the truck drivers often march right up to the railing and bawl out, "Where's them receipts?" They know Alice Woodward is a lady—but they must have them receipts. The point to be made is that Alice when confronted with facts was no shrinking violet. Having arrived at a point directly in front of her home she turned abruptly and faced the startled young man.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked cordially. "Be one of the perils of a great city?"

"No," he answered, smiling weakly. "I was just trying to catch up with you and invite you to dinner."

"Not this evening, I hope."

"Well, yes, I intended to suggest this evening."

"I'm very sorry. I already have my ticket for the theater. Some other time?"

"By all means. May we say definitely Friday evening? That's day after tomorrow."

"Certainly. And may I ask where? You'll pardon me, I'm sure, but I shall not have much time to dress. I can plan to better advantage and save time by knowing in advance."

"Of course," McQuaid agreed. "And, by the way, speaking of dressing, I wonder if you would wear blue. My uncle seems to think it is the only correct color for a young lady and ——"

"Will your uncle be with us?"

"Yes; we're going to dine in our home on Riverside Drive."

"That is very nice indeed."

"I particularly want you to meet my uncle because you resemble the pictures of his favorite sister taken at about your age. He ought to have young people around more frequently anyway. We live there by ourselves."

"You live there by yourselves?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. McQuaid, I think I'd rather not."

Alice Woodward departed abruptly and disappeared in the doorway while he stood staring after her, dazed. Now the plan was—as everyone except Alice knew—to have a party of eight, four young men and four young women. If only she had not turned upon him so suddenly he would have explained all this; in fact, it seemed to him at the moment that he had at least intimated it, but somehow the whole interview must have gone awry. All arrangements for the dinner party had been made; the other guests invited; it remained only to capture the one whose presence was most desired.

Doctor Hicks had said it would be perfectly simple; the invitation really should have been given and accepted on the preceding evening. Thinking it over even for the fifth time McQuaid could see no reason why the plan should have failed. In this confused state of mind he entered a telephone booth to communicate with Doctor Hicks as follows:

"I have just talked to her."

"'S fine."

"She says positively not."

"Then pay her. Darn it all, hire her! Make it a business proposition straight out, blue dress and all. Buy the dress. That's better anyway. The chances are she'd have come in some kind of an orange outrage and ruined everything. Put it right up to her, cold cash, yes or no, plenty more available."

"I'll do it," McQuaid agreed, infected by the élan of this spirited plotter.

And under the sting of injustice his wits began to work with the profitable directness which characterized him in his rôle of attorney at law. He proceeded at once to his office and typed a document.

The following morning at ten o'clock Miss Woodward looked up from her typewriter and saw him standing near her desk.

"Good morning," he said briskly, at the same time reaching into his leather brief case. "Will you be so kind as to make a copy of this at once? No carbon is required."

Miss Woodward clamped the two plain sheets of paper to the metal device on her desk and began copying mechanically:

"Dear friend: Timothy McQuaid, my uncle, is ninety-two years of age. He is in full possession of his faculties except that I note a steadily and rapidly decreasing interest in life which occasions alarm for his welfare. I am deeply indebted to him for kindnesses beyond enumeration and feel it incumbent upon me to do all within my power to prolong and brighten his life.

"To that end I have formed and am now carrying into effect a plan, the details of which I must lay before you, in the hope of winning your coöperation. It is my belief that the presence of young men and women, once, and perhaps twice a week, will stimulate his interest and pleasure in life. I have therefore made arrangements for seven persons of my acquaintance to gather at his home every Friday evening for dinner, and such other entertainment as he may suggest. In this group of seven are three young women and four young men. It is my plan to complete this group by adding to it one young woman who must have certain very definite characteristics, must do certain things, and must dress precisely as directed.

"Specifically, she must wear an Alice-blue gown; she must appear as my guest for the evening, but immediately engage my uncle in conversation and give him virtually all of her attention. She must resemble photographs of his sister taken during her youth. Because of these requirements the undersigned will feel obliged to pay fifty dollars to this guest for her attendance at each of such dinners, though the nature of this contract must remain the secret of the two contracting parties. The hereinbefore mentioned gown will be selected by the guest, at a cost not to exceed two hundred dollars. I have found a young woman of the highest character and necessary appearance, possessed of all the social graces required to discharge this task, in the person of ——"

Here the page ended and Alice flipped it off. The second page contained only the following words: "Miss Alice Woodward, to whom this communication is respectfully addressed, with an earnest request for her earliest possible reply, tomorrow being Friday."

As soon as her typewriter ceased clicking McQuaid rose from his chair and said, "Is it ready?"

Alice extended the copy and original. He examined the copy line by line, arriving finally at the last page, on the bottom of which was typed: "Accepted. My error. Sorry. Phone this evening. Name in book."

Then he said, "Thank you, Miss Woodward," placed the papers in his brief case, and made his usual businesslike exit.

"Anything wrong?" asked Mr. Silverman, looking up from his desk just as the door closed.

"No, sir. Everything O. K.," Alice replied.

Her smile was even more convincing than her words, for, to tell the truth, a most absurd and humorous notion had just come into Alice's usually sober head. She was wondering if Mr. Silverman could dance, and if so, whether he would like to break into the morning routine for ten or fifteen minutes; she was wondering whether, in fact, it wouldn't be good for him.

In a telephone booth downstairs in the corridor McQuaid was saying to Hicks, "Everything is arranged."

To which Hicks replied, "'S fine."

There was another telephone conference that forenoon, during which Alice said, "I won't have any trouble about the dress. I know the very one I want. I could even telephone for it; I'm a standard size. But for heaven's sake don't leave an order for it. Send the money in an envelope and I'll deliver your change. I pay cash for my clothes. And, I might add, up to this time it has always been my own cash."

McQuaid could feel himself blushing as he agreed.

"I'll call for you Friday evening in the family bus," he said.

And that is what he did, thus creating quite a sensation in the neighborhood. News was carried in two dialects and four languages, including the Scandinavian, from one end of the block to the other. The family bus proved to be one of those elongated affairs with seats so far in the rear that a speaking tube was used in communicating with the isolated chauffeur.

Alice viewed her escort in evening clothes and this mechanical chariot with a jumble of emotions, one of which she expressed to herself thus: "Here goes my reputation."

The neighbors often wondered why Alice chose to reside in such a block, but since none of them enjoyed her acquaintance there had been no opportunity to ask. The explanation, however, was very simple; this had once been as pleasant a neighborhood as Manhattan afforded. Alice was born and reared there. However, it had changed year after year until she was the only remaining resident who had picked flowers where now stood rows of dingy red brick buildings with the architectural lines of packing boxes. Their flat roofs were gaudy with family washings and billboards, the latter erected for the edification and instruction of passengers on the Elevated trains that passed near by. Billboards flourished in such numbers that, viewed from Alice's windows, they partially obscured one another. This overlapping explains how it happened that one morning she read the following astounding proclamation in letters varying between one and three feet in height:

A WOMAN'S LOVE IS A MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCTION THE WHOLE WORLD CONTAINS TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE TO BE EATEN AFTER SHAVING DELICIOUS AND NOURISHING

Alice often remarked the tendency toward cannibalism of these overlapping billboards. On one occasion she read:

GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS TOASTED TRY THEM WITH PURE MOLASSES.

At other times the jumbled words were humorous in a crude way, such, for instance, as:

VOTE FOR JUDGE SMITH THE CODFISH YOU LIKE BEST FOR THE SUPREME COURT

Once the Woodwards were the aristocrats of this neighborhood. Alice remembered her father bending over books illustrated with mysterious drawings, each line and angle named A or B or C. Now she was an orphan. She had fallen into the habit of regarding the billboards as her family and neighbors. There was one kindly old gentleman who smoked a pipe and looked right down on her bed. At first this was a trifle uncomfortable, but he was such a benign person she adopted him as an uncle. Eventually the old man and his pipe retired in favor of an athletic blond heartbreaker whose eyes twinkled as much as to say, "I see you, you little rascal."

Just by way of pretending he was a member of the household Alice wore a dressing gown while combing her hair. There was also a black mammy making pancakes. Alice addressed the black mammy as her maid. Another of the billboard neighbors examined her hosiery twenty-four hours daily. Next to her stood a woman who was always washing something in a porcelain basin. Alice hated that smiling face before it was torn down; she also did her own laundry work.

For some of the older settlers of Billboardville, however, Alice felt that seasoned affection which comes only with years. There was, for instance, a bank. Year after year she noted that its assets and liabilities balanced to a penny, very much like her own. If the assets increased, so did the liabilities. She had a fellow feeling for that bank, struggling along so patiently. She hoped it would have a good season and eventually be able to proclaim assets far in excess of liabilities.

(Continued on Page 68)

DURANT FOUR
for VALUE

THE JOY OF CLIMBING HILLS ON HIGH

This comes to the owners of Durant Cars.

Hills that demand shifts to second gear in most cars yield easily to the flexible power of the Durant Motor.

Without strain or knock and with only a slight extra pressure on the accelerator the Durant mounts long, steep grades and passes higher priced cars whose owners are busy shifting gears.

In addition to this exceptionally powerful, quiet motor, the Durant has a chassis that throughout is of most substantial and satisfactory construction.

It is as reliable and as nearly trouble-free as that of any car on the market.

The design, finish and interior appointments are in keeping with the high quality of the engineering.

At the new low prices, the Durant offers great value per dollar of cost.

PRICES
f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

Touring	$830
Coach	$1050
4 Passenger Coupe	$1160
Sedan	$1190

DURANT MOTORS, Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Broadway at 57th Street

Dealers and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

FOUR GREAT PLANTS: ELIZABETH, N. J. - LANSING, MICH. - OAKLAND, CAL. - TORONTO, ONT.

It's a delight to drive a Durant

A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

MONROE

HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

THE Monroe is essential to every business office. It is not limited to any special class of work. Guarantees the same unfailing Speed with Accuracy in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication or Division.

Your business may be banking or textiles, engineering or importing, mining, milling, railroads, hardware, a retail store or otherwise. Your figure problems may be invoices, inventories, cost finding or foreign exchange, payrolls, percentages, etc. No matter. The Monroe is at work in thousands of offices comparable to yours, solving problems like yours, assuring the same unfailing Speed with Accuracy on all figure-work and saving its cost many times over.

It will pay you to investigate. Ask for a Free Trial.

Monroe Calculating Machine Co.
Woolworth Bldg.
New York, N. Y.

Monroe Machines and Service are available in all Sections of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World.

(Continued from Page 66)

As Alice and Merle drove through the white-light section of Broadway that Friday evening she saw many familiar faces.

"Look!" she exclaimed merrily, "there's Uncle Bob!" Her finger indicated a billboard.

"And Cousin Gerald!" Another billboard.

"And Aunt Agatha!" Up to this time Merle thought her sport very entertaining, but Aunt Agatha's expression was sinister. She suggested several of his own aunts.

"And there's Cousin Myrtle!"

"Heaven help you!" groaned Merle. "Have you got a Cousin Myrtle too?"

"Yes, but I don't like her much. She is always washing."

"Well, that isn't so bad. Mine is always being arrested for speeding, and then sending for me. She'll break her neck some day. And the delay is annoying. That's what I think of Cousin Myrtle."

Alice peeped at him with laughing eyes.

"You are not very fond of your family, are you?" she asked.

"I should say not. Are you?"

"I'm very fond of some of them."

"Is it a large family?"

"Yes, very."

"Do they all live here in New York?"

"Quite a lot of them, yes. But they are scattered everywhere. I meet them wherever I go."

"That's terrible."

Alice laughed, but Merle was gloomy and silent. He had hoped this girl, or any other girl he liked, might be an orphan.

As they glided along Riverside Drive Alice observed that the scenery was precisely as shown in the motion pictures. She very seldom saw that part of New York City.

Her entrance into the reception room was a triumph. Beyond question she wore the prettiest gown present, and Timothy McQuaid's little eyes opened with unmistakable pleasure. In that instant Alice knew her task would be easy. Sitting in a high-backed chair Uncle Timothy looked like a queer little shriveled eagle. One got the impression that perhaps in his prime he might have been six feet tall but was now not over five. He had simply dried up without bending. His manner at once became bright and cheerful, although his thin lips and nose made him look like a bird, and baldness suggested an eagle.

While introductions were in progress Alice caught glimpses of the scene in a full-length mirror, and again felt she was seeing a motion-picture show. Dinner was announced within a quarter of an hour and she found herself seated between Merle and his uncle. Merle launched into conversation with the other guests, but all Uncle Timothy's remarks were for Alice.

Doctor Hicks called attention to this by looking very sternly at his young friend, then raising and lowering his eyebrows. When the first opportunity offered he said, "I guess you'll admit I know a thing or two." Uncle Timothy was, at the moment, in the midst of a story; while Alice was either enjoying it or giving a perfect imitation.

"Hicks, you are a genius," Merle said. "I bow very low."

Ten o'clock found Merle and Alice again seated in the family bus.

"You have inspired him, Miss Woodward," he said. "He begged me to insist that you come again very soon. He hasn't for weeks talked as much as he did this evening. I am very, very happy about this little dinner party. I hope he didn't bore you"

"Not at all. I think he's delightful. We have quite a flirtation under way."

"Then I may count on you for next Friday evening?"

"You may."

"I'm so happy I'd like to sing."

Again when they were near her home, Merle exclaimed, "You just can't imagine what this means to me! I love that old man, even if he is my uncle."

Impulsively he seized her hand and held it until the car stopped, then accompanied her to the door. They were about to say good night when he surrendered to another impulse and kissed her forehead.

That wasn't precisely what he wanted to do, but it served to bring a frightened admonition: "Be careful! What if the family should see you!"

This was sufficient to send the young man on his way, chin-deep in gloom, while Alice, in high spirits, peered through a window at a new billboard and giggled when she read: "Ninety nine and fifty-six hundredths per cent pure." Quite irrelevantly she remarked: "Yes, and he's the one I want"

As he tumbled into bed that night Merle also uttered an epilogue for an eventful evening. He said: "Poor girl, she also has a family. Too bad. She certainly is a fine girl."

Three more of these dinner parties found the same guests assembled, but as they were precisely alike, even to the fluttering kiss implanted upon Alice's cool brow, additional details are unimportant. There would have been a fifth dinner party but for the arrival of a telegram announcing the death of Aunt Lucy. This telegram came to Merle's office and he proceeded at once to his home to inform Uncle Timothy.

Merle found his uncle seated before a window, staring out across the Hudson River.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "I've been thinking about you—and that girl. She will make some lucky man a wonderful wife. Suppose we have a little codicil fixed up—just some little thing, you know—as a souvenir of these happy evenings."

His nephew nodded assent. Adding codicils to his will was one of Uncle Timothy's favorite occupations.

"Why don't you marry that girl?" he next demanded.

"I can't afford a wife."

"Rats!"

"Not on my income."

"Your father had ten dollars when he was married."

"Yes, but that must have been a week's board."

"H'm. A week? Well, for him perhaps, but I think I could have done better than that. Maybe two weeks."

"Nowadays it wouldn't buy ham sandwiches for a week."

"Quite right. Quite right, Merle. But you're doing well. Some day you'll have lots of money. If it were my affair, though, I think I'd take a chance and marry that girl. Fine girl."

While this conversation proceeded Merle was searching his memory for something specific on the subject of breaking news gently. How does one break news gently? Details were utterly lacking.

"I have bad news, Uncle Timothy," he finally announced.

"Bad news, eh? Well, I've had lots of that in my time, and always survived." He was smiling, which made the task doubly difficult.

"Aunt Lucy died this morning"

Uncle Timothy's smile slowly faded and he gazed questioningly at his nephew. His face became ashen and his eyes expressionless.

A minute passed before he spoke, but then his voice was steady.

"Lucy said she was going to die. She wrote me a letter about it."

The old man was vain about his ability to rise gracefully from a chair, but this time he rose slowly and tottered to a small desk, where he seated himself and picked up a pen. Peering over his shoulder Merle read:

"My dear sister: You must not let this weather depress your spirits. As soon as spring comes you will feel better. I think of you daily ——"

The pen was scratching calmly on and each letter was nicely rounded, for Uncle Timothy came of a generation that learned penmanship. Suddenly he tossed the letter into the wastebasket. Merle was shocked at the change in his appearance. In these few minutes he had become a mere mummy of his former self. Merle hastened away and drove to Aunt Lucy's home. There he discovered that every detail of the funeral had been arranged by Aunt Lucy long before her death.

"I haven't seen much of you lately," Uncle Timothy remarked when his nephew returned. "You've been sparking that girl."

Merle did not know what to say, therefore he said nothing, which Uncle Timothy accepted as a confession. Finally he remarked, "Lucy is dead." Merle was startled and uneasy. "We had good times together when we were young," Uncle Timothy added. Another long silence, and then: "I must take a nap now."

He slept during most of the ensuing three days, and died on the fourth.

On the following day Judge William K. Slavens called upon Dr. Wesley Hicks. He was a portly, solemn person who fumbled with a black ribbon attached to glasses that were even more impressive than those worn by the dentist. They looked at each other with professional interest.

"I have been unable to get in touch with Merle," said the lawyer. "He declines to answer the telephone and refers me to you as his next friend. I think he ought to know about his uncle's will without delay, lest it upset any plans he may be making. He was to have inherited the residuary estate which ——"

"Was to have inherited!" Doctor Hicks exclaimed. "Didn't he?"

"No."

"Excuse me, judge. Let's sit down. I can't stand up. This is a blow."

"Yes; so I feared. You see, the residuary estate would not have been large; Timothy McQuaid had great confidence in Merle's ability to succeed; but the prior death of ——"

"Yes, yes, I know. It changed everything."

"Quite. But I started to say that a Miss Alice Woodward will inherit the residuary estate in accord with a change in the will which was made very shortly before the old man's death."

"Miss Alice Woodward!"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"Very well, judge. A charming and beautiful girl"

"Well, I have informed her of her good fortune, and it seemed to me that Merle ought to know of his misfortune at once, because he might be intending —— You see, I know the boy, and while all this is scarcely formal I wish to save him any possible embarrassment later. Merle and this young lady ought to confer before that horde of relatives becomes active. I understand they are friends. Perhaps—but then I merely want to inform the young man. May I depend upon you?"

"I'll manage to get to him, judge."

"Thank you. Good day."

"Good day, judge."

Doctor Hicks lighted a cigarette, and, after the manner of men with plots on their minds, went into a sort of trance. But it was characteristic of Doctor Hicks that he always emerged with a solution. In this instance the solution was not to reach Merle at all, but to wait very patiently for several days—which he did. When the period of time called for by his plan had elapsed Doctor Hicks sought Merle and dined with him.

Over the consommé he said, "Well, everything worked out all right. But I guess it would have done so anyway"

"I'm not so sure of that," McQuaid said. "I bought you that motorboat you were admiring"

"You did! When?"

"Three days ago."

"Then why rob me of three days' use of it?"

"I didn't have the heart to struggle over to your office. I'm blue."

"Very foolish! Of course it's a loss, but the old man had everything he wanted out of life, which is a lot more than most of us get."

"I'm not talking about Uncle Tim."

"Then what are you talking about?"

"I'm in love."

"With Alice?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you marry her?"

"She's in the same fix that I'm in—has a mass of relatives. Hicks, I can't go any more relatives. What's more, I never won a battle with them in my life. So far as I know there isn't a reason in the world why her father and mother shouldn't greet me like a long-lost son when I show up with a ring and license, but take it from me, they won't. I'll go out the window ears first. I tell you, relatives are the greatest curse of the civilized world."

"How do you know Alice has all these relatives? Have you seen them?"

"No, but she mentions 'the family' in a certain way that puts me on notice. You can't fool me, Hicks, on relatives. Blast 'em! Whenever I hear anyone say 'the family' in that resigned, downtrodden, broken-spirited tone of voice I know what he is talking about. I've been through it all. I'll bet she sits up half the night copying things for them for nothing."

"But just what relatives has she ever mentioned?"

"H'm, let me see. Well, for one, an Aunt Agatha. She pointed out a picture on a billboard and said that was Aunt Agatha; terrible creature with the well-known iron jaws common to aunts. Don't I know 'em?"

(Continued on Page 70)

You bet! He'll be there Saturday

HE'S always on the job for the big play-day of the week; and for the first bell every morning at school.

No stay-at-home days for him on account of sore throat.

Because he and his mother have learned how to keep sore throat away—during the coldest days of winter, as well as during the slushy, flu-days of early spring.

Just a simple precaution does the work. And that is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a daily mouth-wash and gargle.

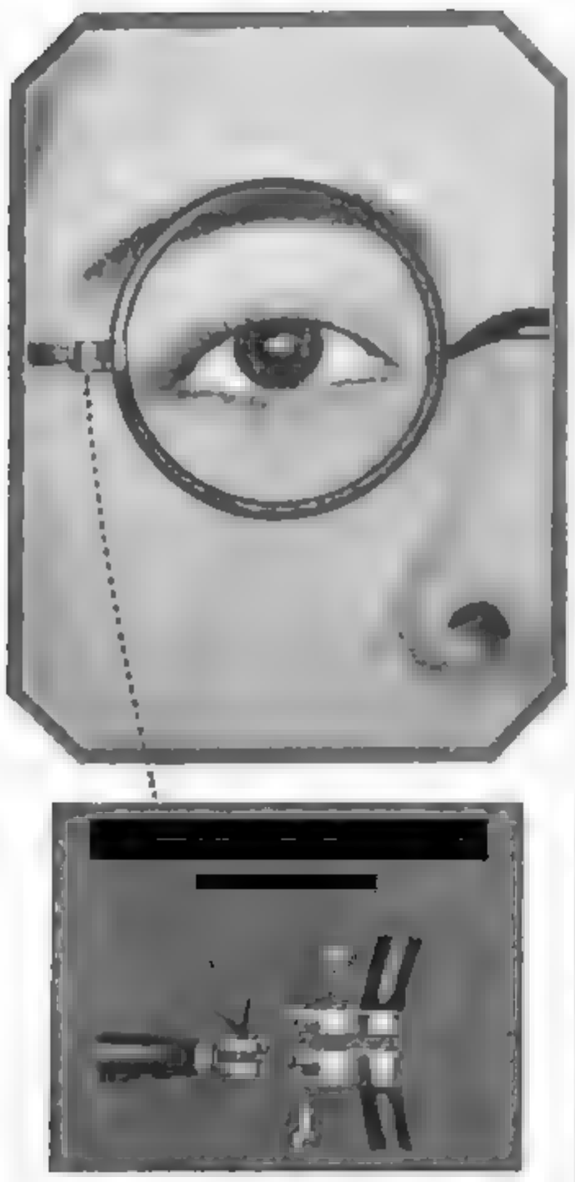
So often it will ward off a bad case of sore throat and the more serious ills that may follow.

Sore throat is a nuisance—and, usually, it is the danger signal of other troubles that start with throat infections.

Listerine, the safe antiseptic, will put you and your family on the safe side. So do not be without it. It has dozens of other uses—all described on the circular that comes wrapped around each bottle.
Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE —the safe antiseptic

LISTERINE is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.



Do your spectacles have a trouble zone?

DO YOU have cause to complain about your spectacles?

Wobbling frames that provoke eye-strain and weaken your vision. . . . Weak frames that snap without apparent cause at a crucial moment. . . . Frames that cost you money for frequent repairs, that cost you valuable time and jeopardize your sight. . . .

Twintex Shur-ons are the right answer to such spectacle troubles. The end-piece is scientifically constructed to safeguard your eyesight. The "trouble zone" is adequately protected by a double-grip, double-brace, non-wobbling joint.

Examine the end-piece of Shur-ons at your optical specialist's and you will understand why Twintex Shur-on spectacles, once fitted properly, are sure to stay adjusted.

Send for an authoritative booklet, "Style in Glasses"—describing many different types of spectacles and eyeglasses.

SHUR-ON OPTICAL CO., Inc.
Established 1864
Rochester, New York

Shur-on

ALL TYPES OF SPECTACLES AND EYEGLASSES

Continued from Page 68

"I'll have to look into this."

"You'll have to look into this?"

"Yes, I. In other words, little me. Or to express it more appropriately, Dr. Wesley Hicks, the eminent psychoanalytical specialist."

"What are you going to look into?"

"I'm going to see if she has any relatives."

"What makes you doubt it? Would anyone in her right mind claim relatives if she didn't have them?"

"Yes."

"Well, there is a special ward at Bellevue for such cases with psychiatrists in attendance—also keepers and straitjackets."

"Do you know what I think?"

"Hicks, nobody knows what you think. Never ask that question again."

"I think she's an orphan, a very lonely orphan, a poor girl with as fine a soul as anyone could imagine, and no one to play with."

"Even so, she wouldn't want relatives. Nobody can play with relatives. They bite."

"But she hasn't any and doesn't know that they bite. She wishes she had some relatives."

"In other words, you think she's crazy."

"Not at all. It's what we specialists call a case of wish-fulfillment; harmless exercise of the imagination; that is to say, it happens to be harmless in her case. Anyway, I'll look into it."

"If I asked you as a special favor, would you be just as well pleased not to?"

"No. I'm going to look into it. You could do it just as well, but you are in love with her, therefore too timid and flighty. I'll have to do it myself."

"Well, how will you go about it?"

"I shall address the young lady cordially but firmly and say, 'Miss Woodward, have you any relatives? If so, name them. State their place of residence.' That's all."

"And you don't think I could do that?"

"I'm sure you couldn't."

"Before you start, will you give me just one chance?"

"Certainly. But only one. Name your date. And report immediately thereafter. As a man of science this case interests me."

"Very well, I will ask her to go driving with me tomorrow evening."

"Then that's settled."

"I hope so."

But in order to make very sure that it would be settled Doctor Hicks telephoned Alice that evening and said, "Don't tell him anything about the will. He is a changed man, Miss Woodward, now that he thinks he isn't penniless. He is going to propose. I can see it in his eye. He's been wanting to for a long time. So whatever you are going to do with his proposal, do it without knowledge of the will. You know nothing and neither does he. Understand?"

"I think it is a very good suggestion," Alice agreed.

As the McQuaid family bus climbed Storm King Highway above the Hudson River on the following evening Merle again captured Alice's hand.

"I'm going to marry you," he said.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"On rather short acquaintance, isn't it?"

"Three years."

"But you didn't see me until about two months ago."

"I saw you the first day."

"No one would have known it."

"To be blunt about it, Alice, I was broke."

"You'll inherit some money?"

"Yes."

"Will it make much difference in your—in your way of living?"

"Lots."

"For instance?"

"I'm going to marry you."

"And then?"

"I want to go to the opera every night for a season and see what happens during the second, third and fourth acts. Uncle Tim always left after the first."

"I think that would be heavenly."

"Then you will marry me?"

Alice would have said "Yes" if she had been allowed the fraction of a second necessary, but Merle's timidity had departed. An hour later the chauffeur peered cautiously over his shoulder and decided that he was the only person present who had the slightest idea about where they were or the direction in which they were moving.

Eventually, however, a billboard reminded Merle of a question he had intended to ask.

The billboard was Aunt Agatha, and the question was: "Must I speak to someone before we can be married? If so, I hope it isn't Aunt Agatha."

"Merle, she's a billboard. I haven't any family. I'm an orphan. Not even a cousin within hailing distance."

"Oh, glorious! Are all of that great big family you talked about billboards?"

"Every one."

"Wonderful! We'll drive down there and I'll defy them. It's my first and perhaps only chance to win a family battle."

Alice laughed.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said. "You want to defy the family, but I want to do something really wild and flapperish for the first time in my life. Let's drive all night and get married just as soon as the license bureau opens in the morning. Is that too crazy?"

"No. I like it."

And that is how it came about that they were already married when Judge William K. Slavens read the will before the assembled relatives, most of whom glared at the dainty young lady known to them as Miss Alice Woodward.

TILLICUM

Continued from Page 38

myself a bally fool, so tonight I told 'em—and only just before I came off to the yacht! They know that two days' work straight ahead will put them in."

"Too bad; but that's that," said X. Anaxagoras philosophically. "Only, my son, remember this: A first-chop, dyed-in-the-wool hunch is always worth serious consideration. Its other name is intuition, and real intuitions are things that come through us and not merely from us."

"Well, I know one way," next said Marshall grimly, without attention to his brother-in-law's cosmic philosophy. "We'll just take possession here and put a stop to things on our own hook until we can get proper authority. I've got eight good husky men who'll stick, and there's we three. That ought to be enough to hold down one fat man and one thin man."

But Arbuthnot shook his head.

"It might be done," he acknowledged; "but not without trouble and considerable risk of bloodshed. There are all told fourteen of them, and they are well armed."

"The Chinks?" cried Marshall, astonished. "Would they fight?"

"The situation, as I hinted to Mr. Tomlinson ——" began Arbuthnot, and stopped bewildered at the chuckles that greeted the name.

"Stage name," explained Betsy. "You see, we, too, have been playing parts. Haven't you noticed? Oh, do tell me you've noticed! I couldn't bear it if you hadn't!"

Arbuthnot flushed.

"Well, of course," he stammered, "my first impressions ——"

He was stopped by another burst of laughter.

"Own up," cried Betsy, "that you thought you had never seen such utter fools!"

"As I hinted to Mr. ——" Arbuthnot avoided the point, and hesitated for someone to supply the name. Marshall started to do so.

"X. Anaxagoras," interposed the healer of souls firmly. Then, as Arbuthnot looked a trifle bewildered, he added, "You see, I am Greek—in spirit."

"Quite so," agreed the engineer somewhat vaguely. "Well, these men are not ordinary coolies; they are North-of-China men, quite a different breed of cats. They are a fighting race; the sort that make the bandits. And they are armed to a man."

"Don't they take their orders from you?"

"They speak no English. They take their orders only from their headman. They would, I am convinced, obey him implicitly in anything. In fact there is no doubt in my mind that they were smuggled for the purpose. They would fulfill my orders as far as mining work goes. Beyond that, no."

"Are you certain? Have you any real reason for thinking so?"

Arbuthnot grinned at X. Anaxagoras.

"It's a hunch," said he.

"And the headman?"

"Hwang Tso. He sits like Buddha, fat and silent, dressed in brocade and jade. I have got no further with him; I know nothing; but—and this again is only a hunch—I place him as the third partner in this enterprise."

A thoughtful silence fell.

"A plan might be made, nevertheless," said Marshall at last—"surprise. I confess we are not well armed—a sporting rifle or two. But for all that, we might take them unawares."

"We might, but it's dangerous. A single slip would ruin things. It would at least give the whole show away. And Hwang Tso is the devil. He just sits, but apparently he knows everything. I don't know, of course; but I'll wager that your men could not leave the yacht, day or night, without his knowing it."

"And the celebrated piece of the Utter Damn Fool has in his case failed of its audience," put in Betsy keenly.

"We can try it," Arbuthnot summed it up; "but if there is any other way, I should advise leaving it alone."

Again they fell silent, reviewing the situation. Marshall, after a moment, arose and began to pace the cabin. Once or twice one of the others started to speak.

"Just wait a moment, please," he muttered. At last he repeated himself. "This is how I see it," he said crisply. "We've got to stop this work, and stop it immediately. We haven't the force to do it openly—or at least we won't try that if we can do anything else. The chances of wholesale surprise are agreed to be too risky. But if we work right we ought to be able to grab off the leaders, and without them the thing will stop."

"You are suggesting?" queried X. Anaxagoras.

"Kidnap 'em," said Marshall shortly; "kidnap Maxon and Barker. Keep 'em out of the way until we have time to act."

X. Anaxagoras shot a triumphant glance at Betsy, who sat up straight.

"Do you know you are suggesting a crime, my son?" he inquired softly.

"Crime? What of it?" snorted Marshall.

Betsy clasped her hands.

"What a pity one of them isn't a real-estate man!" she observed to her brother.

Marshall stared at her a moment, then brushed the remark aside as an idiotic irrelevance.

"You say they take orders from you as to the actual work?" he asked Arbuthnot. "Well then, here's what we do: We give out that we're going on a fishing expedition over Sunday—that's day after tomorrow—and we invite you all to go. You accept. Any hitch in that? Will they object to your going?"

Arbuthnot considered.

"They might."

"If we invite them all three, I think not. They'll figure they can keep track of things, and it would tip their hand unnecessarily to order you to refuse. They'll figure they'd better play the game as it lies and hope to get rid of us soon. Then once we have them aboard we'll keep them there."

"And Hwang Tso? If they don't come back Monday, what's to prevent his going ahead?" pointed out X. Anaxagoras.

"I'm coming to him. Does he know anything about the actual situation underground, do you think?"

"Not from me," said Arbuthnot. "I only told—er—Eats-'Em-Alive."

"Well, I'm banking on his knowing nothing from Eats-'Em-Alive. I'll bet Barker doesn't either."

"I think you're right there," agreed Arbuthnot with growing eagerness.

"All right. When we get them safe aboard you go ashore and you tell old Buddha that we've decided to go on up to get some contraption you need in the mine, or supplies or something, and won't be back for a while, and that the work is to stop until we get back—so you can supervise it. Think you'll be able to put that over?"

Arbuthnot nodded thoughtfully.

"I think so," said he.

Continued on Page 72

Another New Studebaker

THE FOUR-DOOR BROUGHAM

$1465

f. o. b. factory

THE NEW Studebaker Standard Six Brougham combines practical convenience with distinctive appearance—at a very moderate price.

Its four wide doors enable all five passengers to enter or leave the car with perfect ease.

Its full width front and rear seats provide ample leg room and restful comfort.

There's smartness in its long, low lines—in the body, lacquered a rich, deep blue to contrast with the satin-black top—in the oval rear-quarter windows with ornamental top braces—in the genuine deep-napped Millais upholstery.

And there's the brilliant performance of the world-famous Studebaker Standard Six chassis with its 50-horsepower engine. Tremendous power—pick-up—smoothness—flexibility—never before equaled in any other car within hundreds of dollars of its price.

Built complete—body and chassis—by Studebaker, thus eliminating middlemen's profits and enabling Studebaker to offer this Brougham at a much lower price than you would have to pay for any other car of comparable quality.

There is a Studebaker dealer near you who will be glad to show you the Brougham. See it before you buy.

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Is your car easy riding?

Your car rides easier if the springs are right. Springs absorb the jars and jolts. The best springs for you are those that do it best.

Harvey Springs are not just put together. They're carefully and scientifically designed and assembled to give the utmost in shock-absorbing service.

There is more than just your comfort at stake. The life of your car; the continued comfort and satisfaction you get from it; and the size of your repair bills depend to some extent upon the springs.

Get in touch with a Harvey Spring Service Station. There's one near you. You'll find them good people to know.

HARVEY SPRING
& FORGING COMPANY
Dept. C Racine, Wis.

Get from your dealer the Harvey Spring Oilers and Oil. Take care of your springs. Send for our booklet "Springs and their Care"

TRY HARVEY SPRINGS ON YOUR FORD

Harvey RACINE

(Continued from Page 70)

"Well, there you are!" cried Marshall, and looked at them in triumph.

"It's a nice little scheme," Betsy interposed at this point, "and you're a bright little man. But I see one fatal error—you'll never in the wide world induce Eats-'Em-Alive to go. He'll send Fleshpots to spy, but he'll stay strictly at home." They stared at her blankly. "Owing to my unparalleled success in the rôle of fascinating ingénue, I've shattered his nervous system," she added.

Her auditors digested this in a rather dismayed silence for a few moments. X. Anaxagoras sighed.

"Indubitable truth is recognizable by the cosmic satisfaction it conveys," he said at last. "I am forced reluctantly to the conclusion that my sister on this point is eternally right. Eats-'Em-Alive will not come."

Marshall made a gesture of impatience.

"He'll come," he said meaningly. "He may not come willingly, but he'll come! You leave that to me!"

"We'll have to be careful," warned Arbuthnot.

"I'll plan it. It ought not to be too difficult. A little elementary strategy and a little strong-arm work. We'll fix it."

"What'll your men think of all this? What can you tell them in explanation?"

"My men will be with us. I shall tell them the truth," replied Marshall confidently.

"Of course they'll be technically liable—accessories and all that sort of thing—in case it comes to a show-down."

"I'll explain all that. But they won't mind."

"You seem very certain. I don't know. I wish we could pull it off without them. One hint from any of them would upset the whole apple cart."

"Don't give yourself a moment's concern about them."

"Well," the engineer conceded, "we'll try out the fishing-trip idea and we'll hope for the best. Once Barker is aboard peacefully, we'll do our best to get the other."

"How about Hwang Tso," asked Betsy thoughtfully, "if he should go ahead with the work while we are gone?"

"I think that is all right," Arbuthnot assured her. "I doubt if he knows details of the work, or the hopes for it. He will receive orders, and it would not occur to him to jeopardize future relations by disobeying them."

"Then it's all settled," said X. Anaxagoras, "and there lacks only one thing."

"What is that?"

"A moving-picture camera," he replied.

But Marshall leaned eagerly forward, the light of inspiration in his eyes.

"Look here!" he cried. "Why not go on with it? After we put the kibosh on this nefarious raid, why not go ahead with the work and get the loot—and turn it over to Mrs. Maxon? She need not know about it until it is all done; and nothing is disturbed over there and the preparatory work is all finished. I say, that's what I call a fine idea!"

"Glorious!" agreed Betsy enthusiastically.

"Top hole!" chimed in Arbuthnot.

X. Anaxagoras shook his head.

"You forget, my son, that however nefarious the designs of our sweet-tempered friend, and however completely circumstances seem to prove them, nevertheless, after all the smoke has cleared away, these works do undoubtedly belong to him. He hasn't really stolen anything yet. I don't know if what he has already done is a crime or not, but I shrewdly surmise that it amounts merely to trespass or some other civil ground for action. And when the said smoke does clear away, if we are discovered occupying his property we shall be liable for trespass ourselves."

But Marshall was still in the full tide of inspiration.

"Why are you so sure it belongs to him?" he demanded. "Listen here! Isn't it more likely, since the whole thing is a raid, that they merely came here and started to work without taking over the land from the Government? They wouldn't want to file on it, even under assumed names. They might be traced, and it might attract attention to the district; and anyway, what would they gain by it?"

"By Jove, Jerry, you've hit it!" cried X. Anaxagoras, bringing his fist down on the table with a thump.

"And if that's the case," swept on Marshall, his eyes shining, "what's to prevent our filing on the land and just calmly taking over the whole show?"

Betsy jumped to her feet and ran around the table to imprint a kiss on her husband's brow.

"Jerry," she said solemnly, "you are a genius!"

"I shall write a letter to Mrs. Maxon," outlined X. Anaxagoras rapidly, "and Arbuthnot shall deliver it in person. She will, I think, do in this matter as I advise. Arbuthnot can explain the whole situation. Once convinced that neither will she be bothered with the matter nor will the country be disturbed, she will consent. I shall see to that."

"How can you be so certain," asked Betsy doubtfully, "in view of what you have told us of her?"

"I will see to that," repeated X. Anaxagoras with a quiet emphasis. "You will find that she will read the letter and will listen to Arbuthnot." He spoke with an authority that could not be doubted. And for the briefest possible instant there seemed to be a pause in the rush of the crowded minutes, and something of the old dignity and mystery that had always attached to one phase of the complex personality that called itself the healer of souls struck across the spirits of those present. It was only during an instant, however, for X. Anaxagoras went on at once: "I have a certain influence with her, which circumstances have given to me alone, but which I have heretofore been chary of spending because the practical application has lacked. But I myself think," he went on, his voice slightly raised, "that you will be an awful ass not to dig some worms before you go. Sometimes these trout are deucedly silly, you know, about taking a fly; and if you really want fish, you must give the dear things what they want—eh, what?"

Deliberately he produced from his breast pocket the forgotten monocle, screwed it into his eye and looked blandly from one to the other of their astounded faces.

"Come aboard, Mr. Barker, do!" he called. "We were just plannin' a fishin' picnic, and we want you to go."

XVI

TEN minutes later the two visitors left together, Barker with a drink under his belt. They stepped ashore and beached their boats and walked in silence up to the point where their paths diverged to their separate dwellings.

"Nice people," then said Barker.

"They've got some good fishin' tackle," said Arbuthnot.

"Good company," suggested Barker.

"If you like that kind," assented Arbuthnot indifferently.

He made a wry face at himself in the darkness and felt a vast desire to swing just one on his companion's fat face, for even this implied disparagement of those who had been his hosts went against the grain. But he realized he must play the game.

Barker wished him a good night and thoughtfully approached the veranda, where the glow of a cigar end marked the presence of his partner, awaiting his report.

"Well?" growled the latter when the fat one had clambered up the steps and with a sigh had sunk into a chair.

"They were talking fishing fifteen to the dozen," replied Barker in a low tone. He had discarded his customary joviality and spoke conversationally.

"They're all fish crazy. There's no harm in that lot. They're planning going fishing somewhere in the yacht over Sunday. They want us all to go."

"Did they say when they were going to get out of here?"

"I gathered they'd bring us back and then pull out."

"The less we see of them the better. And I don't want Arbuthnot running around with them. I don't like it."

"Well, Sunday will finish it."

"I don't like him off with them all day Sunday. You can't tell what might slip out. It's taking a chance."

"I don't know how you can help it, R. K. They've got it all fixed and Arbuthnot's been crazy on this fish business ever since we've been here."

"He's in my employ, isn't he?" growled Eats-'Em-Alive. "Why should I let him neglect the work to go on picnics?"

"It's Sunday, you know."

"Well, after what he told us today, there's a good excuse for working Sunday. I think I'll just issue orders."

"Of course you can do that," agreed Barker doubtfully; "but I wouldn't if I were you. It'll just make him ugly, and it might make him suspicious. Better let it alone."

Eats-'Em-Alive uttered a few choice apostrophes of the fate that had inflicted him with tourists at this critical point. Barker made no further comment. After the fireworks were over, Eats-'Em-Alive grumblingly admitted that for once his companion might be right, and that it would be better to let matters take their course.

"But I want you to be on hand every second of the time," he warned; "no monkey business. Keep your eyes open. I don't like it."

"All right, R. K.; it's all one to me," replied Barker. He grinned. "I'd just as leave drink aboard as stay ashore. I told them I'd invite you too. Want to go?"

"Want to go!" snorted the other. "You couldn't hire me to go, and you know it. Don't you begin to ask fool questions!"

"Nevertheless," submitted Barker, "I think it wouldn't be a bad idea. You haven't called on them yet. It would look more natural if you'd preserve the amenities."

At this hint of insistence Eats-'Em-Alive exploded.

"I will not go! Just fix that in your head. There are limits to what I can stand, let me tell you that, young fellow!"

"But don't you think——"

If Barker's ideas of what his companion thought were at all indefinite, that quality was eliminated by the latter's reply. By means of emphatic and contemptuous epithets which possessed the amplifying richness and variety of a page of Roget's Thesaurus he set forth his opinion of fishermen, fish, sports, yachts, tourists and the whole blasted pestiferous round of their activities. Only this would have had to be a privately printed Roget, for circulation solely among the robust and hardened. When he had finished, all doubt must have been removed from Barker's mind.

"All right," he agreed resignedly, "I'll go out in the morning and tell them. But I don't know what they'll think."

"Think!" roared Eats-'Em-Alive. Then, at Barker's warning gesture, he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, which, however, did nothing to deprive his remarks of emphasis. "Think!" he repeated in this altered tone. "I don't care what they think. They'd better stay away from me or I will tell 'em what *I* think. The interfering jackasses, butting in and jeopardizing all we've got at stake here! Why should I be aggravated listening to their asinine chatter? Tell me that. It's bad enough to see them, let alone trailing around with them. God knows, I'm a reasonable man; but that's one thing I won't do. That's your job. You're fitted for it," he said with a sneer. "Fix it up to suit yourself. That's the way it is, and that's the way it's going to stay. This is your job, not mine. Go to it!" He threw away his cigar and stamped into the house.

The foregoing interview has been so closely detailed in order that one may admire the translation rendered the following morning by Barker when he rowed off to the Spindrift. He delivered his partner's regrets to Betsy, whom he found to be the sole occupant of the deck. X. Anaxagoras and Marshall were, as a matter of fact, in the forecastle, where were gathered every last member of the ship's company, including Plutarch and the Ram. As Roggsy and Noah had also followed through a natural curiosity, the tale was complete. Marshall was unfolding to this group of respectable American mariners reprehensible proposals of piracy and kidnaping, with due warnings of possible penalties and liabilities, which former were being accepted with every symptom of joyful acquiescence, and the latter totally disregarded.

Mr. Maxon, Barker told his hostess, was really disappointed; but some work had come up in connection with the mine which made it quite impossible for him to leave. He was therefore forced to deprive himself of a great pleasure. Betsy received this statement with a vivacious high-handedness.

"What nonsense!" she cried. "Of course he can come if he wants to. You tell him for me that I shall think he doesn't want to come. I won't hear of it! He's got to come!"

Barker labored five minutes to emphasize the point. He talked against a rush of words, most of which seemed to indicate that his charmer was not hearing what he

(Continued on Page 74)

Is your roof a stepping stone for Fire?

GRIMLY he picks his way from one inflammable roof to another. Home after home is left a tragic scar.

Asbestos will protect your roof from the spark-laden heels of this fearsome marauder.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles are not only fire-proof but they are weather-proof and permanent as well.

This permanence makes Johns-Manville Asbestos the most economical roofing you can buy—for any building. And there are Asbestos Shingles, Roll Roofings, or Built-up Roofings for whatever building project you may have in mind.

Re-roof
for the last time

Lay Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles right over your old roof. You save:

time!
money!
labor!
litter!
dirt!
damage!

and you have re-roofed for the last time.

The coupon will bring descriptive literature.

Johns-Manville Inc.
292 Madison Ave.
New York City

Kindly send me your booklet, "Re-roofing for the Last Time."

Name

Address

B. E. P.—3-28-25

Through **Asbestos** and its allied products
INSULATION
BRAKE LININGS
ROOFINGS
PACKINGS
CEMENTS
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Asbestos Shingles

JOHNS-MANVILLE INC., 292 MADISON AVENUE AT 41ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY
Branches in 63 Large Cities. For CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Children like milk this way

Children like the novelty of drinking milk through a straw. And, of course, it's more healthful. Straws prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion.

Thousands of schools use Stone's Straws in serving milk to children. At home, as well as at school, always use Stone's Straws when serving milk and other cold drinks. Used in the best homes everywhere. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package —several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co

GENERAL OFFICES WASHINGTON D C

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

(Continued from Page 72)

said; and if she did hear, was paying but slight attention to its import. It was a perfect example of the preoccupation of imbecility with its own self-centers. He perspired mildly on his conical bald head, but at last he got it over. Betsy sat up straight and held up one dainty finger.

"Very well," she said severely; "but you go straight back and tell him this for me: I insist that at least he come aboard before we start and drink with me to the success of the mine. He hasn't set foot on the yacht since we came in and I shall feel hurt if he doesn't."

Barker privately considered this an admirable compromise; but his thick hide was still stinging from the effect of his partner's sneers, so he stiffened his spirit to convey his certainty that Eats-'Em-Alive could not possibly get away even for so brief a call.

"Perhaps when we get back," he suggested.

"You tell him he must," insisted Betsy. "I've set my heart on it and I'm used to having my own way. If he won't come on the picnic with us, he must come out when you do and come aboard for a few minutes. He can take that much time from his precious business, and you needn't tell me he can't. And if he doesn't"—Betsy's manner became serious with the deadly seriousness of the spoiled woman—"I'll most certainly stay right here in port until he does! I'll go ashore myself and bring him! You tell him that from me. And if he tries to hide in his old mine, I'll go down and get him! So he might just as well make up his mind to do as I say, and I mean what I say too!"

She sat back with the air of a matter triumphantly disposed of. Barker eyed her with alarm. He knew women, and he knew that she would do exactly as she said. He experienced the aggrieved resentment probably felt by the grain of wheat which considers it really has nothing to do with upper and nether millstones; but he departed resigned to the fact that all things considered he would better deliver the message verbatim, even if it were sure to be all his fault.

Betsy watched his disconsolate dumpy figure droop its way toward the "place where the lightnings are made." A twinkle of deep amusement lighted her face. Then she arose and went forward to the forecastle hatch.

"Oh, Jerry," she called sweetly, across the murmur of voices, which instantly stilled, "I am sorry to simplify so delightfully plotty a situation, but you conspirators can put away your black masks. Eats-'Em-Alive is coming."

"What?" came back Marshall's voice after an incredulous interval. "Coming—willingly?"

"I didn't say willingly," replied Betsy; "but he's coming, and of his own accord."

Marshall's astonished face rose up the companionway to a level with her own.

"How does that happen?" he demanded.

"My secret," simpered Betsy. "He has been unable to resist my feminine charm. Men are so brutal and stupid in their methods. When it comes to the really delicate and subtle, women are so much better!"

She fluffed her hair affectedly and gave an approving polish to her nails in exaggeration of the manner she had been using with Barker. Marshall stared at her.

"You make me sick!" he exclaimed vehemently.

"Fie, fie!" chided Betsy. "Jerry, I don't know you. You're getting rude to your little wifie!"

"Oh, look here, Betsy," he pleaded, "for God's sake cut it! You've done that stuff so much I'm getting scared. You throw me into a cold perspiration after you've done it awhile. It must be hell to be tied to a woman like that!" he exclaimed fervently.

"Well," said Betsy, dropping her rôle, "it's wearing on me too. But go below and tell your little playmates it's all fixed. And you might modestly convey my opinion that I'm a wonder."

XVII

EATS-'EM-ALIVE came, but he came with just about that degree of geniality and kindly feeling as inspired a pirate of old boarding a ship determined to kill without quarter. And the hour was distinctly early, for the river which was to be their objective was ten or twelve miles up the coast. Benton was supposed to have the local knowledge in regard to that river, though, as a matter of fact, it was X. Anaxagoras who knew about it. The group on the yacht's deck watched the approach with considerable amusement and some relief. Though Betsy had been positive she had turned the trick, the others were not so certain; and an elaborate and desperate plan for an attempt at abduction had been perfected and the men instructed, in case he did not come.

"The festive undertaker," Betsy characterized their principal guest. "He'd be perfect in the part. I've not seen a glimmer yet. I'll make him smile yet if it cracks his face."

"Poor little Fleshpots is the fellow who's going to have the rough time," commented Marshall.

Arbuthnot, who handled the oars, was grave and imperturbable, though he tendered Betsy the barest flicker of a wink as they came alongside.

An air of suppressed excitement pervaded the yacht, for now every soul aboard her knew what was afoot. Roggsy did not know, but he quite perfectly got the atmosphere, and he was engaged in what his master called skyhooting. Rogg himself, together with another of the men named Pierce, and who also was possessed of enormous strength, received the small boat alongside. They continued to linger near the group, and after the latter had gone below they took their stations within call either side the companionway. It was felt that once the victims were aboard, no chances were to be taken. They fervently though secretly hoped there would be a row.

Barker's red face was smeared with smiles and his aura of joviality was winking, though evidently under a forced draft.

"Hullo! Hullo!" he hailed them. "Here we are! You see your message did the work, Mrs. Marshall! Triumph for your fair charms! He hadn't the power to resist!"

Truth to tell it looked for a brief instant as though the lost power might be restored at the last instant, but Eats-'Em-Alive finally climbed to the deck and stood grumpily waiting. Fleshpots scrambled as agilely after him as was possible for one of his model, for he knew the lubrication of his social manner would be instantly and most urgently required.

Arbuthnot began leisurely to ship his oars. But before he could follow the others, Betsy rushed animatedly to the rail. Betsy, from the moment the foot of Eats-'Em-Alive had touched the deck, had filled the entire circumambient atmosphere to an approximate radius of, say, a hundred feet with clamant but empty vivacity. She exclaimed over the pleasure and the honor, she voiced lamentations that he was not going along; she conveyed arch reproof at his obduracy; she deluged him with solicitude over his insistence on working so hard. Eats-'Em-Alive had not space to insert even a growl. All he could do was to lay back his ears and plant all four feet. Or, to change the figure, he could not face the hoselike deluge; he had to hump his back and shut his eyes. Then abruptly the stream was turned off and Betsy was at the side of the boat.

"Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot," she trilled, "I wonder if you could do something for me. I'm so stupid! But I'm afraid when I went ashore yesterday to exercise Roggsy that I left my red sunshade, and I'm going to need it so much. I think I left it somewhere on the beach. If you could ——"

"I think I saw it by the cookhouse, Mrs. Marshall," returned Arbuthnot promptly. "I meant to bring it. It's a pleasure."

Eats-'Em-Alive came gasping to the surface and grasped at a straw.

"Hey, young man," he called, "just wait a minute! You can take me ashore."

"Why, Mr. Maxon," cried Betsy reproachfully, "you're not going ashore for at least a half hour! They have to do all sorts of things yet to the yacht. You act as though you didn't really want to stay."

"And besides, old chap," cut in Marshall, "how's Arbuthnot to come off again—eh, what?" He laughed vacantly. "Had you there, old man!"

"And now," cried Betsy, "we'll all go below and drink to the mine!"

They descended the companionway in decorous enough order, and yet a very moderate imagination would have had slight difficulty in sensing a psychological bustling as though a large reluctant body were being gently but firmly herded along. The deck was left clear, except for Rogg and Pierce near the companionway and the members of the crew springing swiftly but in cautious silence to their tasks. Rogg looked at Pierce and Pierce looked at Rogg.

"She's a wonder," said Pierce cautiously, thus voicing spontaneously the opinion Betsy had requested Marshall to convey to the crew. Pierce, like the others, knew his mistress with the thoroughness of a year's voyaging on the same ship. "Hope the old boys make a dust-up. I'd like to take just one crack at old hatchet-face; he looks mean. Other one's not so bad, though. What do you make of him?"

Rogg tiptoed to the side of the yacht and spat overside, then he tiptoed back.

"Him?" he considered. "Well," he stated judicially, "he's considerable down by the starn."

Arbuthnot rowed rapidly ashore, beached his boat and walked up to the cook shack, which he entered. Hwang Tso, seated in his straight chair near the window, looked at him without turning his head. Hwang Tso was heavy and square and his round yellow face had no expression and his small black eyes looked dead, as though consciousness had been withdrawn to some point far behind them. He wore a hard round skullcap with a red coral button atop, and a wadded brocaded jacket of dark blue beneath which showed a thinner brocaded jacket of lilac, and lilac pantaloons tied close about his ankles with white tape. His hands were surprisingly long and slender for one so obese, and the pointed nails extended fully an inch beyond the ends of his fingers. On a low table at his left lay a Chinese smoking apparatus, and on a spirit lamp at his right was a small copper kettle for tea. Arbuthnot had never seen him other than thus since the whole crew had some months before come down the coast in boats. Here he sat all day long, bolt upright, his feet parallel, side by side. Quite motionless he sat except that at rare intervals his hand stretched out for the pipe or the tea. Then the brocaded sleeve fell back slightly and two polished bracelets of green jade tinkled slightly one against the other. Arbuthnot approached him.

"Hwang Tso," said he briefly, "now we go. I think mebbe-so we not come back one week, mebbe two week. You belong sit quiet. Men no work."

Hwang Tso surveyed him in silence for an interval.

"What for you go?" he asked at length.

"Must have powder. No powder, no can work."

The Chinaman again permitted an interval of silence.

"What for more powdy, plenty powdy," then said he.

"Powder he get wet," stated Arbuthnot; who had, parenthetically, himself attended to that detail. "No good."

Hwang Tso stared at him for twenty seconds without the slightest expression, but somehow a miasma of deep hidden curiosity or suspicion slowly filled the air.

"Missa Maxon he go too?" asked Hwang Tso.

"Yes, he go too. All go."

The miasma seemed to thin and dissipate.

"All light," said Hwang Tso; "we wait."

Arbuthnot picked up the red sunshade, which he had himself placed in the cookhouse the evening before, and departed, secretly lightened by a decided relief. Aboard the yacht, he found Marshall awaiting him on deck. He nodded reassurance to the young man, who immediately went forward. Below deck, the engines were already softly humming, and bursts of chatter—mostly from Betsy, with an occasional Barker bellow—came from the after cabin. He did not move to join them. Men forward softly threw a hawser overboard attached to a buoy. Marshall had decided not to attract undue attention by the racket of an anchor chain, and was leaving the anchor in place. The Spindrift slowly turned on her heel and glided toward the narrow opening to the lagoon. Rogg and Pierce exchanged a glance of disappointment.

XVIII

IN THE meantime below decks had been enacted a scene which any moron would have described as one of lightsome and care-free merriment. That is because the average moron has no spiritual antennæ whatever, and gains all his impressions solely from that which meets the eye. He would have seen a charming and vivacious, though perhaps excessively talkative young woman eagerly dispensing hospitality and light persiflage; and an amiable, good-looking, though undeniably somewhat boneheaded young man making

(Continued on Page 77)

Burroughs Calculator

+ ADDS
× MULTIPLIES
− SUBTRACTS
÷ DIVIDES

Price
$200

Increasing Preference

shown by leading concerns for the ***Burroughs Calculator*** is due to its high quality, speed, accuracy and durability. Operators like its light, easy key-touch and rapid action.

Smaller and lighter than any similar machine—takes no more desk space than a letterhead—weighs only eleven pounds—easily carried wherever needed—turns out more work with less fatigue.

Convince yourself by a demonstration on your own work without any obligation. Call our office or mail coupon.

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.,
6270 Second Blvd.,
Detroit, Michigan.

Please send me literature about the Burroughs Calculator.

Name

Address

better paper ~ better printing

He knows where they could have done better

Every time one of Lucifer Yourstuck's friends buys something, Lucifer tells him where he could have bought the same thing much cheaper

IF you don't know Lucifer Yourstuck, you know someone just like him.

If your wife buys a rug or an ice-box, or if you buy a suit-case or a bundle of shade trees, Lucifer will examine, mildly admire, and then tell you where you could have bought it for much less money.

He has a noisy contempt for your favorite department store. He has seen the kitchen of your pet restaurant, and he knows enough about your garage man to send him to jail. Your vacuum cleaner, your heating system, your roofing paint and your typewriter are all the wrong kind.

No matter what you buy, his mission in life is to make you wish you hadn't.

Can you blame the advertiser?

If now and then you get a letter from a manufacturer or a merchant telling you about his goods or sending you a booklet, remember why he does it.

He knows that his customers are beset by friends who will constantly try to persuade them to go somewhere else and buy something different. So merchants and manufacturers employ good printers and use good printing—booklets, folders, letters and package inserts—to keep you advised how to buy intelligently, and, having bought, how to use your purchase so as to get the greatest value out of it.

Give a fair share of your attention to this advertising that comes to you in your mail. It is intended as constructive help and is worth more to you than all the jeers and criticism ever uttered by the Lucifer Yourstucks of this world.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

The proper use of good printing in the production of direct advertising has been the subject of study and experiment by S. D. Warren Company for a number of years.

Booklets and brochures on various angles of this subject have been prepared with thought and care. A special series of these books issued during the current year as well as some others previously issued may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing direct to us.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

S. D. Warren Company
101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 74)

remarks whose utter vacuity was redeemed by their obvious well-meaning; and another young man who looked a good deal of a silly ass in a monocle and who, like most silly asses, had little to say; and a jolly fat man who was undoubtedly a Shriner or a Camel or something like that, and who was therefore—both by virtue of his physical make-up and his fraternal affiliatjons—a judge of good liquor, which judgment he was putting to practical test; and one who must be entitled to full consideration because the others all seemed to revolve about him while he remained both taciturn and grumpy—a millionaire at least. But his five senses would not have been adequate to report to him several other things. Such as, to instance one example only, that the little fat man was drinking less out of a desire for enjoyment than to calm his nerves. Indeed, our average moron would never have been able to realize that the little fat man had any nerves.

From time to time Eats-'Em-Alive attempted, without marked success, to get in a word edgewise. His remarks invariably had to do with the extreme desirability of his instant departure.

"Isn't that your engine going?" he cut in at one time. "I mustn't be keeping you, if you're ready to go."

"Oh, we're not ready to go," disclaimed Betsy. "They always run that thing ages before they're ready. They have to warm it up, or something. When they're really ready you'll hear the anchor chain rattle."

It was at this point that Marshall went on deck, making some vague excuse of seeing about it.

But this idyllic scene could not in the nature of things last forever. Eats-'Em-Alive happened to glance out of the porthole and the phenomenon of trees moving past engaged his attention. He leaped to his feet.

"What'sthis? We'removing!"heroared, and cast about him a baleful glance.

Betsy, unabashed, clapped her hands in childish glee.

"Now you can't help yourself!" she crowed. "You'll have to go with us whether you want to or not! It'll be such fun!"

Eats-'Em-Alive leaped toward the companionway, and for a moment it looked as though Rogg and Pierce might realize a hope after all. Then he turned fiercely on X. Anaxagoras.

"I demand to be placed on shore at once—at once, do you hear?" he thundered.

But X. Anaxagoras merely mounted his monocle and waved a languid hand.

"She's set her heart on your going," he drawled. "She's a jolly practical joker."

"This is an outrage!" snorted the older man, again turning to the companionway. But Betsy was in his way. She took the lapels of his coat in her two hands and looked up into his scowling visage coaxingly.

"Just to please me!" she cooed. "It's only for a day, and your horrid old work isn't so important as all that! Nobody's waiting for you back there; they're all here. If you don't sit down and act like a nice man, I shall really begin to think you don't want to go."

At this last, X. Anaxagoras gave vent to a queer gurgle which terminated in a cough. Eats-'Em-Alive looked vindictively over Betsy's shoulder at a very miserable Barker, whom he evidently suspected of complicity. The latter frantically made grimaces intended to convey his ignorance and innocence, and also an appeal to make the best of the situation without raising a suspicious row. This mixture was too complicated for the means of communication and resulted merely in a resemblance to guilt. Betsy took advantage of his instant's hesitation to force him gently into a chair

"There!" she cried triumphantly. "And you're going to thank me for making you take a nice little vacation. It was my very own idea to kidnap you this way in spite of yourself, and I think it was very clever. You wouldn't go any other way, so I had to use persuasion. You must forget all your cares now and have a jolly time with the rest. No, you needn't glance at poor Mr. Barker; he didn't know a thing about it; it was entirely my idea." Fleshpots cast a grateful glance at her. He had lost his ruddy cheer momentarily. "That's right," Betsy chattered on, "light your cigar and be comfy. We're going to have just a lovely time, and you'll do all the better work tomorrow for a nice rest. And I'm going to just devote myself all day to you as a reward."

At this last, X. Anaxagoras arose hastily and went on deck. Fleshpots cast about him a look of alarm over the thinning insulation between himself and his outraged chief, and scuttled after. Betsy was left alone, with full opportunity to fulfill her charitable promise.

XIX

THE Spindrift was in a hurry and the winds were light, so she ran all the way to her destination under power, arriving in a little less than two hours' time. Turning from the coast into a wide arm of the sea, from the borders of which arose high mountains heavily forested and crowned with snow, she proceeded toward a head where the highlands seemed to draw rather grudgingly apart to give room to a long deep valley; and where, from the distance, appeared a low strip of vivid green. This, as the yacht approached, turned out to be marsh grass, outlying for the distance of a half mile or so from the shore, through which could be discerned the silver glimmer of water marking lagoons and estuaries. Beyond it a dark cleft in the forest indicated where the river must emerge.

"There are often bear to be seen on flats like that," observed X. Anaxagoras to Arbuthnot. He lowered the glasses through which he had been peering. "Don't see any today, though."

The Spindrift crept in cautiously, the leadsman busy. Finally twelve fathoms was reported, and Marshall instantly ordered the hook down.

"Seems pretty deep to you, I suppose," observed Marshall to the young engineer; "but these rivers throw out wide silt flats, and mostly you're in deep water or none at all."

The yacht swung for a moment or so, then pointed her nose toward the distant river mouth, although the light breeze was blowing directly up the arm.

"You'd find the water overside quite brackish, especially at low tide," remarked X. Anaxagoras.

The basin was a cup of essential silence guarded austerely by the towering mountains and the dark forest; but a silence in which were permitted such iridescent gleams of sound as should not endanger its purity. Thus on the forested shore near at hand to the right a raven uttered spaced harsh croaks, and a song sparrow in the fringing salmonberry brush sang his cheerful song of little things; while from the more distant tide flats arose an uninterrupted conversational screaming and chattering of water fowl discoursing with vulgar volubility of broad jokes and little fishes. Nor did movement lack, for the breeze waves hurried by against the current waves, and the sea birds wheeled and rose and spattered and went visiting. Nevertheless, one had only to raise one's eyes to realize that here was the home of the absolute of silence and of rest.

The crew of the Spindrift, under Benton's direction, were getting the small boats overside. From below emerged Betsy and her victim. Betsy babbled as vivaciously as ever, but Eats-'Em-Alive appeared to be both depressed and exhausted. He called Barker aside, but so much of his truculence had dissipated that little Fleshpots obeyed the summons with less trepidation than he would have felt an hour before.

"Good heavens!" breathed Betsy explosively to the others. "I'm all wore out! You lazy spalpeens, to desert me so! I never worked so hard in my life. He's absolutely enveloped in a cloud of blue gas. I couldn't see him half the time for the awful aura he throws out. Surely our Mahatma must have recognized its poisonous emanations!"

"I don't see why you bore yourself," said Marshall. "We've got them; now we'll keep them whether they like it or not."

"That, of course, is the nice, simple, direct masculine way of doing things," assented Betsy; "but in the first place, I have no desire whatever to keep them; in the second place, there's no sense in putting ourselves officially in the wrong; in the third place, we have about two weeks coming of it and we might as well have some fun; and in the last place, it isn't artistic."

"What do you propose?" asked Marshall.

Betsy spoke rapidly for some moments, and was interrupted only by appreciative chuckles.

"I wish I might be here to see," said Arbuthnot regretfully.

"Unless I'm mistaken, it may be difficult to separate our friends from Arbuthnot without strong-arm methods," Marshall

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

is different from every other publication in America. It is an *interesting* weekly edited especially for people who live in the country. It is now bought by more than 800,000 readers who are attracted by its unusual editorial policy —and the number is constantly growing.

Every advertising or sales manager who is interested in reaching more than 800,000 Curtis-picked circulation should read an interview with Henry Ford by Samuel Crowther; "Buy Home Comforts—Not More Land" by Dr. H. C. Taylor of the U. S. Department of Agriculture; "The Surplus Myth" by Dean C. F. Curtiss of Iowa; and "The Cornstalk Brigade" by Harry D. Silver, Speaker of the Ohio State Legislature—all in the March 28th issue of *The Country Gentleman*.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Ma[illegible]ERS* *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

The American Constitution à la Carte

Order Any Amendment You Want

THEY are trying to pass an amendment to keep children from working. Now children didn't want to work, but they got tired waiting for somebody else to do it. If they would just put through an amendment to MAKE grown people all work, there would be no need to have this children one. Grown people stopped working without an Amendment or even a reason, so it will take more than an Amendment to start them. It will take a Miracle.

They are going to pass another Prohibition Amendment, somebody mislaid the rules of the other one. The 19th amendment made Women vote, some amendments make us do something and some keep us from it. No. 21 will give men with Knee Breeches the vote. About the 25th Amendment will prohibit smoking and when they do, 'Bull' Durham will bootleg for a dollar a sack. (I knew I would get that Ad worked in there somewhere.)

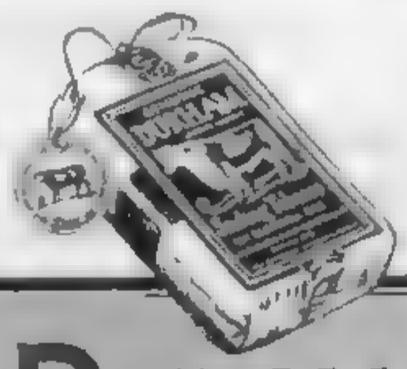
Will Rogers

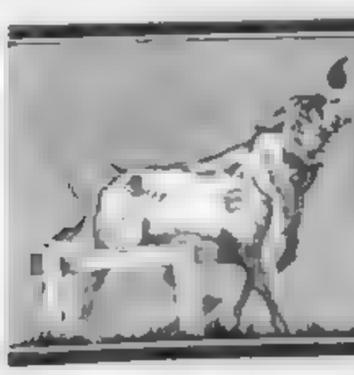
P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents





BULL DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

pointed out. "I fancy Eats-'Em-Alive intends to see to it that our interims apart are few and far between. We wouldn't get these words in edgewise if he hadn't forgotten everything else in his desire to give Fleshpots particular hell for getting him into this mess."

He glanced humorously toward the taffrail, where the vehement manner of the one and the dejected attitude of the other went far to bear out his surmise.

"I've fixed that," said Betsy confidently. "What do you think I've been working for for the past two hours? Fun? Or the savage desire of torture? No; I shall announce that I am going to have Mr. Arbuthnot in the same boat with me, and I'll guarantee Eats-'Em-Alive would rather swim than go along."

"How about Fleshpots then?"

"Fleshpots!" rejoined Betsy scornfully. "I'll manage him."

"Look out, they're coming!" warned X. Anaxagoras.

Betsy made her dispositions. She and Arbuthnot and X. Anaxagoras were to go in one boat, together with Eats-'Em-Alive. Eats-'Em-Alive resigned his place in favor of Fleshpots. The latter was fond of fishing; he was not. He thought he'd stay aboard and smoke. Vetoed. Mr. Arbuthnot, too, was fond of fishing, and two enthusiasts to a boat were too many.

"I'll tell you!" cried Betsy. "If you don't care to fish, suppose you and Mr. Barker go together, and I'll have one of the men row you. That's just the thing! And we'll meet soon for the picnic, anyway. But I know these fishermen, they've got to have a chance to try their luck first. Or I'll row you myself, and we'll let the man row Mr. Barker."

Eats-'Em-Alive, with an alacrity that was scarcely flattering and an obvious repression that was murderous, chose the former idea.

"We'll put Mr. Arbuthnot in the kicker, because he's the one the party is given for," Betsy planned on. "Rogg will row Mr. Maxon and Mr. Barker in the dinghy. That leaves the cutter for Jerry and my brother. They can bring up the lunch and things."

So it was arranged, and so carried out. The dinghy was dispatched first, because the kicker had to be installed and the lunch loaded into the cutter.

"Now," X. Anaxagoras instructed the young engineer, as soon as the disgruntled two were well away, "I think everything is set. You have the letter to Mrs. Maxon. The kicker will take you to the Kinsey Landing cannery, which is only about five miles north, and you can hire a gas boat to put you aboard the Alaska steamer for Seattle late this afternoon. You can file on the property while you are out. I think you ought to get through pretty promptly, and you can probably get the return steamer back. In that case you ought to be back in ten days' time. I don't know where the nearest regular steamer stop is from here; but you can find out, and hire a gas boat to bring you here. We'll be waiting. Here's some spare cash to start on until you can cash this check."

Arbuthnot stared at the bit of paper.

"I say," he remarked, "this is a pretty stiff amount."

"More than you need, I dare say; but you may have to make some sort of deposit on the land. I don't know much about such things. If there's likely to be delay or red tape, go to Aikens & Brownell; they'll attend to it."

Arbuthnot looked a trifle embarrassed and a little shy.

"I say," he blurted out at last, "do you know, I appreciate this. For all you know, I might simply take this and flit."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow," rejoined X. Anaxagoras emphatically. "We know a man when we see him."

Arbuthnot folded the check and put it in his inside pocket.

"In ten days—if possible," he said simply. "Good-by."

"And good luck," added Marshall.

Arbuthnot stepped overside into the boat. Betsy followed him.

"You know, I'm supposed to be with you," she reminded him. "I think I'd like the trip to Kinsey Landing and back."

X. Anaxagoras glanced at his wrist watch.

"You can make it and back by lunch time," said he. "You'll find us in the first bayou, about a mile upriver. By the way, how explain the absence of our friend here?"

"Why explain?" asked Marshall impatiently. "Let them lump it."

"How direct," murmured Betsy, "and brutal and inartistic! You leave that to me."

The kicker moved away. They waved their hands to one another.

"What devilment is she up to now?" speculated Marshall.

xx

AFTER a row of a short half mile from the anchorage the marsh grasses begin. They grow on what is at low tide solid land, but which the flood tide turns into a waving field of green beneath which is a glint of blue water. Channels lead in all directions, widening sometimes to small ponds, or narrowing to tiny creeklike passages. They twist and meander and merge and separate again, so that unless one is wise in the detecting of currents one wanders up many blind alleys and must return. When the high tide has banked up the water, one has not even this guide; so that one gropes as in a maze. The green grass waves above one's head, and over it one sees merely the distant forest trees and the mountains. One is shut into an intimate marshy world along with wild fowl that tower with a rush of wings when surprised, and with croak-voiced bitterns, and with marsh wrens that seem busiest when upside down.

Nevertheless, if one keeps a general direction, one finds that at length the various channels tend to converge, to unite. The current develops small eddies of a hushed secretive character. Along the banks grow willows and aspens, at first scattered and spaced, gradually drawing closer together, at last forming a bordering thicket. The marsh grasses have been left behind.

At this point, usually, one is taken in charge by a noisy kingfisher, that keeps just ahead, waiting on an outjutting dead branch at each bend, and rattling vigorously his watchman's alarm that all the world of furtive folk may know a stranger comes. Not that anyone seems to pay a lot of attention to him, unless it might be such people as the deer or bear. Certainly the winter wrens and the hermit thrushes continue to transmute into song that which the forest shadows guard. And in the smooth eddies the great blue heron, standing like a figure on a Japanese screen, diverts no iota of his intentness to inquire what the row is about.

Here the forest and the river together come softly down to the sea. The current is broad and smooth, stealing swiftly and quietly down as though to a surprise, saying nothing except in an occasional whisper to a stooping fir branch that dips, or an undertone of delightful chuckle where it parts about a snag or hurries by a point. Here, too, the forest and the river have made friends after the tumultuous and shouting warfare of the upper reaches. The trees come down confidently to the water's edge, leaning out to look at their reflections, dipping their old gnarled roots. To the very surface of the water comes the forest, confident in the peace here consummated. Gone is the no-man's land between the two, of ugly bowlders and shingle bars and the wide stark wrack of flood. Broad-leaved devil's-club, like tall lush tropical ferns, and saxifrage and salmonberry; red elderberries and thimbleberries, dogwood and aspen crowd through the tall and stately ranks of their elders to gather in a gracious multitude of little peoples unafraid where the water meets the land. They lean far out, and lave their feet, and dip and sway, sporting with the polished currents. And in turn the river ventures into the forest, so that, beneath the green, one can peer into mysterious bayous, dripping and still and twilit, where perhaps a lurking mother duck, with her brood gathered close and quiet about her, watches with bright eyes, hoping you may pass unobserving.

Rogg rowed the dinghy with long powerful strokes, making way against the current. His passengers sat glum and silent. They had no eyes for all the things we have been describing, nor, is it to be presumed, did they even see the depths of green shadow between the tall still trees, nor the blueness of the bits of sky, nor the dazzling gleam of high mountains glimpsed through rare openings. Trout occasionally made rings at the edge of silver eddies, and from time to time a great salmon, rejoicing on its way to the spawning beds, rushed upward with a mighty swirl and splash. As a presumably enthusiastic fisherman, Fleshpots appeared

(Continued on Page 80)

Watch Their Eyes

NOT so many years ago a boy was born in a luxurious home. His parents tried to give him every advantage that a boy should have. He loved Nature and delighted in long walks in the woods. One day when the boy was about thirteen years old a companion pointed out an interesting object. The boy could barely see it. For the first time he realized that something was wrong with his eyes and he told his father. Then came glasses and constant joy and astonishment at the bright new world with clean-cut outlines. All the wonders of the woods which he never dreamed existed were spread before his happy eyes. Books were no longer pages of letters with fuzzy tails. * * * * This boy was Theodore Roosevelt who became President of the United States.

If parents, such as his, for all their love and care and ability to provide for his needs, never knew that their son had defective vision, can anyone doubt that there are thousands of boys and girls today whose poor sight has not been discovered by their fathers and mothers?

* * * * *

Only 10 children in 100 at the age of nine years have even so-called perfect eyesight. Every one knows of course that a perfect eye is indeed a rare thing. *One* out of every *eight* school children has seriously defective sight or some disease of the eye which needs *immediate* attention.

If your child is the one out of eight whose eyes require attention you ought to know it. You cannot tell from the appearance of the eyes whether they are normal. And eyes are willing servants—they seldom complain unless they are severely overtaxed. Perfect vision does not always mean perfect eyes. Serious disease may be present and yet be unnoticed. Many of the eye diseases that lead to blindness are catching. If treated in time they can be cured.

School children are often careless. Impress upon your boys and girls the danger of using towels that have been used by other people. Try to keep them from rubbing their eyes. Great danger comes from infection and dirt.

The time to begin to protect the eyes is from the hour the baby is born. See that the doctor or nurse puts a drop of a prophylactic solution into the baby's eyes to prevent the serious disease commonly known as "babies' sore eyes" which often results in blindness.

Much of the eye trouble of later years comes from injury in babyhood. Never let the sun shine on a child's eyes—even when asleep. Baby eyelids are not sufficient protection. Diseases of childhood sometimes leave the eyes in a weakened condition. Children's eyes require attention during and after serious illness, especially measles and diphtheria.

Watch almost any group of boys and girls learning to write. Faces turned sidewise, soft cheeks almost touching the grimy paper. Little doubled-up fists clutching pencils within a few inches of their eyes. There is the beginning of eye-strain. Children are frequently accused of inattention and stupidity when the truth is they cannot see clearly. Wise parents guard the eyes of their children by having them examined every six months.

* * * * *

Get a good eye specialist. He will quickly discover whether your child needs eye treatment or glasses. If glasses are necessary he will prescribe them.

Many people are prejudiced against glasses for children. It is not true that "once they put them on they will have to wear them all their lives." By wearing glasses when they are needed the condition often is cured and glasses may be dispensed with.

You would not willingly deprive your children of happiness or joy in life and yet, unknowingly, you may deprive them of more than happiness. You may rob them of the power to be independent, self-supporting citizens. You may deny them possible greatness.

There are upwards of 100,000 blind people in the United States. According to the National Committee for Prevention of Blindness more than half of them are needlessly blind.

Only 20 of our 48 States have statutes providing for eye tests in schools. Less than one-third of the school children of the entire country have their eyes examined each year.

While parents may not suspect that there is anything wrong with their children's eyes it is sometimes easy for a teacher to detect difficulties. Teachers have an opportunity to watch the way the children use their eyes—to see whether they squint when looking at the blackboard—to observe whether they hold books too near their faces—to notice habits of rubbing or blinking the eyes.

Teachers are doing a kindly and humane act in helping to prevent misery and possible blindness when they notify the parents of children who need to have their eyes examined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free to any one who writes for it, a booklet, "Eyesight and Health" which will be found helpful.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Not even a glance at the heating plant for weeks at a time

Summer warmth is not a bit more carefree than gas heating! For with gas fuel *you can forget the heating plant for weeks at a stretch.*

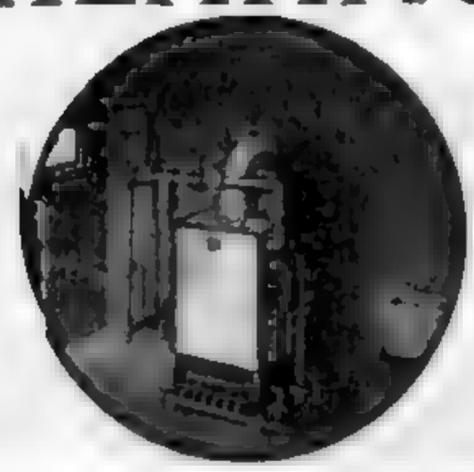
Dirt and worry and trouble in heating your home are needless. Use gas—in an efficient, built-for-the-job gas appliance. Day and night the temperature will be kept at the exact degree you wish—without even a *thought* of attention.

Let us tell you how gas heating is adapted to your particular home.

THE BRYANT HEATER & MFG. CO
953 E. 72nd Street Cleveland, Ohio

Branches in Principal Cities

BRYANT GAS HEATING



(Continued from Page 75

to be strangely indifferent to these phenomena. If he entertained any of the softer feelings at all, they were undoubtedly ones of fervent gratitude at the presence of Rogg, which prevented his companion from giving vocal expression to his own feelings, obviously not at all of the softer variety.

The dinghy proceeded methodically for nearly a mile. The current became faster, until Rogg was forced to hug the concave shore in order to make progress, pulling lustily across stream whenever he had rounded a point. The river had begun to chuckle and murmur in a low voice as though delighted at some secret it was hurrying to impart. Finally, with a dozen strong strokes of the oars, Rogg came to rest in the back eddy below a small island.

"Here's a good place, sir," he proffered.

Eats-'Em-Alive looked sardonically at his companion.

"You're the fisherman," he pointed out with a sneer; "get busy."

He lighted a cigar and leaned back as though washing his hands of the whole business. Fleshpots began reluctantly to assemble his tackle, jointing the rod, threading the line.

"Beg your pardon, sir, but haven't you got the reel on upside down?" inquired Rogg.

Fleshpots silently unthreaded and reversed the reel. He then proceeded to tie on a leader. It proved to be unexpectedly diabolical in the matter of kinking back on itself and catching on everything within its reach. Fleshpots' fingers were all thumbs. The knot he used was an improvisation. Rogg appeared to find it most interesting. He said nothing, but his obviously awakening curiosity, combined with Eats-'Em-Alive's fiercely contemptuous detachment, produced an atmosphere which Fleshpots found trying. The flies possessed loops; so did the leader. Fleshpots concealed his highly original method of combining these irreconcilable circles by turning his back.

"I'd cast down just where the two currents come together, sir," advised Rogg.

Fleshpots attempted to do so by waving the rod in that direction. The line twisted and snarled into a cat's-cradle effect and fell with a splash about ten feet from the boat. Fleshpots muttered something, hauled it in and disentangled it. Rogg stepped ashore, tied the painter to a rock and sat down at a considerable distance. The wisdom of his procedure became evident when Fleshpots in his next attempt managed to accomplish a back cast which swept devastatingly a wide area and ended by imbedding firmly one of the flies in the broad of the fisherman's own back.

Rogg approached and extricated the hook. Fleshpots looked red and flustered. Eats-'Em-Alive, coming to a belated realization that he was within a dangerous zone of fire, arose.

"If you'll just let me by, I'll go ashore and give you room," he remarked sarcastically; "you need it."

But Rogg was a kindly soul. He had been led to consider these men as a sort of human rattlesnake, but he found it within him to be sorry even for a rattlesnake when not rattling—at least for the fat rattlesnake. After extricating the hook from Fleshpots' coat he had a suggestion to make

"I think, sir," said he, "that perhaps I can find some grubs in some of these old logs."

He puzzled for a moment over Fleshpots' fly-tying methods, then gave it up and tied on a fresh leader to which he attached a bait hook.

"Just let that drop down the current, like," he advised, after providing the hook with the promised grub.

Fleshpots did so. A trout ingulfed the grub. Left to himself, Fleshpots would probably have attempted to heave the whole outfit over his shoulder into the brush, a procedure which he recalled from a dimly recollected boyhood, but which might have proved complicated with a six-ounce rod. Rogg, however, stood at his elbow and advised, so that in due time the fish was triumphantly netted. Fleshpots began to experience a certain uplift of the spirits, born partly of the stirrings of a primitive sportsmanship and partly of a feeling that the feat was a direct refutation of the malignant sneer on the face of the spectator on the beach. He discovered a kindly feeling for the simple sailorman, which was directly balanced by a suddenly discovered active antagonism for his partner. He'd show him! As for Rogg, it is regretfully to be recorded that his own motives were mixed. Partly, he was in his kindly way sorry for this futile little fat man; but mainly he, too, was secretly delighted to thwart the manifest satisfaction of the thin guy. Not that Rogg analyzed this; he was a simple soul.

So Rogg and Fleshpots had a good time, and Fleshpots lived in the moment and the two got to be quite chummy; while Eats-'Em-Alive was left to poison himself with his disposition, which he did quite thoroughly.

About noon the cutter, with X. Anaxagoras and Marshall, appeared working against the current. They drew up in the back eddy. Fleshpots, at sight of them, had hastily reeled in, so that by the time they had approached no evidences of the crime were visible; only the trophies.

"Hullo!" commented the healer of souls. "Pretty good, eh, what? Congratulations! Now," he proposed, "let's find a good place for the picnic."

They embarked in the small boats and pulled up the river a short distance, and so shortly came to a wider bayou than the ordinary, into which they turned. The water there was, of course, still and smooth. They landed among tall trees on a little outjutting flat, where there was no brush or bracken, and only a soft carpet of green moss. It was like a miniature clearing, with the denser forest behind. The bayou lay in front like a little river, with a tiny beachlet below the cutbank and a tall cedar for decoration just at the water's edge. The shadows in its great buttresses guarded a coolness apart from the damp warmth of the little flat or the baking heat of the sunned pebbles on the beachlet. Altogether a cozy and intimate and charming little stage for human action, with always behind, the great back drop of the forest, and the spring green of bracken and umbrella-leaved devil's-clubs against the massed sobriety of the firs; and on either side, fingers of the river that felt up into the woods, searching out the moisture-loving succulent things that delight to flaunt their essential tropicalness in this northern clime.

"What a deuced fine spot for a crime!" observed Marshall, stepping ashore. "Exquisite, eh, what?"

"Oh, lovely!" agreed X. Anaxagoras. "It's a fine country for crime, anyway—so much room. A fellow doesn't step on the toes of his fellow craftsmen as he does where it's more crowded."

Eats-'Em-Alive shot at the pair a swift glance of startled inquiry. Marshall's countenance exhibited an expression of complete inanity. Anaxagoras was gazing about him through his monocle with all the beaming vacuity of the silly ass. He grunted and heaved himself ashore. The sailors unpacked and spread out the lunch. One lighted a small fire over which he prepared to make coffee. Nothing was lacking except Arbuthnot and Betsy.

"Must have struck good fishin'," surmised X. Anaxagoras.

"There they come now!" cried Fleshpots cheerfully, his spirits rising at the prospect of food—and drink. "What's the matter?" he asked.

The latter question was elicited by the open and obvious amazement of his two hosts. They were staring down the river as though they could not believe their own eyes. What they saw was the kicker with its appropriate sailor to run it, Betsy with her red parasol—and by her side Arbuthnot! Before they could recover to reply to Fleshpots the kicker landed at the point of the island and Arbuthnot leaped ashore. Then the kicker proceeded on upriver in their direction, while the engineer calmly proceeded to cast his fly into the eddy below.

"It's—it's my wife's being on time," gulped Marshall, the first to recover. "Never happened before."

He and X. Anaxagoras, with a common impulse, descended to the beachlet as though to meet the incoming boat.

"Something's gone wrong," muttered X. Anaxagoras. "What the devil do you suppose it is?"

Marshall shook his head. He seized the gunwale of the boat as it came in, and under cover of helping Betsy ashore he asked under his breath, "What's happened? What's Arbuthnot doing here?"

Betsy smiled at him mockingly as she stepped ashore.

"Imagine!" she cried in a high clear voice. "Mr. Arbuthnot simply refuses to come for lunch! I never saw such an enthusiastic fisherman! He says he'd rather fish than eat!" She trilled with laughter. "He's so original and clever! He says that he's not going to permit anything in the world to interfere with this day's fishing!" She shot a malicious glance at her stupefied kinsfolk. "I used my best persuasion, but I couldn't budge him. I never saw so obstinate a man. I'm famished."

"The more fool he!" cried Fleshpots jovially. "So am I!"

The picnic lunch was hurried through, somehow, in a manner not precisely to the latter's liking. It was an excellent lunch, and the bottles became ideally cooled in the glacier water of the river. But his hosts seemed preoccupied; and even his hostess, though she chattered and laughed and played up to his roaring jokes much as usual, nevertheless expedited matters rather too rapidly. After all, this was much better than fishing! But as he was beginning to contemplate with satisfaction the thought of a leisurely cigar, Betsy jumped to her feet.

"Come on!" she cried. "Time's short and we've got to catch a lot of fish! I'm going to take poor Mr. Arbuthnot some sandwiches, though he doesn't deserve any. Jerry," she suggested, "why don't we send all the stuff aboard in the kicker and let it come back later? You can go fishing in the cutter. I'll get Rogg to put me—and the sandwiches—on the island with Mr. Arbuthnot. Would you rather wait here, or come along?" she asked the guests.

"Wait here!" replied Eats-'Em-Alive with unflattering promptness

"I think if you don't mind, Mrs. Marshall, I'll smoke a cigar," said Fleshpots more politely. "I've caught quite a few fish already," he could not forbear adding with pride.

"I should think you had! Many more than Mr. Arbuthnot. He's going to be very jealous. But when you've finished your cigar you must go catch some more. I wish the dinghy were big enough so I could go along to see you."

"It is rather small," Eats-'Em-Alive hastened to say.

The sailors had expeditiously packed the lunch things and were already put-putting off down the stream. Marshall, X. Anaxagoras and Betsy followed, heading toward the point of the island where Arbuthnot had last been seen. The latter had by now withdrawn to the far side of the island, out of sight.

"What's the explanation?" demanded the two men, as soon as they were out of earshot. "Why didn't he go?"

Betsy smiled at them mockingly.

"Perhaps you'd better ask him," she suggested, and would say no more.

They rounded the island, and so drew out of sight of the two under the cedar tree in the lagoon. Arbuthnot must have become discouraged by bad luck, for he was no longer fishing. He sat on a bowlder, with his back to them, smoking. The noise of the current subdued the sound of oars, and it was only when the prow grated on the gravel that he became aware of their approach.

Then he leaped respectfully to his feet and faced them.

"Pierce!" gasped Marshall.

"Yes, sir," grinned the sailor.

"What does this mean?"

"I had him change clothes with Mr. Arbuthnot," chortled Betsy. "They're about of a build. I thought it might seem more natural if Mr. Arbuthnot did not just evaporate into thin air. Anyway, it's more artistic. The poor dears still think we're all present and accounted for. You were fooled yourselves. And Mr. Arbuthnot looked so sweet in his sailor clothes."

Marshall and the healer of souls were laughing. Pierce and Rogg were on a broad delighted grin.

"How did Arbuthnot take to it?" queried Jerry at length. "Not that he had a chance, if you'd made up your mind!"

"He loved it. Mr. Arbuthnot," stated Betsy with conviction, "is a dead game sport."

"Well, hop aboard, Pierce," commanded Marshall finally, "and you, Rogg, follow us close under the other bank so they won't see you. Let's go do what we've got to do."

The two boats cut across the current and began to work their way close into the bushes and out of sight of the bayou. Marshall looked back at the dainty figure in the dinghy with fond admiration.

"I told you she was up to some devilment!" he chuckled.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Vogue of Enameled Furniture

"I want to tell you how delighted I am with the results of Valspar-Enameling the furniture in my bedroom," writes Miss Ruth Lester of New York City.* "A week ago my chiffonier was cherry, my bureau yellow maple, my chairs walnut, and my bed mahogany. Now everything is a perfect harmony of color, and my room is simply fairyland."

The famous Valspar boiling water test

Every woman will appreciate Miss Lester's delight in the transformation of her room. For every woman knows the annoyance of having furniture that doesn't "match," that's shabby and unattractive.

With Valspar-Enamels it's so easy to create a uniform and beautiful color scheme—easy to make old pieces look like new!

Valspar-Enamels combine all of Valspar's waterproof, wearproof qualities with beautiful colors. They are applied just like paint, they cover the surface with a solid color just like paint—and they have the added advantages of Valspar's lustre and durability. If desired, they may be rubbed down to a beautiful dull finish.

No matter what the shade you desire, Valspar-Enamels can produce it for you. By blending any two or more of the standard shades you can secure an infinite variety of lovely tints.

Valspar-Enamels come in Red—*light and deep;* Blue—*light, medium and deep;* Green—*medium and deep;* Ivory, Bright Yellow, Vermilion, Gray and Brown. Also Black, White, Bronze, Aluminum, Gold and Flat Black.

Send for samples -use coupon below.

*452 East 87th Street, N. Y. C.

VALENTINE'S

VALSPAR

ENAMEL

This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460 Fourth Ave., New York

I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)
Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.
Print full mail address plainly.

Valspar-Enamel ☐
Choose 1 Color
Clear Valspar ☐
☐
Choose 1 Color.....
Valspar Book ☐

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

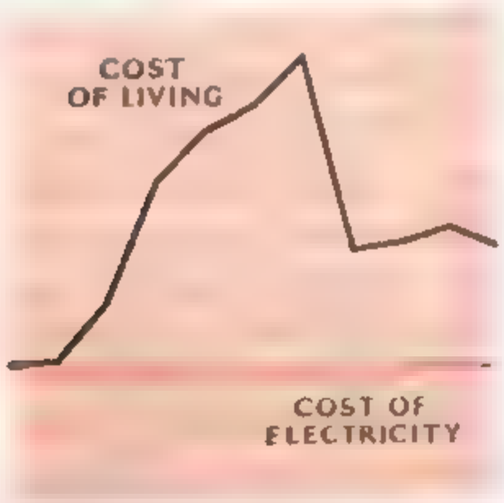
Your Name

Address.....

THE BIRTHDAY OF STEINMETZ

April 9, 1865

Dr. Steinmetz did his great work in the General Electric laboratories in the years between 1893 and 1923. He contributed in large measure to the service of your Electric Light and Power Company—a service so efficient that electric current is one of the very few products that actually cost less today than before the war.



ON April 9, 1865, he was born in Breslau. On June 3, 1889, he landed in New York City from the steerage—in debt for his passage and unable to speak our language.

Twelve years later he was elected president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. President Eliot of Harvard proclaimed him the foremost electrical engineer in the world.

On October 26, 1923, he died.

Did ever a few brief years witness more miracles? When his life began, there was not a single electric light and power company. When it ended, there were 6,000 in America, serving more than 11,000,000 homes.

Physically frail himself, he helped to make electricity the great lifter of burdens; by his courage and vision he was an inspiration to the whole electrical industry.

Such a man deserves to be remembered on his birthday, not on the day of his death. For in the larger sense he does not die. Humanity is permanently richer because of what he gave.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

INTERNATIONAL COURTSHIP

(Continued from Page 16)

like best about him—he's so completely simple. For instance, he told us quite frankly that his family are very poor now, that they do not even use their title because they cannot afford to live with the dignity appropriate to it."

"And Susan's income would help them a good deal toward that proper dignity?"

At last she seemed to become aware of my skepticism and disapproval. "If you knew him you couldn't attribute mercenary motives to him! He has even told me how humiliated he is by some of his fellow countrymen who are fortune hunters. One of the things that made him dare approach us, he said, was that we were not extremely rich."

"Yes, I believe that," I answered. "For if you were you'd be better prepared for his game. Your daughter wouldn't be courted by a man of whom you know nothing at all. You'd be on your guard. But Susan's ten thousand dollars a year is a comfortable income over here, and she's the only child and will some day get much more. He knows all that. He's looked you up long ago. I'm afraid it was Bradstreet and not destiny that ordained that he should fall in love with Susan."

For a moment we were both silent and I marveled again, as I had marveled many times before, at the unfortunate phenomenon by which people who at home may be unusually intelligent and observant sometimes lose all their powers of appraisal and their common sense when they are transplanted to a foreign country and, above all, when they deal with people of a different background.

No European mother would dream of taking her young daughter to a second-rate hotel in New York or Chicago and letting her dance with stray men who hung around the lobby, and then assume that she was associating with the finest type of American! Yet time after time American mothers or chaperons, simply because they are in Europe, show no discrimination whatever in their chance acquaintances. Because the men they meet have charming manners, wear becoming uniforms fitted in at the waist, and kiss their hands so gracefully, they seem to ignore completely the fundamental qualities vital to a girl's happiness.

Susan's mother interrupted my thoughts. "I believe he has looked us up," she confessed, "from something he let drop about my husband's business."

It was undoubtedly fortunate that at this moment the butler ushered in an Italian woman of whom I am very fond. We kissed each other on both cheeks, and I then presented my American guest. The title and name of the new arrival were distinguished enough to be significant to my compatriot, who regarded her with interest. As she took in the details of the other's smart black gown, small hat, very large pearls and bright cerise lips, the Italian was talking rapidly to me of her full days.

Continental Chaperonage

"But I am really exhausted!" she exclaimed. "These tea dances every afternoon, and two daughters to chaperon! Then every night I must go from one ball to another and they seem to stay so late, my girls. Oh, well, one is only young once—but I shall be glad when Lent begins!"

The American looked at her in astonishment. "But do you really stay all afternoon with your daughters, and every night, at private balls?"

"But of course!" said the other. She selected a cigarette from an onyx case on which was a small coronet in diamonds. "What else can one do?"

"Well, in my country there is almost no chaperonage now. We let young people do more or less as they please."

"So I have heard," the other replied very politely. "Some of my American friends have talked to me of the differences. I have read some articles, too, in your journals, on the younger generation, as you say. But," she added quickly, as if afraid that this had not been a tactful reference, "possibly the American man is different from the Latin. For our young men would be the first to insist upon strict chaperonage. For girls of their own class, I mean. The girl they marry must be a real *jeune fille*."

She told us then of an almost tragic story of a so-called modern American girl who had come to Rome with several friends, and had met a good many people with whom she had lunched and dined and gone to dancing clubs. She had enjoyed it so much that when her friends left she determined to stay on alone. Her chief reason was her awakening interest in an extremely charming Roman. He had also been attracted to her, but after she stayed on alone there was so much gossip and conjecture, even though she did nothing actually improper, that he gave up all idea of marrying her.

The American looked bewildered. "But I simply cannot understand his point of view! Why wouldn't he marry her if he loved her?"

"Ah, loved her! That is quite another thing. Love is an emotion; it we cannot control. Marriage, on the other hand, has to do with the conventions. If the two can be combined it is excellent. But not always is it possible!" With the tip of a highly polished nail she flipped her cigarette stub into the fireplace.

The Indiscretions of Aunt Mary

Susan's mother got up to leave. "Thank you very, very much!" she said as she took my hand. The light of battle was in her gray eyes.

Afterward I learned that she cabled her husband that very evening to send word for them to come home at once. She took Susan by surprise and got her away just in time. The young officer lost his temper and his beautiful manner, and the girl was disillusioned even before they sailed.

Her mother told me all this the other day when we met by accident in the salon of a *couturière* in Paris. We completely ignored the procession of manikins who were haughtily exhibiting the knee-length gowns, for we had both read in that morning's newspaper half a column announcing the engagement of another American girl to this identical young officer! All the details were there, as he had told them to Susan—the antiquity and nobility of his family, and the ruined castle in Sicily.

"Do you suppose any of it can be true?" she said.

When I explained that I had learned authoritatively that he was a man of no position, she asked that pertinent question, "How can they get away with it?"

Then she laughed. "Well, I admit that the responsibility rests entirely with a girl's parents"

Of course in Susan's case, when her mother's intelligence was finally aroused from the chloroforming effect of mere manner and setting, the girl was in competent care. But unfortunately not all girls are so well protected.

Claire is a picturesque example. For obvious reasons I have concealed the true identity of the individuals in these various dramas of international courtship, all of which have come under my personal observation.

Claire went abroad under the chaperonage of her uncle's wife, whom she called Aunt Mary until they landed in Europe. Then the older woman had her hair cut short and told her niece that she was henceforth to be known as Molly, and all references to age were to be taboo.

Claire had intended to study sculpturing with as much seriousness as is possible for an alert young girl who is extremely pretty and can afford to order hats by the half dozen. Before they left home Aunt Mary had talked with great earnestness about the cultural advantages Europe offered, but once safely there, Molly chose a restaurant with dancing rather than an art gallery, with perfect regularity.

It goes without saying that one cannot dance in restaurants without partners, but wherever they went Claire and Molly seemed always to have a good many young men, or beaus, as Molly called them. They met them through mutual acquaintances, and one man would introduce another, and although the women sometimes paid for the dinners or late suppers, they had a great deal of attention.

One man, who had been presented to them as the Marquis of X——, usually turned up sooner or later wherever they went. Strangely enough, however, he almost ignored Claire and devoted himself to Molly.

In her silly little heart Molly was really loyal to her husband at home; she had, moreover, a boy of fourteen at boarding school, whom she adored. But being followed around Europe by a handsome young marquis clouded whatever judgment she had. She felt the inexorable approach of middle age, when even short hair and short skirts would no longer produce the semblance of youth and of attractiveness. It seemed to her that if she did not dance and make merry now she would never again have a chance. She was absurdly, childishly indiscreet. The marquis sent her flowers every day, and every day, filled with a delicious sense of adventure, she got out her dictionary and wrote him a little note.

One evening, when they had all been dining and dancing in one of the big restaurants, they decided to go on to a smaller place, and in getting taxis for the party Molly and the marquis were separated from the others. He suggested that they should go on to a third café where the jazz was even better, and Molly agreed; she had been feeling depressed at the thought that her holiday was almost at an end, and she felt the need of his stimulating flattery. He danced beautifully; when one café closed they went on to another, and eventually, when the first faint glow of sunrise pushed its way through the gray dawn, they both declared themselves ready for breakfast.

"There is no place I could take a lady at this hour," he said. "But wait—yes, I know just the thing. I am staying with my friend, Prince Y——, and his manservant always waits up for me with Turkish coffee. Come with me! You have always told me how you liked *la vie de Bohème*. Let us be truly Bohemian!"

He hailed a cab, and before she had made up her mind he had given an address to the coachman.

"Oh, well," she thought, "it's really all right, and it will be great fun to think over when I am back home again."

An Unexpected Aftermath

But in this she was quite mistaken. To be sure, the adventure fell rather flat because it took a long time to waken the servant, and when they were finally in the overfurnished flat, which smelled of stale cigars and Oriental incense, Molly wished awfully that she were back in her hotel! The marquis had little conversation; once or twice, as they waited for the coffee, he even suppressed a yawn. Moreover, when the coffee came, it was thick and sirupy and most unappetizing.

She left as soon as she could, and as they rode back to the hotel in the morning light she decided that even dancing parties could be overdone.

As the marquis bent over to kiss her hand in saying au revoir in the lobby, she was greatly annoyed to see a little man she disliked and distrusted saunter toward them. Someone had introduced him on the steamer coming across, and they had seen him now and then, but except for the fact that he had presented the marquis to them Molly felt only distaste for him.

However, she spoke to him before going up in the lift with the weary concierge.

The next day when Claire, after teasing her about deserting the party, suggested that they should go down to Rome for Easter, so that she might have at least a month of study before sailing, Molly was delighted to agree.

"And let's not leave any address!" she said. "I've had all the beaus I want for a while. And you can call me Aunt Mary if you want to!"

Claire laughed; in spite of being twenty years younger she had almost a maternal, indulgent attitude toward the other.

They arrived in Rome. Within a week Molly, who was dancing furiously again, was astonished to see the marquis walk into their hotel one afternoon. As they had not even told him that they were coming here she could only assume that he had made a great effort to learn their destination She was flattered; the dreaded middle years receded a little.

But within forty-eight hours it became painfully apparent that it was Claire and not Molly he had followed so many hundreds of miles. Claire, whom he had almost ignored, was now the object of his persistent and always charming attentions. He sent her flowers, books and even verses.

(Continued on Page 85)

"Listen"

THE haunting, moaning syllables of modern music—Radio, the modern miracle is waiting to entertain you.

Buy a radio set, but to be certain the set is the best to be had make sure the panel is Dilecto—the strongest, safest radio panel that can be made—a trouble-proof panel that reflects the beauty and sturdiness of the entire set.

For your protection every Dilecto panel has a red stripe made in it that is visible along its outer edge—Look for the "Red Stripe" and be sure your set is the best that can be built.

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE COMPANY
Factory: Newark, Del.

Service on Dilecto, Conite, Contex and Vulcanized Fibre from:

New York	Woolworth Building
Chicago	Wrigley Building
San Francisco	75 Fremont Street
Los Angeles	307 S. Hill Street
Seattle	1041 Sixth Ave., South
Pittsburgh	Farmers Bank Building

(Offices and Agents throughout the world)

Dilecto

Look for the Red Stripe

Pittsburgh **Proof** Products

Glass
Paint Varnish
Brushes

French Lick Springs Hotel
French Lick, Indiana

THE famous French Lick Springs Hotel, where the creating of a pleasant environment for every guest is a successful art, insists on the most restful, softest wall tones for every room. Such wall tones were secured with

Velumina
Washable Wall Paint

No laps or brush marks—no disturbing glare or gloss—just quiet, uniform tones that lend spaciousness and restfulness to rooms! It gives walls a smooth, *pureless* surface which dirt and grime cannot penetrate. Minor disfigurements may be washed away as they appear and easy washing takes the place of redecorating for years. Seventeen colors for homes, business buildings, hotels, churches, etc.

Whatever you need—Glass, Paint, Varnish or Brushes—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers; used by exacting painters.

"Guide to Better Homes"
sent you free. Equal in information to any five dollar book on home furnishing and decoration. Write Dept. A, today

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Paint and Varnish Factories ..... Milwaukee, Wis., Newark, N.J., Portland, Ore.

(Continued from Page 83)

She was astonished but humanly pleased, just as she had been humanly piqued by his previous indifference.

At the end of ten days he came to Molly and formally asked her, as Claire's chaperon, for permission to propose marriage to Claire. She was bewildered by his sudden maneuvers and, moreover, since he had transferred his devotion, she had looked at him with more critical eyes and she now felt that he was a completely undesirable husband for her niece.

Irritated by his manner, she told him that she would not dream of giving her consent.

"I think you will change your dream then," he said calmly. "If I was desirable enough to be such a friend of yours, who are a married woman with a husband and a son almost grown, why am I not desirable for a nephew, heh?"

"I liked to dance with you, that was all," she declared.

"Oh, no; not quite all. There are those little notes you sent me. Your husband can read your French, I am sure. I have saved them all. I often read them over. Very sweet little notes. And that is not all. You are a logical woman. And how could you say I am not a desirable husband for your niece if I am such a kind of man you can trust to go to his apartment alone? And your husband in America—he is no doubt quite logical too, and he would agree with me."

She visualized her husband, her kind and generous and unimaginative husband, whose anger when aroused was the most terrifying thing she had ever experienced. She was completely convinced in that moment that if her husband ever learned of this escapade or ever saw those notes, he would disown her and, moreover, disgrace her in the eyes of her adored son.

She trembled so that she could not speak. She saw clearly that it was blackmail, but mere terms could not alter the fact that her future happiness depended upon her acquiescence.

"All right," she said desperately; "give me the letters. I won't stand in your way."

"Not yet," he said, bowing gracefully from the waist down as he took his departure.

There my detailed knowledge of his technic in courtship ends. For with all his shrewdness the marquis had overlooked one vital factor. He had succeeded, it is true, in forcing Claire's chaperon into becoming a champion of his suit, but he had not taken into account the important fact that Claire was not in the least influenced by her aunt's advice or opinion.

When I last heard of them they were back in America, and Claire was still unmarried. Whether Molly bribed the marquis to return her letters I cannot say, but I hear that she seems quite reconciled to settling into her comfortable niche at home.

Why Europeans Marry

Unfortunately Claire's strong will and common sense are not always shared by unprotected young girls, and the appeal through a chaperon is a common and sometimes successful method of unscrupulous fortune hunters. There are even professional chaperons, said to be in good social standing, who have been bribed to influence the girls intrusted to their care. Sometimes mere flattery is powerful enough to win their support.

The other night I happened to be dining with an observant American diplomat of many years' experience in various capitals, who was discussing the gulf between our point of view about courtship and that held by most Europeans.

"Of course, generally speaking," he said, "we marry only for love. The Europeans may marry for a variety of reasons. They may, from what seems to them the highest motives, make what we would call a mercenary marriage. For instance, a young foreigner I am very fond of, who is of a great family over here, married a very rich American widow the other day—a woman much older than himself. It was no secret that he was madly in love with a young girl and that he really sacrificed himself in this marriage. But neither he nor the girl had any money, and his family were in actual need."

"How dreadful for the woman he married!" someone protested.

"No," said the diplomat. "I've become rather cynical about that end of it; she wanted his title and position just as much as he wanted her money. It was quid pro quo, as most of these marriages are."

"Yes," someone else agreed. "And whatever we may think of the fortune-hunting foreigner, the European has just as little respect for the title-hunting American."

And then there is the courtship of Anne.

Quite a long time ago a handsome young foreigner appeared as attaché at an embassy in Washington. At almost the first ball he attended he met Anne. Anne was the only daughter of a dominating, irascible, extremely rich widower. All his affection was centered in her, and it never occurred to either of them that he was tyrannical. Then De N——, the obscure young European, without even so much as a title to recommend him, began to court Anne.

Now Anne had had a great many admirers, for she was not only an heiress but she was one of the loveliest girls that Washington had seen for many years. She had remained untouched by all this attention, however, until she met De N——. Then almost at once she found herself deeply attracted to him. For an entire winter they saw each other almost daily at dinners, balls and teas, and if on any occasion his official duties prevented him from appearing, then Anne found even dancing very dull.

In all this time he did not, in the ordinary sense, make love to her. But she went along on a wave of happiness, thinking over, every night, everything that he had said that day, and waking eagerly every morning to look forward to seeing him again.

Her father, with strange lack of insight, paid no especial attention to young De N——. In fact, when a formal note arrived one morning, asking him for the honor of an interview, at his convenience, he named an hour without even suspecting the purpose of the call.

A Romantic Young Suitor

No one has ever known exactly what happened when De N—— told Anne's father in his most correct European way that he loved her and wished permission to ask for her hand in marriage. But Anne's father completely lost control of his temper, used violent language, accused De N—— of being a penniless fortune hunter, and ended by saying that he would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to him!

It is said that he finally shouted, "You are courting my money and not my daughter!"

De N—— became very white, bowed stiffly and withdrew.

When Anne came into the library half an hour later, her father was almost ill with apoplectic rage. Nothing she could say would calm him; he insisted that De N—— had been secretly making love to her, and he repeated that it was his fortune and not she that the man really wanted.

Finally he worked himself up to a terrific burst of anger and emotional appeal, and implored her not to leave him alone. His distracted appearance and his incoherent clamor for her devotion roused all her filial affection. In order to quiet him she promised never to leave him.

Within a few days she received a note from De N—— saying that he had been ordered to another post and asking if he could see her to say good-by. She did not tell her father; she had pledged her future years, but she would not forgo this hour. She arranged to meet him at the house of her best friend. They sat alone in the big drawing-room with a tea tray untouched beside them, and for the first time De N—— told her of his love for her. She said that she loved him, and their young hands clung together in the dusk in terrible defeat.

When at last he had to go he begged her to take from him one souvenir. He gave her a beautifully shaped old casket of silver-gilt, with his coat of arms engraved on it. The lock was fastened.

"It is for you," he said. "If anything should ever happen to me I shall arrange to have the key sent you. You will understand then."

He kissed her hands, one after the other, and went away, while she stood in the empty room with only the silver-gilt casket to help her face the years she had thrown away.

That the years were long no one who knew of her constancy can doubt. She had not even letters from De N—— to help her, and whether this was due to her father's interference or whether the foreign mails miscarried, she could not know. At any rate,

A Vacation in Colorado *will cost you no more—*

—in money

Effective June 1 special summer excursion fares reduce the round trip to a surprisingly low figure. Board and lodging in Colorado range from $17.50 a week upward. Those at the lowest price are comfortably convenient and enjoyable, and are preferred by many.

—in time

Two weeks is ample. Colorado, centrally situated, can be reached easily and quickly from any point. You will have generous time for leisurely enjoyment of Colorado's scenic wonders. You can even include a visit, if you wish, to Yellowstone or Glacier National Parks.

WHY LET another year slip by with an ordinary near-to-home vacation? Tomorrow's vacations may never come. Enjoy the present, see America now. With two weeks you have the time, and the low cost is easily within your means.

Come to Colorado's Skyland. Enjoy its mountain beauties, its cool, invigorating climate. There are hundreds of places to go, thousands of things to see. Only a few of them are—the famous two-day Grand Circle trip from Denver, 236 miles of thrills; Rocky Mountain National (Estes) Park; the Colorado Springs-Pike's Peak-Manitou region; Denver's Mountain Parks; the Royal Gorge; Grand Lake; the Clear Creek and Platte Canyon resort regions.

On your Burlington ticket you can also go on to Yellowstone Park or Glacier Park at slight additional cost.

Climb aboard a Burlington train and let it take you to the greatest vacation of your lifetime. The Burlington provides a service that anticipates your every travel wish—superb equipment, perfect road-bed, courteous and thoughtful attention to every detail will make your trip enjoyable.

This year the Burlington offers you a choice of two ways of making this delightful trip: 1. On a regular summer excursion ticket, planning your own trip. 2. With a Burlington Personally Escorted Tour party, paying all expenses in a lump sum and having all travel details taken care of by an experienced travel expert who accompanies you all the way. On the coupon, check the type of trip that interests you.

This year take a real vacation—you and your family. It will cost you no more than an ordinary vacation—in time or money.

BURLINGTON *free* Colorado booklet

Write for the Burlington booklet on Colorado. It contains complete information, maps and many attractive illustrations of Colorado's wonder spots.

Burlington Travel Bureau, Dept. 20-O
Burlington Building, 547 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without charge the illustrated book describing Scenic Colorado.

Name

Address

(Check type of trip you are interested in)

☐ Regular summer excursion ticket ☐ Personally Escorted Tour

Berg

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sta-Shape

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

They Retain the Style Lines Longer

IF you want a hat that takes the *static* out of style without being a *loud speaker*, ask to see The Gamefeather in the smart quail, woodcock and pheasant colorings. A new six dollar Sta-Shape.

Others $5, $7 and $10

F. BERG & COMPANY

NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

Factories: Orange, N. J., and Norwalk, Conn.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Sta-Shape

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HATS FOR YOUNG MEN

she gathered whatever news she could of him from anyone who might have seen him at one post or another, but eventually she lost track of him completely. She did not even know whether in all this time he had married. She felt certain that he was not dead, for she clung to the romantic belief that in that case the key to the casket would have been sent her.

Gradually her suitors became fewer and fewer, and a streak of gray appeared in her light bronze hair. When she was nearing forty her father had an apoplectic stroke and she was his only nurse during his long and trying illness.

She was forty-five when at last her father died. She had been tied down so long that she felt the need of change, so she asked two pretty young cousins to go abroad with her.

They had been in Europe for almost a year when she heard again of De N She was taken in to dinner at an embassy by a fellow countryman of his, and she hardly dared ask him what she longed to know.

"Oh! Prince De N——!" he exclaimed. "But of course I know him! He is one of the most powerful men of our country."

"But the De N—— I know was very poor, and he had no title."

"Ah, yes, that was true when he was in Washington many years ago. He was a younger son. But his elder brother died a few years ago, and he is now the head of his family, and very rich too."

Anne scarcely heeded this news in her eagerness to ask about the only thing of any consequence to her. She could feel her heart pound beneath her brocade gown, as she said, "And is he married?"

"No!" the other replied. "It is extraordinary too. For he is a very charming man and many women would have been glad to marry him. I think I have heard—I do not know that it is true—that he had some romance while he was in your country and that for this reason he has never married."

When Anne was able to speak she said, "I wonder if you'd write him a note and tell him I wished to be remembered to him. This is my name." She pushed her dinner card toward him.

A Surprised Bride

Within a week the Prince De N —— had arrived at her hotel, and before a month was up they were married, very quietly, with her astonished young cousins and his fellow countryman who had taken her in to dinner, as chief witnesses.

During the honeymoon Anne brought out the silver-gilt casket she had treasured for so many years. "Can't we open it now?" she said.

So he produced the curious old key and turned the lock. As she saw the contents and realized their meaning, tears streamed down her cheeks. For De N ——, whom her father had declared a fortune-hunting, penniless scoundrel, had given her, in this casket which he had locked so that it might be possible for a young girl to accept it, the most beautiful jewels imaginable—rubies and sapphires, a historic diamond tiara—his entire treasure—the only fortune he ever expected to have in the world. His mother had left them to him when she died, so that his wife might some day wear them.

They now live most of the year on his great country estate, and it is said that sometimes when they are dining quite alone, Anne fastens his mother's tiara around her gray hair, and wears around her throat the deep sapphires that he loves.

A completely different story of a modern father's interference came to my attention the other day. A level-headed, self-made American, we may as well call John Elliott, came to Europe with his wife and an extremely pretty daughter. They stopped in Paris long enough to shop, then went on to a fashionable watering place.

Before long Elliott discovered that a thin, cadaverous foreigner, about forty, was following his eighteen-year-old daughter wherever she went. Somehow the man managed to be introduced to them, and that very day Elliott told his wife to pack all their new clothes. She and the girl protested vigorously, but to no avail. They proceeded by motor to a quiet place on the Riviera. Two days later the black-haired, small-waisted foreigner turned up.

Elliott sent for him. "You seem to be attracted to my daughter," he said cordially.

The European was plainly amazed. The title which he used and had almost a right to was comparatively insignificant for people as rich as these. He had expected opposition.

"Yes," he answered, with his hand on his heart. "I adore your daughter. She is wonderful!"

"I assume that you wish to marry her."

"Oh, yes. I worship at her feet!"

Old Man Elliott's Method

"Well, that's all right with me," said Elliott. "I believe in early marriages. In fact, the happiest years of my life were those when Mrs. Elliott and I were first married and we hadn't a penny in the world. So I vowed when our daughter was born that I'd never deprive her of that privilege. Love in a cottage! Not for always, of course. Not more than ten years, perhaps; if at the end of ten years there were no debts, and her husband had been doing his best."

"What do you mean, his best?"

"Well, you see, I own a factory at home—a shoe factory; and I'd like my son-in-law to learn the business from the bottom up; then after fifteen years or so he could take the management off my hands."

His caller ran his slender white hands through his long black hair as if he had a violent headache.

"You'll stay to lunch, won't you?" said Elliott.

His caller consulted his watch, then rose to his feet. "So sorry," he said decisively, "but I have an engagement. In fact, I am now overdue."

The American looked up at him with blue eyes almost childish in their clearness. "Then I hope you'll dine with us tonight. I'd like to tell you a lot more about shoes. It's really a very interesting business. I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

"Yes, yes; I'm sure too. Au revoir, then." He picked up his hat and stick and chamois gloves.

"See you later," said Elliott.

But, of course, they never saw each other again. The man disappeared completely.

Elliott was successful because he seemed so temperate and reasonable. In this case his apparent warmth created more fear in the foreigner than his violent opposition could have accomplished. For no one knows better than the astute fortune hunter how barren is the threat of the melodramatic parent who swears that he will cut off his daughter without a penny if she marries against his wishes. After she has been forced by his very unreasonableness into defying him, her father usually relents and settles a handsome income upon her. And even if he should stubbornly hold out during his lifetime, almost invariably he leaves a fortune to his daughter in his will. In the second case the couple rarely starve in the interim, for there is usually a fond mother who gives them all she can, and there are always people to lend money on the excellent chance of the will being in favor of the daughter.

Rich widows are, of course, rated high in the matrimonial exchange. One can picture a well-dressed penniless European standing in front of a blackboard on which the daily quotations on American brides is chalked

"Mrs. Ernest Black, asking 104, bid 101¾."

"I wonder if I couldn't close at 103," he thinks, twirling the handsome walking stick for which he has not yet paid.

Widows control their own fortunes; moreover, they have fewer relations and fewer illusions than the *jeune fille*, and life is accordingly simpler. On the other hand, they are not so easy to get. Still, when one is hard-pressed, one must invent ways.

In one capital of Europe there is a syndicate of unmarried men of various ages, all of whom must live, and, as one of them said, "Gentlemen cannot work." So, obviously, they must marry money. It is a simple solution. But the competition is keen, and many of these young men have difficulty in securing money with which to experiment. Therefore, with the practical shrewdness of which their romantic manner gives little indication, they have decided to pool their interests and cooperate in this way.

Mrs. Ernest Black, of Chicago, registers at a certain expensive hotel. They easily learn that she is a widow; she buys several old tapestries, one important picture, and is contemplating the purchase of an entire room from an old palace. This they learn from a certain *antiquaire*, who gives them tips about clients in exchange for which they send other foreigners to his shop.

They assume that Mrs. Black is rich. But they cannot be certain, for sometimes women who appear to be affluent turn out to be buyers for department stores. They will find out her exact status from sources in Chicago, but in the meantime, if she is really a desirable *partie*, they must take a little flyer in Mrs. Black.

Syndicated Courtships

Whether they draw lots or go in turn, I am not sure, but at any rate one of their number is chosen to court her. We may call him the baron. The syndicate finances him, so that he may entertain her and hold her attention while awaiting for the authentic reports on her financial standing. Her social standing is not, of course, of the slightest consequence; in fact, it would amuse them mightily to hear it spoken of. Social standing, west of the coast of Europe, does not exist for them.

So the baron sees her daily, takes her to dinner, sends her flowers and books, and waits for the report. When it comes, if she is really rich in her own right, he tries his best to marry her. If he succeeds he not only pays back to the syndicate the money advanced him for the courtship but he gives them a handsome bonus.

It is really a good gamble, for they cannot lose much; the odds vary, of course, according to the market conditions, but I believe it is a very prosperous concern.

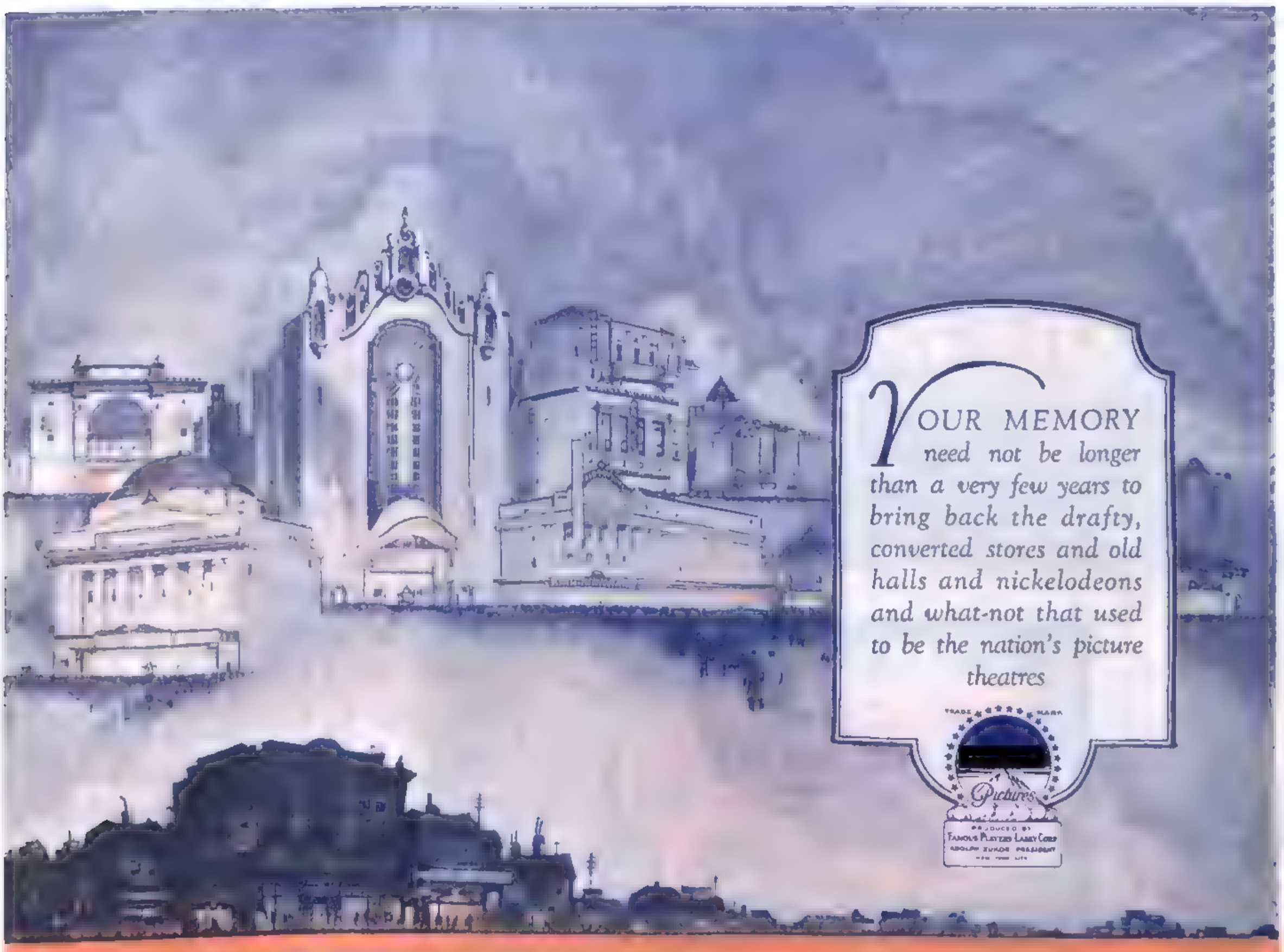
A great slump occurred—almost a panic, indeed—when our new law passed providing for the maintenance of citizenship and property rights by American women regardless of whom they married. But the matrimonial coöperative society investigated the matter thoroughly and concluded that it was less harmful than they had feared. For they concluded that an American girl would not often exercise this right of citizenship if her husband persuaded her properly. And even if she did, and he could not gain personal control over her money in America, she would always have some property in his country, and this, of course, he could manage. Moreover, she was certain to establish herself in luxurious surroundings, and, at worst, he would always live well.

The foreigner who first told me of this association said, "But, after all, the American girl who comes to Europe knows equally well the market value of our titles. She is quite willing to pay well for becoming a countess or a marquise, and will pay extravagantly for the title princess or duchess."

(Continued on Page 89)

Yellow Bay, Flathead Lake, Montana

What a Difference in a few Years!



—but today the utmost in comfortable and luxurious entertainment is found in picture theatres all over the land!

Bad colds and inferior projection ("one moment, please, while we change the reel") are now replaced by a solid luxury and swift enchantment that will not be denied and call "come again, come again," to everyone whose heart is young.

Seated there amid every circumstance of comfort and security, your ears wooed by music and your eyes reflecting the magic of the film, you are indeed all set for a great time.

If you went to the Opera in New York and paid $10 a seat you could hardly get a more luxurious and beautiful entertainment than the best of the modern pictures, properly presented, give you.

Better pictures have made the better theatres possible, and today the entire film industry is working for better pictures and finer theatres wherever needed.

As leader of the film business Famous Players-Lasky Corporation willingly accepts the greatest responsibility in this work, and will carry the finest entertainment to every place where shadows come and go on the silver screen.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

Full to the brim with power

- gas engine ignition
- telephone and telegraph
- doorbells
- buzzers
- motor boat ignition
- heat regulators
- tractor ignition
- starting Fords
- ringing burglar alarms
- protecting bank vaults
- electric clocks
- calling Pullman porters
- firing blasts
- lighting tents and outbuildings
- running toys

Just brimming with electrical punch—Eveready Columbia Hot Shot Dry Batteries. Press the button or close the switch and these batteries jump into life, shooting current through the wires, pouncing right on the job. Between jobs, they renew their energy. Rest is a tonic and work a joy for them. Where these long-lived workers are used, batteries give better service and are bought less frequently. Insist on Eveready Columbia Hot Shots and Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Batteries—they last longer.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York—San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Supreme *for* Radio "A"

1½ volts

Eveready Columbia Ignitors can be purchased equipped with Fahnestock spring clip binding posts at no extra cost to you.

Just as Eveready Columbia Ignitor Dry Cells have always been best for ignition and general purposes, they are likewise supreme for radio dry cell tubes. They last during many hours of happy listening.

The engineers who designed and perfected the dry cell tube, selected the Eveready Columbia Ignitor as their standard. Radio's greatest dry cell "A" Battery!

There is an Eveready Columbia Ignitor dealer within easy reach of every user.

(Continued from Page 86)

He went on to say, with a good deal of justice, that of the two parties to this transaction, the European husband was less reprehensible. For the American girl who marries for a title violates the tradition of her country, whereas the foreigner who marries a fortune is often actuated by an earnest desire to stabilize a distinguished but impoverished family.

Moreover, the foreigner, even the fortune hunter, does not change his environment through his marriage. He lives and his children live in the atmosphere of which he is a part, whereas the girl almost always renounces her entire association and background. Her children are alien.

Not all foreigners who marry Americans are fortune hunters, of course, nor do all American girls seek titles. In fact, unworldly girls who have no thought of becoming a marquise or a contessa, often marry foreigners simply because they long for romance.

One of this sort said to me the other day: "I had plenty of suitors in America, but they all seemed so matter of fact and unimaginative. Then I came over here—to be sure, I was very young—and I met the European I afterward married. I was swept off my feet! He not only looked romantic but he acted in the most thrilling way. He had the most beautiful serenaders sing to me every night, he took tremendous pains to get a certain sort of roses for me and sent them every day. He wrote the most delicious poems. In America, when men had made love to me, they did it as something incidental to their day's work. Their real interests and imagination seemed to be in their business. Courtship was a very minor detail in their life. But my European suitor made my courtship his one vital interest. Of course I accepted him."

When my Italian acquaintance had declared that courting the American girl was an art, a profession and a skilled trade, he might have added that in many cases the European suitor has no need to employ such facility. The glamour of his surroundings, the picturesque and charming landscape, the age and mellowness of his civilization create an atmosphere to which a romantic girl cannot fail to respond. She desires to feel a part of it all, and this emotion may be atavistic in its origin.

An American who has given this matter much thought, once declared that many of the American girls who married in Europe were girls who, for some reason or other, were not especially popular at home. He meant that, as in the case of Susan, they might be shy and self-conscious and so lack attractiveness to young men, or that they might be girls without a satisfactory social background at home, who therefore long to find a completely different setting.

The Baited Trap

There is Marjorie. Marjorie's father, Mr. Johnson, had made a large fortune in bottle openers. When he came abroad not long ago with his wife and Marjorie, he would not even let the girl dance with some of the very nice young foreigners who happened to be on their boat.

"No dagos or wops for me!" he declared. He called all foreigners south of the English Channel dagos or wops. "They'll be after Marjorie because I've made money, but that money is going to stay in the old U. S. A. I'll tell 'em that!"

They eventually went to Paris and then started out to tour the Continent. Mr. Johnson was the first to admit his boredom. Moreover, Marjorie's boarding-school French seemed surprisingly limited, so at last they engaged a courier. After that, life seemed rosier. He ordered delicious food and wines, and steered them away from the cathedral towns down to the places where the roulette wheels flourished.

"Well, now, there's something for a regular man to do evenings!" was Mr. Johnson's delighted verdict.

In the meantime the courier had been educating Mrs. Johnson and Marjorie in regard to Europe, with especial reference to the habits and customs of the nobility. His entertaining anecdotes always centered around dukes, princesses or marquises. From time to time in hotel ballrooms or in casinos he would point out various notables and then relate their piquant histories.

One night, just as they were entering a restaurant, dressed in their smartest evening clothes, a thin, distinguished-looking foreigner, with a haughty demeanor and a monocle, actually spoke to the courier.

Marjorie heard him say, "*Comment ça va, François?*" and she was genuinely thrilled.

Only the night before, the courier had told them of this famous nobleman. At first glance she had thought he looked dissipated, but after François had related his stirring adventures as a gallant soldier and a gentleman, admired by all the great ladies of Europe, she had decided that he looked romantic.

The next afternoon they encountered him again, as they were going out on the terrace to have tea. This time François stepped aside to speak to him, very deferentially.

When the courier reappeared he whispered to Marjorie, "You have made a conquest!"

She was tremendously elated, for François himself had told them how almost cruelly indifferent the prince was to women.

The next day François was late for luncheon, and when he came in he was greatly excited. "The prince wants to meet you!" he declared in an awestruck voice

Even Mr. Johnson looked pleased. Of course his wife and daughter were overjoyed. Up to that time they had talked with no Europeans except waiters and cab drivers. They were lonely. And now they were to meet a real prince!

Getting Down to Cash

They sent word that they would be delighted if he would dine with them that night; but unfortunately he would not do this, as he had promised to go to the villa of a certain grand duchess. So they fixed on the next night.

The prince was charming. He spoke English admirably, but he said he deserved no credit for that, as he had visited so often in England. He spoke casually of his various friends there, all of whom were either of the royal family or bearers of great titles. But the prince did not spend much time in talking of England; on the contrary, he asked a great many intelligent questions about America, and listened attentively to Mr. Johnson's lengthy answers, which sooner or later involved the successful business of bottle openers. After the delighted women had gone upstairs he further endeared himself to his host by taking him to a new casino where a most diverting form of roulette was in full swing.

Within a week the prince had become the most essential member of the party; no one was ever a more delightful companion. And in all this time he was never alone with Marjorie, nor did he single her for any attentions. Sometimes he looked at her with his deep-set, meditative eyes, and she felt her heart beating more quickly. But that was all.

Then at luncheon one day he got a telegram, and he told them that he had been summoned home. After he had gone, the hotel, the casino, the very blue sea, itself, lost their charm.

"I don't know what there was about that fellow," said Mr. Johnson, "but I certainly do miss him."

After seven long and meaningless days the prince suddenly reappeared.

Mr. Johnson ordered champagne, in his delight. When the coffee and cigars appeared the women went into the salon, François disappeared, and the prince and Mr. Johnson were left alone.

The prince confessed that he had fallen in love with Marjorie. "You cannot be more surprised than I am!" he exclaimed. "Never did I think to find myself like this. But I have come to feel so happy—so at home with all of you, that I dare hope you will let me become one of you."

Mr. Johnson was deeply touched; he was flattered. Think of a scion of an ancient house, as François said, wanting to ally himself with the Johnsons!

"Of course I shall say nothing to your daughter until I have your consent," the prince went on. "My future is in your hands."

Mr. Johnson sipped some of the mellow old brandy to which the prince had introduced him, and thought how wise it was that these affairs should be in the hands of men. He gave his consent to the suit.

The prince lost little time in courting the girl herself; she was completely fascinated by all that he represented to her.

Mrs. Johnson's comment summed up her joy, "My little girl will be a princess!" There was awe in her voice.

Everything moved swiftly in a whirl of preparations for an immediate marriage. The Johnsons accepted the idea of having the marriage performed in Paris, because they were sensitive about their social status at home.

Unfortunately, the most distinguished of the bridegroom's relatives were detained by illness or official duties from attending the ceremony, but half a dozen titled people turned up, and Mr. Johnson found himself acting as their host at his expensive hotel. A day or two before the event an old white-haired uncle of the prince, who could speak no word of English, talked to the bride's father, with the aid of François, on the delicate subject of a marriage settlement.

When Mr. Johnson expressed ignorance of this custom the courier was as amazed as if he had disclaimed knowledge of the existence of the Bible.

Now, although Johnson was not sensitive by nature, these last few weeks of daily contact with suave and subtle people had made him fearful of appearing, as they said, *bourgeois*.

He turned to François, in much the same way he had often consulted him about tips to waiters. "What's customary?" he said. "How much?"

François turned to the old uncle with sunken eyes, and they talked together at length.

Finally the interpreter said, "For a princess, and especially a princess brought up as your daughter has been, amid luxurious surroundings "

Johnson had a sudden picture of the four-room house where she had been born, long before he invented the bottle opener.

When he emerged from the flood of homesickness induced by this memory, it was to hear François saying, "So I suppose for a great financial figure like yourself, a nice wedding present for your only child would be a million dollars."

The American gasped.

Before he could speak the old man said something rapidly, with many gesticulations of his shriveled white hands.

"He says no one in his family has ever before married outside the nobility. At first the family objected very much to the prince marrying a stranger, especially—pardon me—an American. But the prince appeared at the family councils and explained that your daughter was really of the aristocracy, but that in your country rank was denoted not by titles but by money."

Johnson's Grand Gesture

Johnson thought this over and concluded there was much truth in it. He decided to make a grand gesture.

"My present will be a million and a half dollars!" he said.

The old man shook hands warmly, then called in a lawyer who was waiting in the next room with the agreement and the witnesses.

So the marriage went to its splendid old-lace-and-orange-blossom conclusion; and shortly after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Johnson sailed back to America.

"My daughter, the princess," found its way into all their conversation on ship board, and as I happened to sit at their table they told me the entire story before the voyage was half over.

The story horrified me, because, several years before, when the same foreigner was courting another American girl, her family had had him thoroughly investigated, and had learned that he was a notorious gambler and roué, whom no European mother would even introduce to her daughter. He had no technical right to the title of prince, and all the background of ancestral castles and official relations and grand duchesses was a fabric of gross exaggeration.

It seemed incredible that the Johnsons, by their own confession, had obtained almost all information about this man either directly from him or from a hired courier, who was undoubtedly in his pay. Johnson, who had been shrewd enough at home to make a fortune for himself, had been easily taken in by two rather cheap foreigners. If the discretion which he would have shown in selecting a fifty-dollar-a-week salesmen had been used in appraising the husband of his only child, the tragedy could never have occurred.

As I was speculating on the future of this young and inexperienced girl her mother, by coincidence, sought me out before we landed, to show me all the newspaper clippings about the wedding.

"Just think of it!" she murmured happily. "My little girl—a princess!"

I stand back of

the guarantee that goes with every set of Genuine Apex Innerings. *Each box contains the Guarantee Tag—always look for it.* Put Apex Innerings in *your* motor. They will stop oil-pumping, piston slap and plug fouling without the necessity of reboring. "Apex" also give you a marked saving in gasoline and oil.

W. H. Thomson, *Owner*

GENUINE APEX INNERINGS

20c each

Millions of Genuine Apex Innerings are in use. Everywhere they are giving the desired results—everywhere car owners are enabled to put their motors in a smooth running, flexible condition at minimum expense. Our Guarantee Tag accompanies every set. *Always look for it.* If your garage cannot supply Genuine Apex Innerings, then write us.

Guaranteed to Stop Oil Pumping and Piston Slap

One Genuine Apex is installed under each piston ring. The scientifically correct design of the parallel and reverse curves, stabilize the piston and piston rings. Even though cylinders are worn out-of-round, the Innerings take up all the play, thereby stopping oil-pumping, piston slap, and renewing power and pick-up.

"Apex" are patented. The long reverse curves make excess wear impossible. The short rounded points of contact do away with any possibility of the Innering breaking. There is no chance of scored cylinders when Apex are installed. *All sizes, ready for installation, 20c each.*

Jobbers and Dealers: Most good jobbers and dealers handle Genuine Apex Innerings. If you do not, write us for full particulars.

Write today for circular describing "Apex" and their function

THOMSON MFG. CO.
Dept. W Peoria, Ill.

"If It Isn't an Apex—It Isn't an Innering"

DEAD BIRDS

(Continued from Page 7)

spent in attentions to his hostesses rather than out there in the soft dark with a woman who for some reason he felt did not properly belong there. It had struck him that the other guests were of a different sort from the Smith-Currans and seemed to move round them a little.

"Do you know Barclay Dodge very well, Mr. McQuentin?"

"Not very. I met him several times last autumn when he was over on leave. A friend of yours?"

"Father's and mine. We knew him first in Athens when he was attached to the legation there. And last summer he was quite a lot at our place on the river between Marlow and Henley."

This immediately placed the Smith-Currans—explained their presence here, though they were not the sort of people Barclay Dodge would be apt to cultivate, Marsh thought. A big handsome youngster of twenty-five or six, who two years after graduation had shown a strong disinclination for any sort of commercial work whilst yet not content to be an idler. All his qualities, in fact, with his background of family and wealth, would seem to indicate that a diplomatic career was precisely his affair and that if he did his part he might go far. Sherrill Dodge's occupation was merely in the handling of his estate, in which he had proved himself rather more than a good steward. He had easily got his son appointed as secretary to the American Legation at Athens. Barclay had done excellently well and been assigned later to the Court of St. James.

"When did you see him last, Miss Smith-Curran?" Marsh asked.

"Just before we sailed, a fortnight ago. He spent the Henley Regatta week with us."

Not knowing just what else to say, Marsh asked if Iona and her father had lived in Athens.

"Yes, off and on since the war. Father was retired for wounds received in Gallipoli. His left arm is ankylosed at the elbow. He has shipping interests out of Levantine ports and we made Athens our base. He's over here partly on maritime business."

Marsh thought of the many idle ships lying in the roads below Governor's Island and reflected that Smith-Curran might have been commissioned to pick up a few bargains. Barclay, having enjoyed the hospitality of these people, would naturally feel it incumbent to ask some return of it by his father. He wondered a little if there could be anything between Barclay and Iona, but immediately decided that this was not likely. The Smith-Currans, he thought, were scarcely the sort of people with whom a young man who had the reputation of carrying his exclusiveness to the point of snobbery would be intimately involved.

"I suppose," said Iona, "that you are a close friend of the family."

"I can't claim so much as that. Mr. Dodge and I have been friendly acquaintances in yachting circles for some years and met often at the home of the New York Yacht Club in New York. Then I've seen a good deal of Miss Dodge at Newport and Bar Harbor and last winter in Florida. But this is the first time I've been invited to visit in a purely social capacity."

"Really? Well, that's worth a lot, I should say. Except for crossing the continent some years ago, this is our first visit to America. I knew it was rich and magnificent, of course, but I'd scarcely expected to find such finished people."

"But you knew Barclay."

"You can't judge by Europeanized Americans. I thought he might be an exception."

"Curious," said Marsh, "that you Europeans can't seem to get it out of your heads that we're still raw products over here. Some of us are, of course, but there is a rapidly increasing number who are not."

"So I'm beginning to learn." She turned and looked at him as if to make this statement personal. Almost as if to say, "You're a finished product yourself."

Marsh discovered all at once that without the searching lights this girl beside him was an unquestioned beauty. She would be that even in bright light, he thought, if only she would make some effort to control the discontent of her expressions. The salients were all there—big comprehending eyes, straight, well-shaped nose and a mouth that, if a little wide because of rather flat cheeks, was far more alluring than the tucked-in mouth of complacency. He wondered if at some time she had not been a professional dancer or actress or both. Unless a girl of such lithe grace and magnetism had been born rich she would be almost certain to capitalize such physical gifts.

"Have you ever been in the Far East?" he asked. "Singapore, Shanghai and Yokohama?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You spoke of having been a good deal at sea."

She gave a short laugh.

"I'm always more or less at sea; one of the world's restless. As a matter of fact, I was born at sea." She rose. "We'd better go back. You ought to be dancing with Miss Dodge instead of talking to a probationer like me. I think that of all the people looked at askance by the family, the foreign friends of the son and heir are that."

They started to walk up the path.

"Who's looking at you askance?"

"The whole crowd. I can feel them saying, 'Who and what are these people Barclay has foisted on to us?'"

"That's no way to view it," Marsh said. "The Dodges are not provincial. If I were you I'd take it for granted that people who had been kind to their son and entertained him must be welcome here. It is not as if Barclay were a callow cub to fall for anybody. As you say, he knows the ropes."

"Oh, yes," she said indifferently. "I'm oversensitive. I feel too much. And I get out of humor with my father because, like most Irishmen, he's apt to take too much for granted."

This at least, Marsh decided, was not true. Major Smith-Curran had impressed him as anything but the impulsive type—a perfectly cold-blooded, calculating individual who neither missed tricks nor tried to haul them in prematurely.

But as they strolled back Marsh felt uncomfortably as if their brief talk had founded some sort of sympathy between this girl and himself. He had got the fascination of her and he found himself desiring to dance with her again, to yield to that restless eddying stream that might easily develop the torrential rush of a mill race.

Afterward he danced with Cicely. It was sultry and he perspired uncomfortably, not being of the slow-pulsed, cool-surfaced cabaret type of man.

Like most nervous high-strung organizations, even mental effort was apt to moisten him, though of lean frame, and he had still that sort of debutant desire to shine on this coming-out party of his, for such it practically amounted to.

He went to his room that night flushed with success. Nearly everyone had said something particularly pleasant about his achievement. They were to spend the following day on a sail down the Sound if the breeze was furnished, and this prospect was exhilarating. All men show to best advantage in the demonstration of their work, and Marsh knew that his was good.

It puzzled him therefore as he lay on his perfect bed to find, somewhere in the depths of that mattress, the single pea that had disturbed the comfort of the real princess in the fairy tale. Was it Cicely's look as he had come from the shore with Iona Smith-Curran? Was it the elusive sense of sympathy with which Iona had infused him, or was it her dancing—the burnt-umber eyes looking into his, the rhythm of movement and the impalpable contact of her lissom body?

Marsh could not have told. He was conscious of an absolutely unwarranted gust of irritation with Barclay Dodge. Why did a fellow want to forgather with folk like these, uncertain aliens, accept their hospitality, then put his family into the position of being either ungracious or else sponsoring them? Barclay's letter must have been pretty warm to get them invited.

Iona had been right, Marsh reflected, in describing herself a restless drifter. But the deuce of it was that she made him restless too. For Iona seemed to walk into the privacy of his mind without knocking. Marsh did not want to think about her, but of Cicely, who was now beginning to reveal herself at closer range. He did not want Iona crowding in to spoil the intimate portrait of Cicely. All that day he had seemed to be moving so strongly and pleasantly in the direction of perfectly symmetrical success, and here at the end of it a siren called distractingly.

Instead of dropping peacefully to sleep, as he had hoped, Marsh began the fatal maneuver of turning from one side to the other. Insomnia had bothered him for some weeks past, and instead of combating it, he had got up when sleepless, lighted a cigarette and gone to his drafting table. To add now to his unrest, his heart began to act improperly, with a sensation of having bubbles in it. This unpleasant disorder had started with his insomnia; but an expert diagnostician had pronounced it to be merely functional, of nicotinic origin, perhaps, and the lack of systematic exercise—a nervous heart that was perfectly sound organically. Less coffee and tobacco, with deep breathing and golf, would correct it, he said.

Still, it was decidedly unpleasant; and after a few minutes of cardiac ragtime Marsh got up and stepped to his open window. He felt oppressed, physically and mentally, the latter worse because there seemed no reason for it. It struck him that his life was virtuously ill ordered for a strong man, monastic without any rhythm or background of régime. He had been sleeping badly and having his meals haphazard, rather like a family Airedale that any member of the household feeds anything at any hour when happening to think about it. A piece of steak one day at two o'clock and some cakes and candy the next at teatime.

Now if he were married —— Marsh thought of Cicely. He could now afford to marry, even Cicely. Besides, the Dodge children had inherited richly from their mother, though Marsh had heard somewhere that their fortunes were tied up in a fashion by which their father was life trustee. But Dodge had shown himself rather more than friendly, a sort of patron-benefactor-sponsor. The invitation to be his guest of a week put Marsh on the list of eligibles, now that the professional service had been completed and all business accounts settled.

Without conceit, Marsh could not help but feel that Cicely was rather more than interested in him; also that she entirely approved his work, which actually combined science, art and craft. As was to be expected, there was quite a throng of candidates for the office of Cicely's husband; but Marsh had not heard of any that was nominated. For him to marry her would be to put a layer of gold leaf on the dome of his Hall of Fame. Better than that, it would put an end to these nervous, sleepless nights and the heart palpitations of a chlorotic schoolgirl.

It was a thrilling and ambitious thought, and might have kept him pleasant company until he fell asleep had not Iona slipped in just then—figuratively, that is to say. She managed to fog the film. Marsh wondered what it was about this young woman that was able to dim a far prettier and more charming personality. Iona was actually more of a sporting than vampish type, athletic in the way that a woman aborigine might be, her grace and strength of the wild rather than cultivated. Marsh could not have imagined himself wanting to marry her, and yet she turned the fine edge, whetted bright and shining at thought of being married to Cicely.

II

"THERE'S this fascination about the sea," said Mr. Dodge to a group of his guests on the quarter-deck of the Trilby, foaming up the Sound close-hauled in a smoky sou'wester: "You can't improve it—civilize it, so to speak. Nobody can blaze a trail across it."

"Quite true, Sherrill," the bishop agreed. "There's not much *terra incognita* left. But the sea is always the same paradox of a changeless, hourly changing expanse. You might be sailing the track of Eric the Red, or Columbus, but there's nothing to indicate it."

"No, you don't find any monoliths inscribed with runes, or pottery. No bleaching skulls nor cairns nor crosses. Once out of sight of land, with no sail or steamer smoke, everything looks the same as it always has—the same conditions to be confronted. You can cut down virgin forest, but you can only cut through virgin waves; and ten minutes later there's no evidence of violation. So that as a field for adventure, so far as combating elemental forces is concerned, it's as fresh as in the days of Atlantis."

The bishop nodded.

"'They that go down to the sea in ships.'"

"But I say, what's the use of such an awful lot of something that's got nothing else to it?" said Major Smith-Curran. "Once off soundings, you might be on the prime meridian or the hundred and eightieth for all the difference there is. It's as jolly well standardized as your United States."

"Well, there's something in that," Dodge admitted. "What I'm trying to get at is that for adventure, in the sense of combating it, the sea offers the only field that's always fresh. I suppose, though, for your real romance you have to look around the detached section of solid matter you happen to be aboard."

Marsh, listening, looked at Cicely and felt that her father was right. Then he glanced up at the swelling sails of his creation and was not so sure. Romance, but of different sort, was contained in their sweeping curves, man's handicraft harnessing elemental forces and making them work for him.

He stepped then to the wheel and took it from the hands of the quartermaster, desiring for the hundredth time to get the feel and balance of his fabric. Cicely rose and joined him with a smile.

"You're like a young father, Marsh. Can't resist cuddling your baby, can you?"

"Well, every slant of wind is a little different." He held the beautifully made wheel by one little finger on a spoke. "I'm wondering if she oughtn't to carry a stronger weather helm even in so fresh a breeze. I might change her trim a little."

"Don't be fussy. Everybody says she handles perfectly."

"Who is Smith-Curran?" Marsh asked abruptly. "I was talking to him last night. He knows boats."

"Yes, and horses, and shooting and golf and bridge and billiards and all other indoor and outdoor sports, I should say. So does his daughter. Don't you think she's pretty?"

"Not very. Most times she looks too—well, grouchy."

"Why not call it sulky? She can dance though."

"Yes," Marsh admitted, "like a professional."

"I hope Barclay hasn't fallen in love with her," Cicely said.

"No fear. Barclay will play true to form and marry in his own set," Marsh said.

"I didn't say 'marry' her. I said 'fallen in love with her.'"

"I don't think you need worry. And if there was anything between them she'd be making some effort to please the family, and one might say she was doing almost the reverse." He lowered his voice. "Look at her sitting there with her chin on her fist, glue eyed."

"I will say she doesn't thaw much," Cicely admitted. "I wonder why they're over here."

"She told me last night that he was in shipping. He may want to buy vessels, or try to form some combine perhaps."

"Barclay would scarcely have written such a warm letter to back a mere promoter. He takes his connection with the Court of St. James pretty seriously. You'd think the fate of the nation was in his hands."

To Marsh this sounded like Barclay, who had impressed him as a young man to take seriously not only his position but himself. Barclay, so far as Marsh was aware, was flawless cap-a-pie. He didn't believe that from the time of his entering St. Paul's, through college and to the present day, Barclay had ever caused his father a minute of disquiet.

"I don't like to criticize a guest," Cicely said, "but this Iona girl is getting on my nerves. . . . May I steer a little, Marsh?"

He gave her the wheel, to which she was thoroughly accustomed from previous yachts owned by her father. Stepping back, Marsh lighted a cigarette and looked at her and thought of Gertrude the Fair sailing her long ship off Helgoland. Cicely was of this Norse type in face and contour

(Continued on Page 95)

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

STRENGTH

The Chevrolet chassis possesses strength and features of construction that you would expect to find only on high priced cars.

CHASSIS FEATURES

1 Powerful valve-in-head motor
2 Fully enclosed dry disc clutch
3 Selective 3-speed transmission
4 Semi-reversible steering gear
5 Deep channel steel frame
6 Semi-floating rear axle—banjo-type housing
7 Large 11" brakes—automatic equalizer
8 Five sturdy steel cross members
9 Long semi-elliptic springs
10 Vacuum fuel feed—tank in rear

Touring—$525
Balloon Tires and Special Artillery Wheels $25 Additional

Roadster—$525
Balloon Tires and Special Artillery Wheels $25 Additional

Coupe—$715
Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels Standard Equipment

Coach—$735
Balloon Tires and Special Artillery Wheels Standard Equipment

Sedan—$825
Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels Standard Equipment

Commercial Chassis—$425

Express Truck Chassis $550

QUALITY AT LOW COST

THE FILM OF

THIN AS TISSUE, SMOOTH AS SILK, TOUGH AS STEEL

THIS ILLUSTRATION was actually photographed through a film of Veedol

COPYRIGHT 1925

PROTECTION

A motor's most steadfast defender against deadly heat and friction

IT isn't the *quarts* of cool, gleaming oil poured into your crankcase that safeguard your motor from heat and friction. Only a thin *film* of that oil protects it—a film, heat-lashed and pressure-worn. Great are the responsibilities of that film. Great must be its endurance.

When your motor is running, oil is forced or thrown in a thin film over the vital parts—between the whirling, sliding surfaces. This prevents dangerous metal to metal contact.

But the film itself is constantly menaced by tearing, grinding friction, by searing, scorching heat. Terrific punishment! Punishment that quickly breaks down most oils.

Why ordinary motor-oils fail

An oil film must do its work at temperatures which at times rise to 400° F. Under that withering, consuming heat the film of ordinary oil thins out. It evaporates just as heated water evaporates. This weakened film breaks, curls up and burns. Through the shattered, broken film hot metal chafes against metal. Insidious friction starts its work of destruction.

Silently, slowly, steadily, friction gnaws at your motor. Often you don't even know your oil has failed until suddenly you have a burned-out bearing, a scored cylinder or a "frozen" piston. Then your car makes the dismal journey to the repair shop. Your oil wasn't man enough for its job.

The "film of protection"

Because the secret of correct lubrication lies in a *film* of oil, Tide Water technologists spent years in studying not oils alone but *oil-films*. Thousands of experiments were made; hundreds of road tests. Finally, in Veedol, they perfected an oil that gives the "film of protection", *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel.*

In fast increasing thousands, car-owners are entrusting the safety of expensive motors to this Veedol "film of protection". They find, through actual experience, that it means reduced repair bills, that it conserves power and increases gasoline and oil mileage.

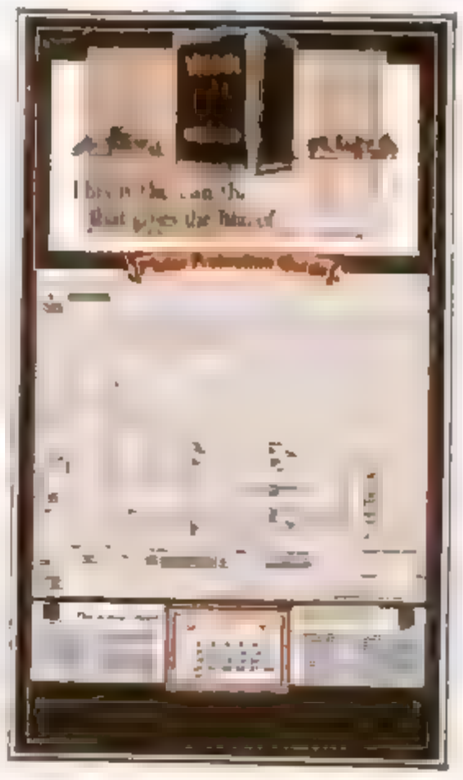
If you value your motor, don't gamble with unknown oils. The odds against you are too long. Put the Veedol "film of protection" on the job. Give your motor this indomitable guardian.

Wherever a dealer displays the orange and black Veedol sign, he will gladly drain your crankcase and refill it with the correct Veedol oil. Have this done today.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York *(main office)*; Boston, Newark, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Columbus, Dallas, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland (Oregon).

The Veedol Motor Protection Guide

At your dealer's, you will find prominently displayed the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, illustrated below. Consult this guide carefully. It tells you which Veedol oil Tide Water lubrication engineers recommend for your car.

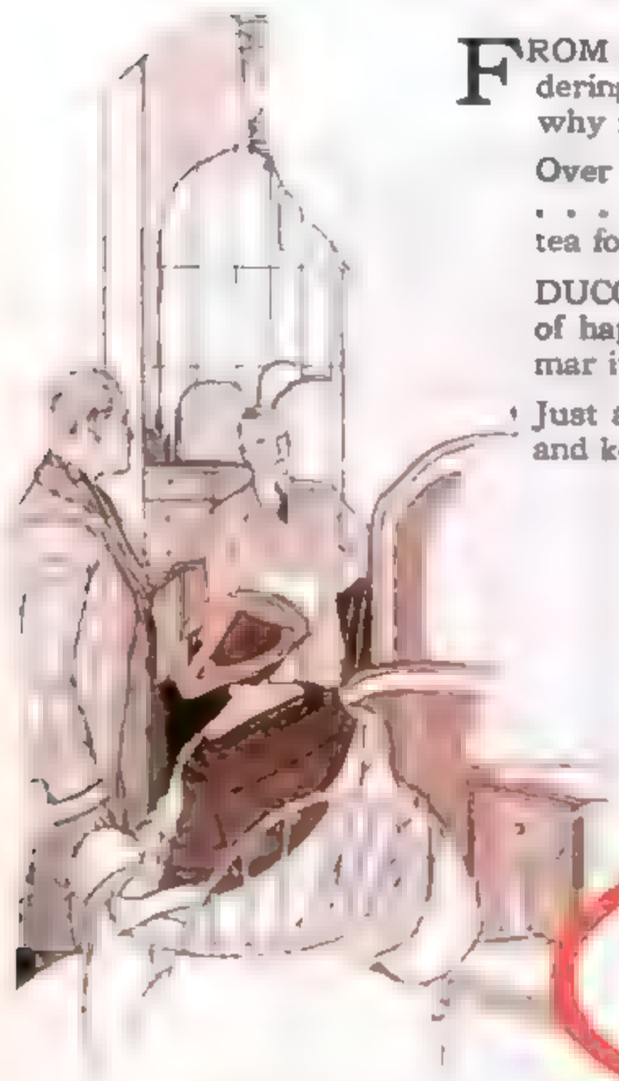


Motorists in the Middle Atlantic and New England States can secure additional power and protection through the use of Tydol Economy Gasoline.

VEEDOL

Economy Oils and Greases

The dining table leads a busy life



FROM breakfast to the evening meal its surface holds a bewildering succession of dishes—piping hot or icy cold—and that's why its Duco Finish is so important.

Over a thousand times a year the family dining table is used . . . . snacks between meals for the growing children and tea for unexpected guests.

DUCO-finished furniture stands the constant wear and tear of happy family life without tell-tale marks and scratches to mar its lustrous surface.

Just a soft cloth will clean and polish this wonderful finish and keep its newness for many years.

❦ ❦ ❦

Genuine DUCO makes the furniture you buy today—cherished heirlooms of tomorrow

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division: PARLIN, N. J.
Canadian Distributors: Flint Varnish and Color Works, Toronto

DU PONT
DUCO
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

DU PONT

Duco Qualities

In addition to its beauty, Duco Finish combines the following advantages:

1 It is the hardest, toughest, most durable finish made.
2 Steam, boiling water, hot dishes, etc., do not mar or soften it.
3 It is waterproof.
4 Does not chip, crack or craze.
5 Cannot print or get tacky.
6 It air-dries almost instantly and must be applied by a pneumatic spraying machine.

Duco Finished Furniture

The following manufacturers of furniture now use Genuine Duco:

Allegan Furniture Shop
Art Metal Construction Co., *Steel Office Equipment*
Baker & Company
Beckstege Furniture Company
Brickwede Brothers Company
Burt Brothers
Churchill Cabinet Company
Colonial Manufacturing Company
Crown Chair Company
Davis-Birley Table Company
Decorators Furniture Company
H. D. Dougherty Company
Easton Furniture Company
Empire Chair Company
Fulton Furniture Company
Grand Lodge Chair Company
Frank A. Hall & Sons
Hanson Furniture Company
Heimers Manufacturing Company
Herrick Manufacturing Company
Imus Pearce Company
The Late Company
Charles P. Limbert Company
John J. Mahler Company
Mayfair Table Company
Maher Bros.
Martin Furniture Company, Hickory, N. C.
Meier & Pohlmann Furniture Co.
Merriman Brothers
Mersman Brothers—Brandts Co.
Mueller Furniture Company
Newark Oldsmobile Company
Niagara Furniture Company
Nichols & Stone Company
Northern Furniture Company
Parkersburg Chair Company
Saworth & Fultz
Showers Brothers
Smith & Hildebrandt, Inc.
Sterling Furniture Company, Greensboro, N. C.
Wachovia Industries
Wemyss Furniture Company
White Furniture Company
Whitney Reed Corporation

Other Uses

Genuine Duco Clear Finishes are adaptable to almost any product made of wood designed for household or office use. Genuine Duco dries almost instantly, and eliminates all the essential items in finishing time, storage space and investment in finished product. It cannot be hand brushed. It must be applied by pneumatic spraying machine or mechanical coating. Demonstration on request of any manufacturer. It is already being used successfully in the following industries

Furniture Office Equipment
Pens, Pencils, etc.
Washing Machines Lamps
Handles for Tools
Brooms, Brushes, etc.
Novelties Toys
Umbrella and Cane Handles
Radio Cabinets Radio Parts
Vacuum Cleaners
Billiard Cues Golf Sticks
Bobbins and Wood Turnings
Coated Fabrics Caskets Clocks

Duco Colored Finishes

can be used on practically any product, wood or metal, requiring a lasting finish in color. They are already in successful use in those industries listed above and also the following

Automobile Bodies Truck Bodies
Automobile Accessories
Furniture Electric Parts
Gasoline and Oil Pumps
Bath Fixtures and Accessories
Toilet Seats Typewriters

• • •

Genuine Duco is obtainable at paint stores. Look for the label shown below.

Finished with DU PONT DUCO

(Continued from Page 90)

and coloring. Marsh was her opposite, physically. His lean face, straight black hair and dark-blue eyes were set over a heavy bony frame that was strongly thewed and sinewed, but gave the false impression of slenderness until stripped down for some athletic event. His restless night had left him a little haggard, but even the nervous condition into which he had recently worked himself, for no adequate reason, failed to banish his habitual expression of dry, sometimes sardonic humor, which was apt to be of the grim pioneer sort.

A phrenologist had once told him that his predominating trait would be ambition, not the ruthless sort, but based on the application of his proper gifts.

Perhaps this specialist was right, for as Marsh now let his eyes rest on Cicely there was a light in them that might have puzzled the casual observer. No woman looking his way would have said that he was in love with Cicely, or that his appreciation of her as she leaned there at the wheel against the rush of air was in any sense unworthy. Marsh was studying the girl much as he had studied the model he had made of the Trilby, and in a good deal the same state of mind, except that Cicely was not of his fabrication. But the critical approval and pleasure in so beautiful and perfect a creature was mingled with a subconscious personal ambition. He could not have helped but know that the Trilby was bound to further his advancement, set him farther on the road to success, prove tractable and always more his own possession than that of the individual who paid her cost and was her legal owner. Just so now with Cicely, Marsh could not help but feel that she also might promote him on a line parallel to the professional one, so that the two would move forward side by side. He felt that the Trilby belonged actually to him and must belong always to him, because he had first imagined her, then proved her. And now he felt that so also might Cicely belong to him, because he so profoundly appreciated her, and might still prove her.

So intense was this conception that it seemed actually to penetrate the girl's mind, or at least a part of it did so. For she startled Marsh by turning to him with a smile and saying, "You must feel as if the Trilby were actually yours, Marsh, whatever father's claim."

"No, not quite that."

"Well, she is in a sense, just as a Michelangelo is always Michelangelo's, or a Titian, Titian's, no matter what museum or individual happens to own them."

"How about mere appreciation," Marsh asked—"a deep, profound, intelligent appreciation that is complete?"

"Well, that establishes a sort of ownership too. I always think of a certain musical composition as mine. I suppose that if such feelings could be weighed comparatively, the real ownership of anything belongs to the one who has the most complete appreciation of it."

Marsh stepped back beside her at the wheel. His heart seemed for the moment to be playing tricks with him again. Cicely, glancing at his face, noted its pallor.

"What's the matter? Seasick?"

"No; just a little startled at the way you read my mind. I was thinking just that thing. More than that, it struck me suddenly that if what you say is true, then I must have a tremendous claim on you, Cicely."

She gave him a quick look that combined amusement and surprise. Perhaps the remark struck her as a rather bold plunge under the conditions of time and place, and the group composed of Dodge, the bishop, Smith-Curran and Iona about ten paces forward of them on the deck. They were talking rather loudly against the rush of wind, and at this moment the bishop said in his resonant voice, "Yes, there is something about the sea that inspires daring—sometimes too much."

Cicely laughed.

"Out of the mouths of bishops."

"Well, you outlined the claim."

"Only in the case of inanimate objects."

"Then I'll advance the lines of argument."

Dodge's voice reached them.

"—— feel a bit of a pirate myself when I get off soundings, with no policeman in sight. Anyhow, you can't get arrested for speeding."

"Now your father's said it." Marsh's eyes twinkled at the corners. "So I'll just finish what I started to say—that if a complete appreciation does constitute a claim, like that established by the hand of the craftsman, then it includes you with the boat."

"Once aboard the lugger!" Cicely mocked; her eyes were dancing.

"That's still another nine-tenths—possession. Even my nerve isn't quite up to that."

"I'm surprised. All you have to do is to heave to, lower a boat and drive the others into it, then head out for open sea."

"It's not so open as it looks. Besides, the only decent excuse for grabbing off a girl is to give her something better than she's got already, and that being the case, you are pretty safe."

"I'm not so sure, Marsh. That would bill me for spinsterhood, wouldn't it?"

As if in answer to this, came Major Smith-Curran's officer-messy voice, a sort of staccato bark.

"Anyhow, what's the use of a lot of money if it doesn't get you what you want? Most times it doesn't, especially here in the States."

Cicely laughed.

"I'll say ——"

"Yes, everybody seems to be helping me out; but I don't seem to be getting to windward, at that."

"Maybe you'd do better without so much help," Cicely suggested. "But since you're trying to say something, just carry on, regardless."

"Thanks. The big idea is that a man never seems content with what he feels himself merely to have earned. The figures prove that at this present moment the cup of my content ought to be brimful. And now I find that it's not."

Cicely glanced at the hoist of the mainsail, which was a little aback, then gave the wheel half a spoke.

"How do you account for that?"

"Nobody to enjoy it with, and in all this world there's only one ——"

From the bishop: "Yes, this is the day of opportunity, and we've got no lack of opportunists."

Marsh groaned. Cicely looked at him and laughed.

"Listen!"

"An opportunist," said Mr. Dodge, "is born, not made, like an artist; because it is an art, just as much as sculpture or painting or boat designing."

"He's got my number," Marsh murmured. "I'll shut up."

"No, don't," begged Cicely. "It's too lovely."

"What's lovely?"

"You're trying to make me cry with these wise cracks going off. Hit the ball again, Marsh."

"Well, then, since I'm cast for Mr. Shean in this sketch, I suppose I might as well swallow hook, bait and sinker. Last night while enjoying insomnia I finally doped it out that I was in the period of incubation of the oldest malady in the world and for the cure of which the Creator decided to give his gardener a long-haired assistant."

"Is that all? Well, there are no lack of them nowadays to pick and choose from—though most of them are bobbed."

"The lack is in the matter of choice," Marsh said. "It was simplified for Adam."

"—— mutineers of the Bounty," declaimed the bishop. "A remarkable instance of good coming out of evil. Worthy religious folk quite content to worship God on their little island. This modern twaddle of soul mates and affinities, the one woman for the one man. There are millions of women for every man. A mere matter of propinquity."

"There, you see? Cheer up, Marsh."

"The old fraud never found his. Too many, I should say, what with his wealth and looks and position. The next time I try to express my vain aspirations ——"

"Vague aspirations, did you say?"

"No, I did not. I said vain."

"Well, it sounded vague to me."

"Oh, it did, did it?"

Marsh's choler began to rise, got well under way before his sense of humor caught up with it. He scarcely realized that here, actually, he was trying to make love if not propose to Cicely on the sloping deck of the schooner rushing under all the sail she could comfortably carry and within earshot of three philosophizing elders and a girl who, he began to feel uncomfortably, was taking notice without giving evidence of doing so. Marsh plunged. "There's only one woman for me, Cicely, and you might as well ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Dodge, taking up the rather idle argument. "As Saint Paul wisely observed, it is better ——"

Marsh frantically went on, his Biblical knowledge telling him that here now was coming the final touch to the absurdity of his position.

"You might as well know it now as later."

Cicely turned and gave him a mocking look.

"How long have you known it, Marsh?"

"That doesn't matter. I know it now. Oh, help, here comes the last straw!"

Straw was scarcely the simile for Iona, who had risen suddenly and was moving toward them on the sloping unsteady deck with the perfect rhythm of a gymnast on a trapeze. It seemed uncannily to Marsh as if she had been listening in, a physical impossibility, and said to herself, "High time to stop this foolishness." Instead she said, "I think your boat is a wonder, Mr McQuentin, and Miss Dodge is a jolly good hand at the wheel."

Marsh felt for the moment as if he would like to strangle her, do her physical violence. Iona, he was sure, had followed his difficult passage with Cicely by some sense of clairaudience and as closely as if within earshot. He had not once seen her glance in their direction while sitting with her elbow on the arm of the wicker deck chair, chin on knuckles, staring glue eyed, as he had said, at the water. Then perversely, at thought of laying hold of her for any purpose, to shake, throw overboard, the idea of such a contact set his heart to hammering. Certainly he must be in a ragged state of nerves, Marsh decided.

The smile on Cicely's lips did not match entirely the look in her gray eyes as she said, "Wouldn't you like to steer, Miss Smith-Curran?"

"May I? It's a long time since I've held a wheel." She took the spokes relinquished to her; then looked at Marsh. "Perfectly balanced, isn't she?"

"Too much so in this breeze, I've been thinking."

He raised his voice and ordered the jib and forestaysail sheets eased a little. This gave the schooner stronger weather helm.

The next tack would fetch them back across the Sound to the moorings. It was then about four o'clock. Leaving the wheel for the two girls to manage, Marsh joined the group of men, listened to a few more compliments while fuming inwardly and feeling baffled. But his eyes went frequently to Iona.

Standing at the wheel, she presented the best facet of herself Marsh so far had seen; not so much from the evident efficiency with which she kept the big sails filled to the brim and no more, but because the exhilaration of this effort and the rush of wind had swept away for the moment the expression of discontent that seemed to be a chronic one, in danger of disfiguring permanently a face that was more than merely pretty. Marsh had never before realized the ravages on a woman's looks that can be wrought by throwing on the screen of her features the projection of intolerant emotions. He wondered what Iona's trouble was—money, or a love affair gone wrong, or resentment at opportunities of happiness lost or wasted, or a sense of futility in her life.

She was younger by some years, he decided, than he had first thought; but even older possibly in experience. Now, for the moment, as if the humming breeze had blown away the disfiguring cobwebs, she gleamed out like a charming sculpture in tinted marble that, having previously stood for months in a closed house, had on its opening to let the sunlight in been cleansed and brightened. The grime, set in the shadow of its planes completely to alter the character of their lineaments, had been removed to make them gay.

The stately yacht nosed up to her moorings and the party went ashore. In the gig, Iona seemed to have relapsed again. Marsh had already observed that in company with others she had scarcely anything to say, indulged a taciturnity that verged on ungraciousness, as if she resented the obligation of any effort. He began to think her acceptance of the invitation had been under protest and that she had not wished that they avail themselves of Barclay's letter. Watching her surreptitiously, he noticed that her face darkened when her eyes rested on her father. More than that, there was an accent of misgiving contained in it, and a note of dread. It struck him that she was in some dread of what all this

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX FAMILY

IT'S a jolly, hard-working, good-looking alarm-clock family, from the big Ten-Day Simplex to the little Square Rascal. All as square as their name—even the Pirate is square—and all anxious to please and to serve. They're the new alarms that every one is talking about. Smooth, satiny, gray, platinum-like finish. Won't tip over. No projecting feet to mar furniture. Pick out the one you like. It will be mighty welcome in your home.

Square Simplex. *The only 10-day automatic alarm clock;* 5¾" high x 4¼" wide. Alarm stops and automatically resets . . . **$6.00**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Racket. *Time, alarm and gong strike;* 5¾" high x 4¼" wide. The only alarm-clock striking the hour and half hour. Runs 30 hours **$5.00**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5¾" high x 4¼" wide. Runs 30 hours **$3.50**

Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Pirate

Square Rascal

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours **$2.50**

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2¾" high x 2¾" wide. Runs 30 hours. **$3.25**

Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.

(Patents Pending)

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY

Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

99 John St. Dept. P New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

DAVIS
MOTOR CARS

SERIES 90 MAN O' WAR
RACY—DEPENDABLE—CAPABLE
Jump seat for two in rear deck.

Character

Motor cars have *character*. It is given to them by their manufacturers. Granting this, Davis motor cars can be judged from these facts:

The Davis is the sole product of a company that has been guided through twenty-three years of successful manufacturing experience by the same ownership and executives.

Davis financial resources are in excess of requirements. Davis has not borrowed in many years. Davis is one of the strongest *independent* motor car manufacturers.

Davis stock is owned by only six stockholders, actively connected with the business. *Not a single share is for sale.*

Davis has never manufactured cars in large quantities, but Davis always has taken real pride in the performance of every car bearing its name.

More than half of the workmen employed in the Davis factory have been building Davis motor cars for more than ten years—many of them since the first Davis was built.

The Davis chassis incorporates the finest specialized units. Continental, Delco, Borg & Beck, Timken, are typical. Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes and Balloon Tires are standard. Every model has the distinctive Davis Dual-Tone Finish, in green or gray. See the Davis—then decide.

Series 90		*Mountaineer Series 91*	
Touring Phaeton	$1395		
Man O' War	$1495	Phaeton	$1695
Legionaire	$1495	Roadster	$1795
Utility Brougham	$1595	Brougham	$1895
Sedan	$1995	Sedan	$2295
Berline Sedan	$1995	Berline	$2295

—at the factory, plus tax

The Davis franchise is available in certain cities to aggressive distributors. Write us.

George W. Davis Motor Car Co.
Richmond, Ind., U. S. A.

DAVIS

"BUILT OF THE BEST"

might be leading up to, possibly some service Major Smith-Curran might have in mind to require of his host and of a sort to put a strain on Dodge's genial hospitality.

Cicely proposed a swim. Her father agreed, but suggested that they go first to the house, to make one job of dressing for dinner. As they went ashore in the speed launch that served as gig, Marsh mentioned to Iona, sitting next him, that Cicely had won a number of swimming trophies, the last at Palm Beach when he had been there in February. Iona glanced at her hostess and nodded.

"She shapes up like a swimmer, full in the chest, with strong shoulders and long legs"—rather as if she were speaking of a steeplechaser, Marsh thought. The English had a bald way of putting things. He felt, though, that Iona for some reason was nursing along an antagonism for Cicely, as if anticipating a knock of sorts and ready to come back with the best she had. Marsh wondered why, and if it had anything to do with Barclay.

They went to their rooms to put on their swimming suits and towel robes. Marsh did not feel like getting into the water. He would rather have stretched out on his window seat, as the bishop had declared his intention of doing. Dodge and Smith-Curran were going in, the latter having stated in his staccato way that his ankylosed elbow, immobilized at a little less than a right angle, was a help rather than a hindrance in the water—fixed for a crawl stroke so that its flection was not fatiguing.

"Useful for a short jab or an uppercut, too," he said with a grin.

Going down presently to the landing, Marsh found the others already there, for he had delayed a little to glance through some letters on his dresser. Dodge, Iona and Smith-Curran were in the water, bobbing about in the choppy waves a little off the float. Cicely had waited for Marsh, and as he came up she stepped onto the flat-topped rampart of the concrete jetty. She was the proper figure for a vigorous sea nymph. Iona had touched correctly if a little rawly on her specifications, Marsh admitted as he gave her a glance that did not linger, then stepped up beside her.

"Good water today," she said. "A stiff breeze sweeps off the scum we get when it's calm. Too bad this lovely Sound's been made a big drain. Not much like Florida or Bar Harbor."

Marsh, as they dived, decided that of the two it was more like the latter. The season had been late, and although the middle of July, the water was cold. Like most men without an ounce of blubber and whose press of work has interfered with sleep and exercise, Marsh felt the chill to which most women bathers seem immune, whether from more protective adipose or being habitually lighter clad or something. To react against it, he started to swim out more vigorously than was prudent for a man in poor physical training. Cicely forged past him.

"Let's swim off to the yacht," she called.

"All right," Marsh agreed.

He was warming up, and being normally a strong swimmer it did not seem as though the scant furlang to where the Truby lay at her mooring ought to tax his endurance. He and Cicely had often swum twice that distance at Palm Beach. Marsh did not pause to reflect that cold water takes its tax in calories of energy as much as muscular effort does, and what was more important, he had been physically fit when South from tennis, golf and dancing where the oxygen was not exhausted.

Foolishly, now, he tried to keep pace with Cicely. They swirled past the others, when Dodge called something that neither heard. Then, some distance out, with Cicely a little in the lead, Marsh, who was swimming on his side, looked back and saw Iona's orange kerchief foaming up on the crest of a wave, and the upward flash of a round, gleaming arm.

Marsh perceived what was doing. Iona had guessed Cicely's purpose to swim to the yacht and now meant to beat her to it if she could. That was rather like Iona, he opined. But with a handicap of some thirty yards in a distance of about two hundred and twenty, it would take some doing to accomplish it, especially if Cicely saw what she was up to. The chances were, though, Cicely would in that case wait for Iona to come up abreast, then race her from the same scratch.

Evidently Cicely did not discover Iona at all. She had now settled down to work, got into her stride, as Iona might have said, and appeared to be trying only to see by how much she might beat Marsh. Her head was mostly buried. Marsh for his part threw caution overboard, determined that at least Iona should not overhaul him.

Then something happened to him. Things went suddenly black. His nicotinic heart began to do a jazz, a ragtime. Marsh, feeling himself on the verge of collapse, ceased his violent efforts, trying only to keep his air intake out of water. He knew that the trouble was neither muscular fatigue nor being winded as the result of such. His heart had started to play one of its recent tricks on him—what might prove a fatal trick at such a moment.

He could no longer see the yacht. Even the shore was blurred and indistinct. But his brain was clear enough. It warned him not to call out to Cicely for fear that his foundering involve her also. He seemed to have lost his equilibrium in the water, and his one desperate hope was that he might be able to paddle enough to keep himself afloat for a few moments until the faintness and vertigo should pass. Marsh knew that his distress was nothing in the nature of cramp, though no doubt the drowning of many a strong swimmer from similar cause has been inaccurately ascribed to cramp. Such a condition ashore would not be serious, unless a man happened to be scaling a cliff or something of the sort. But in water, cold or hot, it can prove fatal. It has been known to happen in a bathtub.

The blackness deepened. A wave splashed over Marsh's head. His balance was entirely lost. "Torped," he thought bitterly, "just when coming into port." He could not see, and his struggles were getting feebler. "Here's the end," he thought drowsily, and at that moment a hand gripped his arm close to the shoulder.

"Don't struggle," said a limpid voice. "Let yourself go. I've got you."

Marsh obeyed. He was vaguely conscious that it was Iona holding him. He let himself sag and was dimly aware that she had slipped behind him and clutched both arms. His head seemed to be resting on her.

"Cramp?" she asked. Her voice came muffled, and from a distance.

"No, just faint."

"That will pass. Try to take a few deep breaths."

Marsh obeyed. For some reason he did not seem to care now whether he sank or not, nor if Iona sank with him. And then, as if the trick had failed and there were no longer reason to continue it, his heart got back in step again, fell into its normal stride. His vision began to clear. The slope of lawn that he was facing changed from a swirling purple blotch to its proper soft green, and the house took outline again.

Marsh became rapidly conscious of how his head was pillowed, and of Iona's rhythmic movements as she trod water. A wave of shame swept over him and acted as a stimulant. Poised as he was on his back, he began to scull with his hands.

"Keep still," said Iona. "You're coming round. Be all right in half a mo'. Rest a bit longer."

But the syncope had passed, and as his heart resumed its normal beat Marsh's strength returned full powered. It was, he thought, like a perfectly good marine motor of which a sudden jar had loosened the contact of an ignition wire without disconnecting it entirely. These recent attacks had been like that, never immediately recurring. The faintness had never lasted more than two or three minutes, though seeming many times that duration. Ashore, he merely paused to let them pass. But one could not pause on top three fathoms of water.

With strength restored, came a gust of humiliation. That also was in the nature of a spur. He freed himself brusquely from Iona's supporting hand and took a stroke or two that turned him facing her. This brought him also facing the yacht, about a hundred yards away, and he caught sight of Cicely reaching out for the stanchion at the foot of the accommodation ladder. Marsh wondered if she had seen. He looked then at Iona.

"Thanks. I'm all right now."

"Better take it easy. Indigestion, I should say. Going in too soon after tea and crumpets on the yacht."

"I've been having these little spells." He began to swim slowly toward the yacht, Iona drifting easily beside him. "The doctor says it's coffee and tobacco."

"Better chuck both for a while. You looked rather badly when we came ashore. You oughtn't have tried to keep up with Miss Dodge."

"I managed to hold my own with her last winter, but I was pretty fit just then."

"That makes all the difference. Hadn't we better swim back? It's not much farther and a lot better going with the wind and waves."

"No, I'm all right now."

Marsh spoke rather shortly. Iona said nothing. It struck Marsh then that he was showing scant gratitude for the saving of his life—as it was, he admitted, nothing short of that. If Iona had not grabbed him just when she did he would surely have gone down to stay. No three times about it when your heart quits work and your lungs have expelled their air; least of all, in a lean man of heavy, bony frame. The next time he rises is some days later, depending on the temperature of the water.

And here he was, Marsh reflected, carrying on again, thanks to Iona, and feeling sore about it instead of humbly grateful. There was something the matter with his sense of decency. He was not, for the moment, quite up to working out the psychology of the thing, which was that for some reason—Barclay, probably—there was ahead of them a catch-as-catch-can event between Cicely and Iona, and about which Marsh's partisanship must now be guarded. There was no getting round his obligation, nor was he the man to slack it. He had not called for help because afraid that with waning consciousness he might instinctively grab Cicely, to drag her down with him. But he had not seemed to care whether this happened to Iona.

All the greater the debt, and the sooner acknowledged the better. Marsh swam a little closer to Iona, who, as they neared the yacht, had edged away a little.

"You saved my life," he said. "Another ten seconds would have done for me. I was sinking, and I'd have been down out of reach."

"Well, it wasn't so ordained." Iona slowed, almost stopped. "And there was no more danger to me than if I'd stood on the bank and fished you out with a line."

"There was, though. I might have grabbed."

"You're not the grabbing kind. So don't try to say any more about it. I'd rather you didn't, really. I hate fuss."

"That doubles the score," Marsh said. "I hope I'll have a chance to pay it some time—not with danger to you, of course."

"Perhaps you may. But it doesn't matter a sou. Please promise to keep mum."

"But why? It isn't fair to you."

"I'm no medal hound. Besides, don't you see that Cicely Dodge would be frightfully sore?"

Marsh had not thought of that. Cicely, he knew, would certainly resent his not having called out to her, and even more his rescue by Iona, especially as the close shave was in large measure her own fault. Nevertheless, Marsh answered, "Well, I can't help that."

"You can help it—by keeping mum. Cicely would be angry with both of us. It doesn't matter about me; but it would be a pity on your account, because she's rich and beautiful and head over ears in love with you."

"Oh, bunk!"

"She is, though. I think you're much too nice and clever for a pampered girl like that; but all the same, I believe you would make a good pair. Anyhow, on both our accounts, I want you to promise not to say a word about all this."

"All right, if you insist. I promise."

"Then that's that." And as if to rest the matter there she started for the yacht again. Marsh, beside her, observed to his disquiet that Cicely had gone up the ladder and was not in sight.

III

IONA, swimming sinuously and with no splashing at all, slipped ahead of Marsh as an otter might leave a dog. She reached the staging of the accommodation ladder and swung herself up and out as lightly as a gymnast gets on his horizontal bar.

Marsh, clambering aboard less gracefully for grace would never be his forte, came on deck to find only a quartermaster forward and Iona aft. The crew was busy with such a supper as it had never got in the Skager-Rack.

"Where is Cicely?" Marsh asked.

Iona made a little gesture with both hands, drawing down the corners of her wide mouth.

(Continued on Page 99)

20 million people have discovered Eversharp

MECHANICAL pencils are no novelty. The idea is more than a hundred years old.

Yet the use of the mechanical pencil actually began with Eversharp. Why?

Why did the world wait for Eversharp, then quickly turn to it 20 million strong?

Because Eversharp itself was a discovery . . . . of how to make the mechanical pencil practical.

Eversharp has a vital feature, an original, patented, exclusive feature —the *rifled tip*. This tip grips the lead at the point so firmly that it cannot wobble or turn.

Therefore Eversharp writes as smoothly as a wood pencil. Also it is *ever sharp*. Handy. Durable and handsome.

Now the *new, perfected* Eversharp is further establishing its supremacy.

It cannot clog. Reloads in a second. Is made as a jeweler would make it—like a watch

The new Eversharp will win tens of thousands of new users this year. It is pencil utility, economy, convenience, beauty. The choice of people accustomed to the best—the writing aid of business success.

Some model of Eversharp will fit *your* work and increase your pride. Commercial models at $1 and less. Gold-filled or sterling Eversharps $3 to $6—in perfect harmony with a good watch and other correct personal articles.

The Wahl Pen matches Eversharp. Like Eversharp, a world standard—a product of the foremost makers of fine writing equipment—a sound purchase, an ideal gift.

You will pass an Eversharp dealer next time you're out. Go in and see his display.

The New WAHL

EVERSHARP

PERFECTED

Red Top Leads are the smoothest quality— perfect in size, and economical. Made in [illegible] each (7 grades), red, blue, green, yellow, [illegible] drying. At all dealers

Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen
Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL CO., Chicago
Canadian Factory, THE WAHL CO., Ltd., Toronto
Prices same in Canada as U. S.

Eleven technical improvements

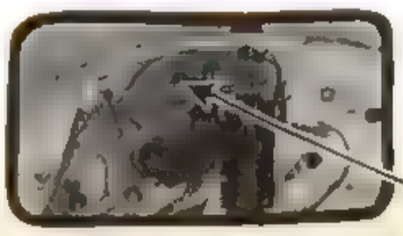
setting a wholly new standard in the art of watch construction

THE GRUEN ULTRA-VERITHIN

Wheel train diagram showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss in accuracy or durability of parts

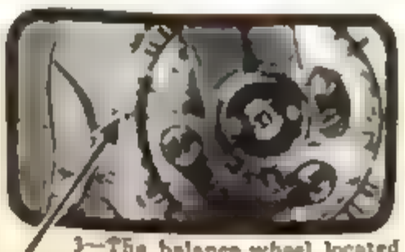
Empire 50, Ultra-VeriThin

Empire 57, Ultra-VeriThin

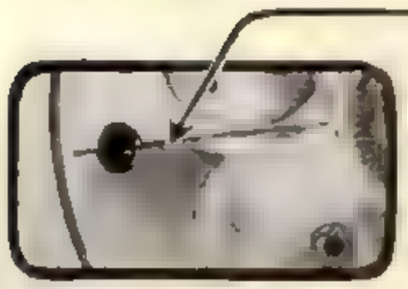


1—Our improved setting mechanism The setting lever or detent acting on a pivot rigidly mounted into the lower plate prevents loosing of the detent screw and pulling out of the stem.

2—A most practical method of securing the crown wheel cap.

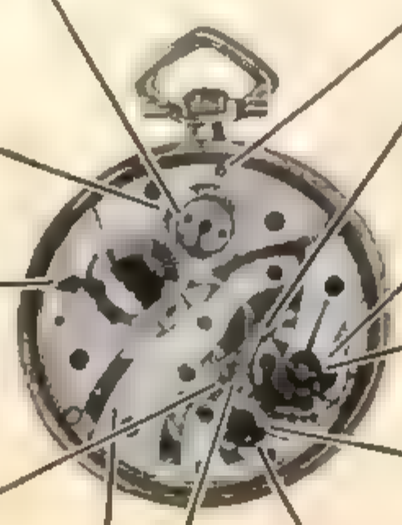


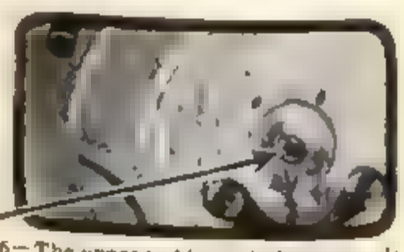
3—The balance wheel located alongside of the center wheel (not under) allows more room for the escapement and greatly facilitates the removing and replacing of the balance. This feature is patented.



4—This divided barrel bridge permits the removal of the barrel without removing any other part of the winding mechanism.

5—This exceptionally long recoil of the mainspring ratchet prevents over winding and setting of the main spring





6—The upper and lower balance jewels are set in removable settings Never done before in so thin a watch

7—The lower balance cap jewel screw is located at the thickest portion of the plate prevent stripping of the threads.

8—Our improved arrangement of train wheel assembly reduces the thickness of the watch without sacrificing efficiency and durability of the working parts.

9—When excessive pressure is put on the back of the case this safety pillar serves as a guard against damage to the balance pivots and jewels *Precision* — the quality pledge mark of the Gruen Guild

10—The escape wheel has conical pivots and is cap jeweled at both ends same as the balance staff. This assures freer running escapement on all positions.

11—The hardened steel escape wheel is lighter and insures less friction and longer wear

TWENTY-TWO years ago, the first Gruen VeriThin, by its unique principles of construction, brought about an entirely new conception of what a man's pocket timepiece should be.

For the first time was made possible, at popular prices, a thin watch of the highest accuracy and durability.

Yet neither its inventor, Mr. Fred G. Gruen, President of the Guild, nor the other expert horologists associated with him were content to stop with this one advance in reducing the thickness of the watch.

After twenty-one years of patient work and experimentation, they succeeded in producing, last year, the Gruen *Ultra-VeriThin*.

The Ultra-VeriThin is something more than an improved timepiece. It is an invention of great significance in the history of fine watchmaking.

It offers to the watch buyer entirely new values in beauty and accuracy at prices hitherto unknown for a watch of like character and thinness.

Because of the natural pride we take in this watchmaking achievement, we are showing here the various technical improvements it embodies, some of them wholly new, the rest never before applied to so thin a watch.

The diagram above, we believe, illustrates its common-sense principle, which the intelligent layman can readily understand.

Empire 57, Ultra-VeriThin (Pat'd), *Precision* movement—Solid white gold, hand-carved case, $125

Empire 50, Ultra-VeriThin (Pat'd), *Precision* movement—Solid white or green gold, $100; white inlaid with fine enamel, $110, platinum, $450 to $550

GRUEN WATCH MAKERS GUILD
Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.
New York Toronto
Engaged in the art of fine watchmaking for more than half a century

(Continued from Page 96)

"She must have seen us, after all."

"No, or she'd have come back."

"Unless she thought that we were merely playing London Bridge."

"Oh, lollipop! She's got too much sense ——"

He checked himself. Cicely's purple kerchief appeared in the companionway. Marsh had a momentary uncomfortable feeling of conspiracy, of secret understanding with Iona, which was, indeed, a fact. Then, as the rest of Cicely, in a peignoir, rose above the horizon of the hatch, Marsh glanced at her face and his vague misgiving crystallized.

A sacrificing druid priestess must have looked like that to her bound victim, Marsh thought.

"I've had swim enough," she said briefly. Then, true to her form of hostess—"If you two feel the same about it, I'll have the steward bring up some gowns. Do just as you like, though. We've loads of time."

Marsh seemed to catch a tinge of irony in the "loads of time." Also, it was not true. Just before his collapse, Marsh had heard five bells struck aboard the yacht, and dinner was ordered, they had been told, for 7:30 that evening. So there was now less than an hour in which to swim back, go to the house and dress. Time enough, but not loads of it. Cicely could have gone below and looked through a saloon porthole, to see Marsh and Iona closely aligned, or paddling along as sociable as a pair of dabchicks in a mill pond, absorbed in a conversation that was not called back and forth in the the usual way of swimmers, but spoken at a range so close as to risk contact of kicking feet. Bathing as generally practiced today was, after all, an amazingly intimate function, when one stopped to think.

And he, Marsh reflected, had started out to swim to the yacht with Cicely, swapping partners, as you might say, in the middle of the stream. That was now the rub. Worse, he had promised Iona to keep mum about the reason for it.

He looked at Cicely, and finding little in her face to cheer him on, cast a look of appeal at Iona. She totally ignored it, saying merely, "I like to rest a bit after a swim, so if you're going ashore in the boat I'll do the same."

Cicely, without waiting to hear from Marsh, called to the quartermaster "Launch, Olsen," then stepped to the companionway and touched the steward's bell. Marsh, nettled and in a spirit of perversity, stepped up onto the teak rail.

"Think I'll swim," he said, and took a clean dive. It was not entirely perversity. He was unable to see how he could possibly enjoy riding ashore in the gig with these two girls. Also the situation was out of focus, blurred and confusing. He desired to escape.

He was quite himself again, and it was easy swimming with the waves. Regardless of his recent cave-in, he set himself a fast stroke, so that by the time the launch was hauled from the boat boom alongside with the two gowned figures aboard it, Marsh was well on his way. Dodge and Smith-Curran were still splashing about, waiting for the three others, to whom they desired to make some observations on foolhardiness.

The launch foamed past Marsh with no hurrahs. He was beginning to feel that he had first been made a fool of, then done it for himself. Rather worse than that, Cicely was very likely thinking him petty, to say the least, for having started to swim with her to the yacht, then, peeved at being unable to hold the pace, loitering to wait for Iona. And Iona was probably rating him pure imbecile, and vain at that, to have swum in alone after having just been dragged like a pup out of a fountain by herself. First caddish, then showing off, Marsh decided, and spat salty curses into the brine.

It must have seemed also to Cicely, if she did bother to look out the porthole, that Marsh had not only loitered to wait for Iona but kept on loitering after they came together—and pretty close together, at that, stopping to talk on their pleasant and desultory ramble alongside. Also it might have appeared to Cicely as if she had interrupted some exchanges of confidence when she came on deck.

Turning these things in his mind with rage, Marsh was dealt a harder mental jolt. Could Iona have foreseen this complication and played her hand accordingly? Had she stacked the cards on him in eliciting that promise to keep muffled his loud speaker? The idea was as largely illuminating as it was infuriating. Had he been hauled out of the bog only to be thrown into a trap? Iona, from the first, had impressed him as a trouble maker. He began now to believe that she was not only that thing but an expert at the job.

A little breathless, but by this time warm enough, Marsh went up the swimming steps rigged on the float in time to get the end of Dodge's paternal lecture.

"The next time I hail you, missy, just you heave to and listen. I don't holler for fun when I'm in swimming, like a Sunday picnicker."

To which Cicely answered coolly, "I'd have done so if I'd heard you, dad. But my head was mostly under water. It never occurred to me that you were going to worry about us."

She started up the path for the house, something in her carriage suggesting the offended goddess. Dodge and Smith-Curran followed, Iona lingering to wait for Marsh. A nice ending to a pleasant swim, Marsh thought. He decided, however, to make no comment. After all, he did not believe Iona to be quite cat enough for what had occurred to him while swimming in. And there was no getting round the fact that she had saved his life and desired no credit for it. Why, when all was said and done, should she want to make trouble between Cicely and himself? This improved opinion of her grew stronger as they started to walk up the path.

"It's a rotten shame," Iona said. "I never thought of her taking it that way."

"Since she did, you might as well have told her the truth," Marsh answered briefly.

"She wouldn't have believed me. Besides, I stall on apologies when anybody acts like that. Why didn't you tell her yourself, instead of doing a bunk, diving in like an idiot when you had just escaped getting your glim doused for good?"

"Because I am that thing, I guess," Marsh retorted bitterly. "The sort that keeps his promise, no matter at what cost."

"Well, then tell her if you like. It will only make things worse, though. What a horrid mess! But she'll get over it."

"I'm not so sure—about her getting over it, I mean. Girls are such unreasonable beasts, especially rich ones."

"Perhaps you had better not tell her then. The crosser she is with herself the more she'll blame us. So far, the blame is on you. But she would hate me if she knew I'd really saved your life. If she weren't in love with you she wouldn't care."

"That sounds barmy to me," Marsh said He gave a short laugh. "And you call it love!"

"That's the workings of it. Smears a bit until it gets burned in, like indelible ink She's in love with you and you're in love with her, so it's bound to come out all right."

"I wish I had your faith. By the way, I don't think I've thanked you yet. Well, please accept my profound acknowledgments. Only for you I'd be on bottom now."

Iona smiled.

"As I see it from my Oriental point of view, the obligation works the other way."

"I don't get you."

"That's because you're a citizen of the Western world. I've lived long enough in the Far East to sop up some of its philosophy. The Chinese reason that to save a life, especially from the sea, saddles the saver with the responsibility of its future."

"Where do they get that stuff?"

"It's logic, when you stop to think. If you let a person drown, then his earthly troubles are over. But if you fish him out, then they are still ahead of him, like a little bear. So you see, you're my little bear."

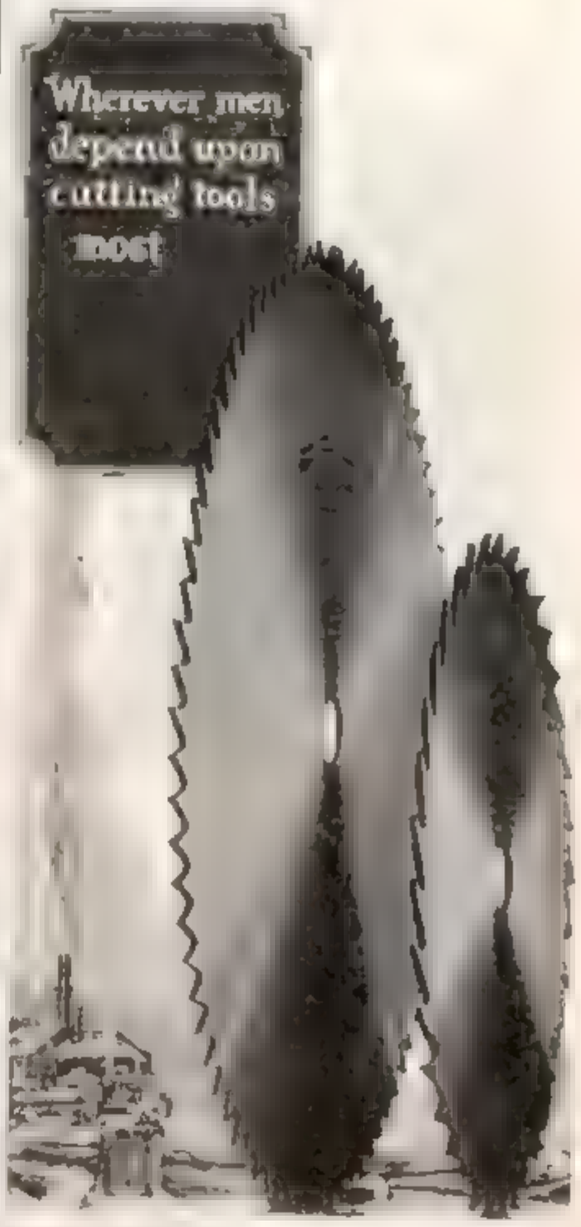
She turned on Marsh a smile that lighted her face wonderfully, then with a nod hurried on to join her father and Mr. Dodge.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cuyamaca Lake, San Diego County, California

SIMONDS CIRCULAR SAWS

WHEN you specify SIMONDS in ordering a solid tooth circular saw, or any other style of saw, you can be certain that its quality is protected not only by Simonds near-century of experience in making the finest cutting edges of tempered steel, but that constant laboratory tests and development work assure you that your selection represents the very last word in cutting tool manufacture. No matter what your cutting problem may be, put it up to Simonds, either through your supply house or dealer or direct.



SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" Established 1832
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

VICI kid

for the foot aristocratic

With some people, as Fashion knows, nothing can take the place of the pump. And this is her answer, a dainty model showing the vogueish medium toe and covered heel. Its smart shield tongue, with delicate cut-outs and perforations, [illegible] ornament it here. A pump for general and semi-formal wear.

The vogue for soft tone Vici colors is typified by this model. The shoe itself is a rich oak shade of tan; the tongue appliques and the narrow pipings are of [illegible] new shade of beige. [illegible] all shoes for the new costume [illegible]

Here you have the mode in [illegible] that the cut of the shoe is [illegible] combining the general [illegible] with a smart cut-out effect [illegible] This shoe, in rich black [illegible] commended for street and [illegible] wear.

Look for

the Vici kid trade mark inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

THE smartness of the Spring shoes begins with the beautiful kid leather—Vici kid. It holds the highest place in the new footwear fashions, because it shows the new patterns and the new soft colors at their richest and best.

If you are looking for the smartest thing in footwear, insist on seeing the new models that bear the trade mark of Vici kid.

You can be modishly shod in Vici kid at the price you want to pay.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Inc., Philadelphia

Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS [illegible]

Selling agencies in all parts of the world

POWER

(Continued from Page 34)

and I had to see that they didn't put anything over on me out along the line, where I still knew every yard and every mile along the right of way.

I succeeded, once we'd cleaned up after the Hosmer mess, in establishing still newer economies in operating, in cutting out deadwood from the Page office down, in arranging a new and more reasonable wage scale, and in steadily increasing our car and train loadings. In the matter of coal consumption I organized a further campaign for economy that soon permitted our road to carry a passenger one mile on fourteen and a half pounds of fuel and made our average for moving one thousand gross-ton miles of freight exactly one hundred and thirty-three pounds of coal. This may not sound important to the outsider, but it was on things like that I'd made my record. The rest of the railway world knew that record and it was something that counted when it came to beating down the last opposition to our final merger.

That merger, as I've already implied, was largely a matter of adroit financing, mixed with a smaller amount of equally adroit politics, topped with a sufficient amount of timely propaganda, and underpinned with a rather amazing amount of audacity. And even when the final line-up was arranged, the customary group of canny brokers got together and attempted to capitalize the nuisance value of the Grand Pacific minority stock by holding out to await developments. I spoiled their little game, however, by a formal declaration that no dividend provision would or could be made for the minority stockholders of the original leased company who withdrew or withheld from the transfer conditions already accepted by the majority. In other words, I promptly gave that noisy little minority the choice of joining in the merger and getting good dividends on both their common and their preferred stock or of going into court and discovering how saner minds would interpret their obstructionist tactics.

And while this was hanging fire and a considerable amount of editorial expression, especially in the East, remained still hostile to my new movement, I saw that it was about time for a little pyrotechnical display on my own part. A certain financial paper had referred to me as a spent rocket, and I liked the idea of showing the owner of that money rag there was still a show of fizz powder in his "Cecil Rhodes in shirt sleeves," as he'd still earlier designated me. So I decided that it would be an appropriate move, all things considered, for my board of directors to proffer me an official banquet. And when that had been duly arranged for, I further suggested that I would esteem it a favor to be allowed to take a small part in its stage management. And when this, too, was acceded to, I decided to give the affair a touch of the unexpected that might not be without its final good effects. I wanted to bring home to people some little inkling of the part I'd played in their railway world, and I wanted to do it in a way they'd understand.

Back in the old Nagisaw sheds I'd been keeping a nest egg that very few people knew about. Still fewer understood why I was treasuring it. But when the time seemed right I made use of it.

For that nest egg was a train of three old wooden day coaches from the childhood of the D. & B. and the identical old wood-burning engine on which I'd first fired in the Michigan gravel pits. The grates of this engine had been changed, to adapt it to coal burning; but I eventually stumbled across a set of the original wood grates and had them restored to the old-timer. The three day coaches were bunty little slat-seated traps with oil lamps and iron end rails and battered tin water holders. The yellow paint had peeled from the weathered sideboards, and the spiked shoes of frontiersmen had worn the splintered floors into grooves. They looked like the worn-out toys of a rougher and earlier generation.

So when my board of directors, in their wisdom and gratitude, decided to give me that official banquet I had my little old rattle-bang train brought quietly East and made ready for the occasion. Then, instead of holding our state dinner in a city hotel, as had been at first suggested, I decided to have it on wheels. And instead of having it in our terminal, as the original thought was, I had it twenty miles out on the line.

There we duly assembled the cream of our new rolling stock and made up a train that no modern system could outclass. It was made up of the last word in all-steel compartment and club and dining cars, steam-heated and vestibuled and gold-lettered, carpeted and upholstered in soft tones, palatial and ponderous as a hotel on wheels, equipped with everything that made for luxury and safety.

In our club car were deep-padded seats and books and magazines and pipe cleaners and oscillating electric fans and writing desks. In our compartment car were automatic window cleaners, and towels under glass to keep them from being tainted with smoke and dust, and insured hot water, and shoe racks outside the compartment doors, with recessed knobs and plate mirrors and nickel plumbing and electrical signal system.

In our dining car, which looked like an elongated palace on wheels, were tables covered with snow-white napery, with the glitter of silver and glass beneath a tall silver vase in which stood white carnations and maiden-hair ferns. About these tables stood mahogany chairs upholstered in Spanish leather. The car itself was lighted by indirect electric lighting, with wall sockets for the rose-tinted table lamps, and there was thermostatic control of temperature. The trim was of Mexican mahogany. The ensign of the road was woven into all the table linen and embossed on all the silver. Our porters were in spick-and-span new uniforms and our waiters were in spotless white.

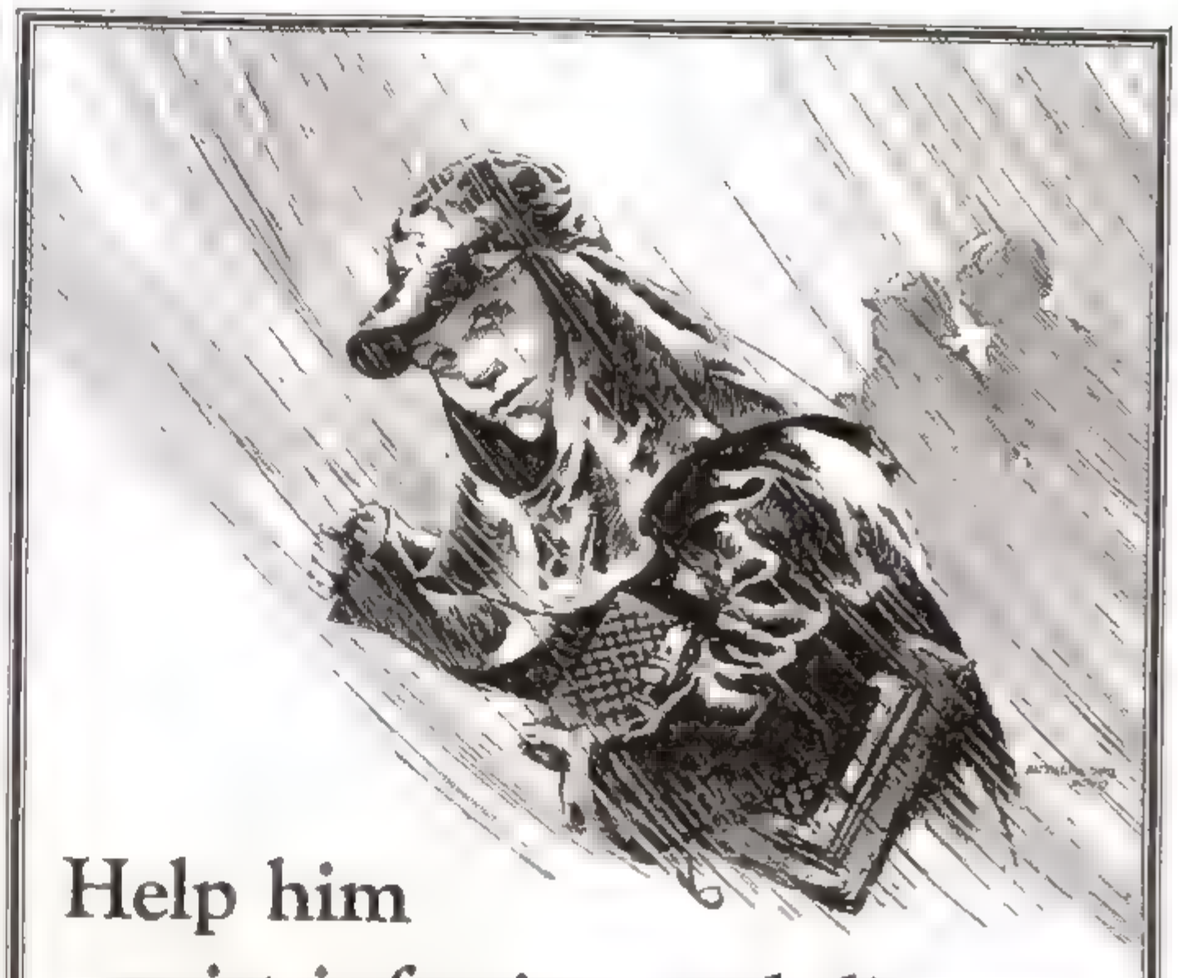
When I looked over that train I couldn't help thinking about the old days and the difference between the old and the new, and I wanted to bring home to a few outsiders just how the railroad operator of today was serving his public.

So when all our guests were assembled in the train shed I confronted them with the surprise of their lives. I brought the three old coaches and the rusty old wood burner backing into the shed, with the spool-shaped funnel belching wood smoke to the roof and the bunty little cars clattering and clumping over the rail joints. A roar of laughter went up from the crowd at that unexpected vision from the past, and they were even reluctant to step aboard and dispose themselves along the hard-slatted seats.

But we got them aboard and the little tuppenny engine whistle blew and the cracked cowbell rang and we started with a jerk that made everyone clutch for seat backs. Wherever possible, I saw to it that we traveled along the rougher sidings so as to get the full worth of our money. The hot box we got halfway out, it is true, was unexpected and accidental; but it was accepted as part of the game and was greeted with the condescending merriment of the modern for the barbarian. I even had my trainmen in the archaic old costumes of Sam Callard's era. And when the president of the First National Bank asked for a drink of water it was given to him in a tin cup.

But the outburst came when we pulled up beside my special vestibuled limited, towering above us on the neighboring track. Those unthinking sons of wealth came tumbling out of their weathered boxes on wheels and stood face to face with the pride of twentieth-century transportation. They lined up along the track bed and cheered—cheered like children who've seen the magician take the live rabbit out of the hat. And after they had climbed jubilantly aboard my limited and wandered through the softly carpeted corridors and invaded the softly lighted diner fragrant with flowers and had been made mellow with cocktails and champagne and dined on a meal that might have been the product of a king's chef, they took to speech making and toasting the spirit of man, and even lifted me up on a chair and clustered around me singing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, as though the product of a thousand men's enterprise were something of my own personal invention and as though they weren't some day going to pay for the good time they were having out of their own pockets.

But when the night grew old and the air was heavy with the smoke of Havanas, the big Pacific hooked onto our front end and started to move as softly as a young girl's sigh. And before they quite knew it we were

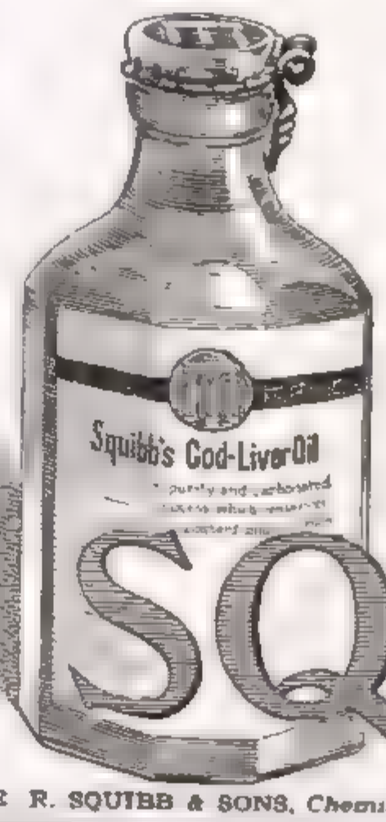


Help him resist infection and disease

HE TRUDGES on to school through sharp, penetrating winds and cold rain. He sits all day in a room with many other children. At the first sound of the bell he is out to play . . . and of course he never thinks of the weather! Perhaps he goes home with wet feet and an ominous sneeze . . .

Children, and adults, too, are constantly exposed to infection and disease. Good health is necessary to resist them. Science has proved by thousands of tests that pure cod-liver oil is the richest available source of the vitamins necessary to sound health—essential for the normal development of bone and teeth—that aid the body to resist infections.

Every bottle of Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil bears a label giving its high content in these protective, restorative, vitalizing vitamins! Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is treated and packed by special Squibb processes which preserve its high vitamin value and render it much more palatable than any cod-liver oil you have ever tasted. Here is a cod-liver oil you and your children will take readily—whenever your doctor advises it. Insist on Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil at your druggist's.



SQUIBB

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, *Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858*

slithering off homeward again along a water-level line on one-hundred-pound rails with scarcely a tremble to the indicator hand of the oscillation detector I'd placed above the writing desk in the club car.

"Me for the modern way!" cried out a fat millionaire who'd partaken of a little more champagne than was good for him. But I was thinking about the old days, the old rough and wild days, when we traveled on smoke signals and the man on the goat that went scampering down Nippon Hill was less of a hogger and the manager of the matchwood line was less of a hero.

XVIII

I FIND it hard to say why I got so little glory out of the amalgamation that carried the John Rusk system westward from the Mississippi to the Pacific. That, at one time, had seemed the top of the hill to me, the final height to which I'd aspired. But like most hills that have once been mounted, the summit showed unexpected vistas of uncertainty. Newt, I suppose, would have laid it down to my lack of imagination. He announced to me once that men of action were very seldom men of thought. He may be right. The gods, they say, sell everything at a price. But it's better to keep going than to stagnate. Action, it seems to me, has the power of justifying itself just as running water has the power of purifying itself. If you're working for the future you can't stay soft. Even seed corn has to harden and dry up in order to keep alive.

Our absorption of the Grand Pacific, however, was almost a Pyrrhic victory. We had to pay our price, and that meant some pretty dexterous financing, which I needn't here go into. The mere fact that we could seize and swallow such a property carried the natural implication that it was both a depleted and a dilapidated concern, and my plans for its rehabilitation had to be correspondingly extensive and correspondingly expensive.

I knew what I was up against. I'd already projected no less than eleven branch-line extensions, even though my new board kept reminding me that branch lines in themselves could never be profitably operated. I had also to extend sidings and switching yards, improve locomotive terminals and undertake a disheartening amount of double-tracking. There were a depressing number of wooden trestles to be superseded by fills and steel bridges, and grades to be reduced, and water facilities to be improved. We needed new rolling stock and motive power, better terminal plants, and a considerable shifting of car shops and operating offices. The coördination of two such independent systems, in fact, each with its own traditions and methods and forms, involved the working out of an entirely new standard; and I insisted that the Rusk tradition should dominate.

It would be expedient, I saw, to establish a staff of engineers at headquarters, to work under a capable chief engineer and prepare our new standard plans and specifications for the needed bridges and culverts and buildings, to say nothing of developing uniform methods for the construction and maintenance of these facilities and the issuance of clear-cut instructions to the working staffs. I wanted this work done close under my eye instead of at the various outlying offices of the engineer, as under the old régime, and I wanted a strong man for my chief engineer.

That brought to a sharp issue the still-pending problem of Javan Page's dismissal. There was still vacillation on the part of the board. But time was precious, and they who hesitate are bossed.

So, acting on my own initiative, I ended their foolish bickerings by taking a step which could not be misunderstood. I appointed my own chief engineer. I took McLaren from the Canadian Northern, at a salary that ought to have made Big Sam Callard step out of his grave But for several years I'd had my eye on McLaren He was a hard worker who'd been trained in a hard school. He'd pretty well finished up his big job in the north and was eager for wider chances in a wider field. I was able to give him that chance.

The morning after McLaren accepted my offer the official circular went out announcing the appointment. That afternoon Speavey, my chief clerk, came to me with a troubled eye and announced that Mr Page was back in his office.

"Mr. Page has no office," I reminded Speavey.

"Well, he's in there fussing around his old one," the latter announced.

Speavey wore thick-rimmed tortoise-shell glasses that seemed like a pair of shields to protect the thought in his over-candid eyes.

"Tell Mr. Page I'd like to see him," was my immediate order.

I was perplexed, I must acknowledge, by Javan Page's return to headquarters. In it I sniffed both a defiance of my authority and an aroma of those pettier personal conspiracies which incubate themselves in any mixed body of men where feeling runs high.

"Mr. Page says you may see him in half an hour," was Speavey's report to me on his return.

"That I may see him!" I echoed, for I was used to being obeyed in that row of workrooms where my word was law. "What business has that man got between these walls anyway?"

I could still see perplexity in Speavey's overcandid blue eye.

"He said he'd merely come to leave his things in order for a long journey," explained my chief clerk.

"What things?" I demanded.

"I don't know, sir," answered Speavey.

"Then find out," I ordered.

When Speavey went out and closed the door behind him, I turned back to the audit-office report on our new Pacific division that had left me wondering when we'd ever get results out there not written in red ink. I was still deep in those figures when Speavey stepped into the room again. I knew that he was standing somewhere close to me, and I also knew that his presence there was a vague annoyance to me. But I didn't look up until he'd addressed me for the second time.

The pallor of his face rather startled me, and I noticed that the hand with which he took out his pocket handkerchief and wiped a moist forehead was trembling.

"A dreadful thing has just happened, Mr. Rusk," he said, in a singularly thin and unsteady voice.

I at once thought of my road, of interlacing shuttles that sometimes come together, of implements that do not always respond to human will, of human will itself that has the occasional habit of failing at critical moments.

"An accident?" I barked out. But Speavey shook his head, his head that with its staring eyes made me think of a rabbit's.

"No, it seems to have been carefully thought out," explained my still obscure chief clerk, tugging at his collar as though he stood in need of more air.

"What's happened?" I demanded in no uncertain tone of voice. For my nerves of late had not been so steady as they ought to have been.

"It's Mr. Page, sir," was Speavey's reply. "He's just shot himself in his office."

I got slowly up from my chair. Speavey's timidities were an annoyance to me.

"Is he dead?" I asked, as I started across the room.

But Speavey had courage enough to catch at my arm.

"I really wouldn't go in, sir," he said, as I jerked away from him.

"Is he dead?" I repeated, disturbed by the discovery that my own hand was shaking a little.

Speavey nodded.

"It was right through the head," he explained, illustrating that explanation by pointing an index finger at his own sparsely covered temple. "You shouldn't go, sir!"

But I went

It was all more orderly than I'd expected. They'd taken up the rug, it's true, and lifted the spick-and-span figure upon the leather-covered couch. I noticed the tan-colored spats with the mother-of-pearl buttons, the fastidiously creased trousers, the pointed nails on the listless blue-gray fingers There was even a white gardenia in the dead man's buttonhole. There was no triumph on his face. But it struck me that there was peace there. It seemed an accusative sort of peace.

I stood there looking at Javan Page for a long time It was Al Gibbs, I remember, who finally led me back to my office I snorted at him, I know, when he mildly suggested that I ought to go home for the rest of the day

I didn't go home I went through the movements of work, but they were empty movements. I couldn't coerce my mind to the tasks before me I kept thinking of Javan Page I kept thinking of the past, of Aurelia Page and the things she'd said and done to me, of Winnie Page and the hate that would always abide in her heart for me of my own son Newt and the distance he stood from the father he'd hardened his heart against.

When I got home that night the Avenue house seemed empty and lonely and unreal, like a place I'd never got used to, like a place I never could get used to. The hush-voiced servants only added to its desolation. When I went up to my study, after dinner, I stood for a long time staring at the wall chart that showed the wavering blood-red line that went from the Atlantic to the Pacific. That line, I remembered, was now an accomplished fact. I had fulfilled my promise to Big Sam and my promise to myself. I had extended my road from tidewater to tidewater. But I wondered, with a listless sort of weariness, if there wasn't some sardonic touch of humor in making it blood-red on that map that looked like a chart of the circulatory system.

I felt colossally tired and colossally alone in the world. I knew, for the first time in my life, that I was an old man. I didn't feel ill, for I didn't believe in illness. My big hulk of a body had carried me through life without much need of repairs. I'd had a little trouble, it's true, with my teeth. And of late my eyes had bothered me a trifle, though our road examiner, in fitting me out with a pair of glasses which half the time I forgot to keep on my nose, declared my visual acuity to be still far above the average. Yet I knew that I'd been pounding her, as the hogger says of his engine when he works it to a limit beyond that designed by its builders. I felt, for the first time, like a Santa Fe that needed to go into the shops for the attention of something more than a wheel tapper.

After all, I wasn't eternal, as I'd half imagined myself to be. I'd made my run—and I was in need of rest.

I went to bed, but the light that burned at the core of my brain was too bright to let me sleep. I remembered I had some old Hudson Bay Company rum that I'd kept stored away for several years, rum given to me by Sir William when I first carried his private car over our Midland Division. I got up and dug out an imperial quart bottle of that amber-tinted fire and did my best to drown the white light that glowed before me like a semaphore lamp, that kept glowing even when my eyes were shut. I tried to wash myself away on a river of forgetfulness. But I seemed to bulk too big for the current about me. I couldn't lose myself in it. So I decided to deepen the current.

I was back in Michigan, singing lumber-camp chanteys, when my butler and second footman came up and put me to bed again.

I was tired and weak the next morning, and my head ached. For the first time in my life I decided to spend a day in bed. It was my new boy, Wallie Enman, who brought the mail and messages over from my office. One of the cables, I noticed, was from my son Newt It said:

"The execution was most happily timed"

That cable puzzled me quite a lot I didn't understand the bitterness behind the thrust until I read the dispatch from Paris in the next day's Times announcing the marriage of Newt to Lavinia Page.

I don't know whether it was my wall-eyed butler or Wallie himself who got Tassie on long-distance and sent some ridiculous message up to her. But before the day was over my younger girl arrived bag and baggage from her boarding school and announced that she was home, and home for good.

"You've simply got to have somebody look after you, dad," she proclaimed, as she pitched her hat and gloves to one side and told Wallie to get all that railway rubbish out of the room.

"What's the matter with me?" I demanded, with a show of resentment that didn't go so deep as I wanted it to.

"What's the matter with you?" repeated Tassie, as she inspected me with a judicial eye. "Why, dad, you look like something the cat's carried home!"

"I demand respect from my offspring," I said in a voice that made Wallie blink, but Tassie never turned a hair.

"That's all right," she airily announced, as she crossed the room and rang the bell and ordered the car for Wallie and a pair of fresh pajamas for me.

Wallie's eye met mine, I remember, and we both smiled. But I guess my smile was the happier of the two, for Wallie was shrewd enough to know that he was being dismissed for the day, and I was sane enough to remember that I was going to have a certain soft-handed and soft-voiced little tyrant with me for the rest of the day—and with me, thank God, for the rest of my life.

XIX

IF TASSIE thought she had a sick buffalo calf to spoon-feed for the rest of the winter, she made the mistake of her young life. The best she could do was to keep me hog-tied to a bed for a couple of days. Then I broke loose. I was needed on the other side of the river. I was needed in Chicago. I was needed out on the line, and I was needed at our new Western terminal. I remembered that lifelong sense of iniquity which always crept over me when I stood face to face with idleness, and, remembering it, shambled back into harness.

But Tassie never let me get entirely out of her clutches. She planted Wallie Enman beside me in his present secretarial position, primarily, I always suspected, to spy on my comings and goings and report to the home office when I sat up too late or missed a meal or went without my neck muffler. She encumbered my business car with her presence when I went out on the road and interfered with the operations of my chef when he tried to feed me on truck that was considered too rich for a man of my dimensions. She even hampered the administration of a transcontinental system by making me come home earlier in the afternoon and walk with her around the reservoir in Central Park. As the days grew longer, in fact, she made me walk around that reservoir twice.

She cut me down to three cigars a day, though I got even by discovering a Tampa corona half as long as my forearm and converting my smokes from local runs into through expresses. She made me wear rubbers in wet weather and laid down an ironclad rule that no business was to be indulged in after dinner. She made me get measured for a new suit, which I didn't need, and turned the blade in the wound by privately ordering a fish-and-soup outfit, which I stubbornly declined to array myself in—at least for a considerable length of time. She rubbed hair tonic on the top of my head where the forest primeval was getting a little thin and openly rejoiced at the second growth through which she aborted the intent and purpose of Nature. She bought dog-skin gloves for me that were too long in the fingers and silk socks with clocks on that I hide away at the back of my study filing cabinets. She made board chairmen wait while we looked over the morning paper together and decided which nonsensical comedy or which leg-kicking revue would be the best mental tonic for a tired business man. She nagged me into joining a club which impressed me as a sort of carefully organized torpor for homeless has-beens. She dogged my steps and policed my day.

But the odd part of it is, I liked it. I was led about like a lamb to the slaughter. I let myself be mollycoddled, and Tassie and I got acquainted. She was, I discovered, the only member of my family who didn't seem to speak a foreign language. For years back I'd wanted to get to know that family better; but I'd always, in some way, stood beyond the pale. It even hurt me to remember Newt's laugh when he'd overheard me declare that all the religion I owned up to was embodied in the golden rule.

"Yes, you follow it—a fat lot!" he had said with his quick and careless scorn.

And when I thought of Natalie I thought of her as something metallic and remote and disdainful, sniffing at something tainted in my triumph, which seemed to be about as qualified as that of the farm collie that has met and vanquished the chicken-yard skunk.

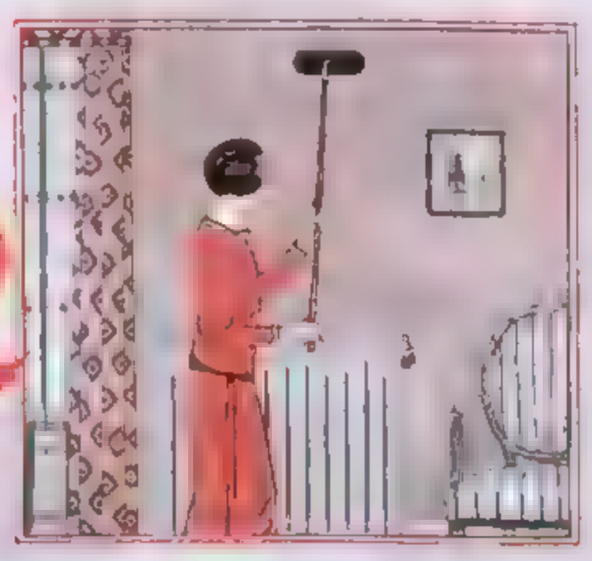
And when I thought of Aggie, I did so, through no fault of my own that I could put my finger on, as of somebody already passed away, as inaccessible by word or touch as a woman in a faded family portrait, as impersonal and pallid as a miniature face painted on ivory. She was my own wife, the mother of my children, but we had no contacts and no promise of contact.

When I asked Tassie, the day after she got the letter from Newt saying he'd settled down in Oxford to write a book and would be satisfied to spend the rest of his life there, why I stood so remote from the people who should have been near me, she retorted that a ship's pilot shouldn't go below to stew tripe. When I requested her to explain that speech, she sat down on the arm of my chair and said that the best of

(Continued on Page 106

And *none* of the turmoil of housecleaning

NEXT time the Fuller Man comes to your house, let him show you how easy it is with Fuller Brushes to keep your home as neat as a pin every day of the year. He can save you the dawn-to-dark drudgery and turmoil of periodic housecleaning. . In millions of homes, the Wall Brush and others brought by the Fuller Man have transformed wearying tasks into simple duties quickly done. These homes are always neat, trim and attractive. For every cleaning task there is a special Fuller Brush. . . . But the Fuller Man brings you more than brushes. He brings you news of the latest time-saving ideas developed by ten million other women who are his friends and customers. .

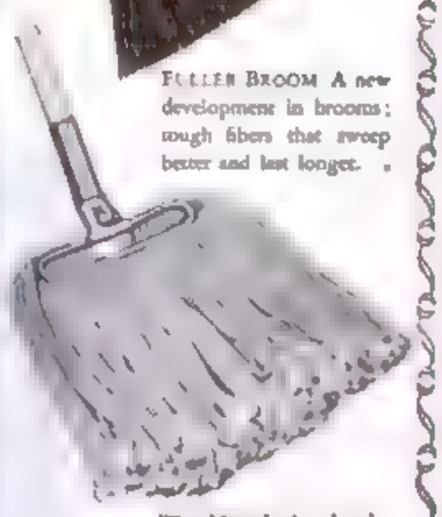


WALL BRUSH Keeps walls clean. Easily reaches highest corners of room . .

WONDER MOP Keeps floors shining Washable useless strands absorb all dust Reaches under radiators . . . . . .

TAN DUSTER Soft fluffy, dust absorbing The quickest and easiest way to dust — no stooping . . .

FULLER BROOM A new development in brooms; tough fibers that sweep better and last longer. .



WET MOP Light, absorbent clean Gets into cramped corners and under all kitchen furniture. .

Fuller Men are identified by this lapel button Fuller products are identified by this tag .

THE FULLER MAN who comes to your door, lives and works in your community He is a home town business man representing a nation-wide organization. Every time you see him he will show you many uses for each new Fuller Product he brings you, and new uses for those you now have.

© 1941 F B Co

FULLER BRUSHES

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book" (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

Men wanted lather that would retain its creamy fullness a full ten minutes on the face, regardless of conditions. That's one hard requirement this way meets.

To fair-mi

to those who give a heari

Some men named "hard water" as their Waterloo, talked of camping trips and tough shaves. So we gave them a cream that lathers freely and softens the beard with any kind of water

Traveling men told us of 4 a. m. trains to meet, of cold water and cold mornings—shaving under impossible conditions. We gave them comfortable shaves under conditions once considered hopeless.

An old railroad engineer challenged better than his long loved shaving mug . . . said he couldn't be weaned away. One morning weakened his case—the third shave won him over. Now he's converting scores of old-timers to this way.

ded men—

to men who try to please them

GENTLEMEN: Palmolive Shaving Cream has become a sensation. Few creations ever so quickly gained the top. And in so highly competitive a field, unusual merit alone can be the reason.

Now one of our greatest pleasures is in winning men, so firmly wedded to other shaving creams, that it's hard to get them to give a rival cream a hearing.

They are the kind we are after in this ad. For we know that once we win a man like that, he stays a customer for years.

But above all things, most men wanted quicker shaves. That was the supreme requirement. Now we soften the most stubborn beard in one minute . . . then, in other ways, due to a unique secret of our formula, cut shaving time almost in half

1000 men told us their desires

SIXTY years of soap study stand behind Palmolive Shaving Cream. Over 130 formulas were tested and discarded before we offered it to you. It embodies the 4 things 1000 men told us they wanted most in a shaving cream, *plus another*—strong bubbles, the supreme requisite of all.

Won't you let us send you 10 shaves free? Give us a chance to win you now—or, if we fail, to lose our case forever!

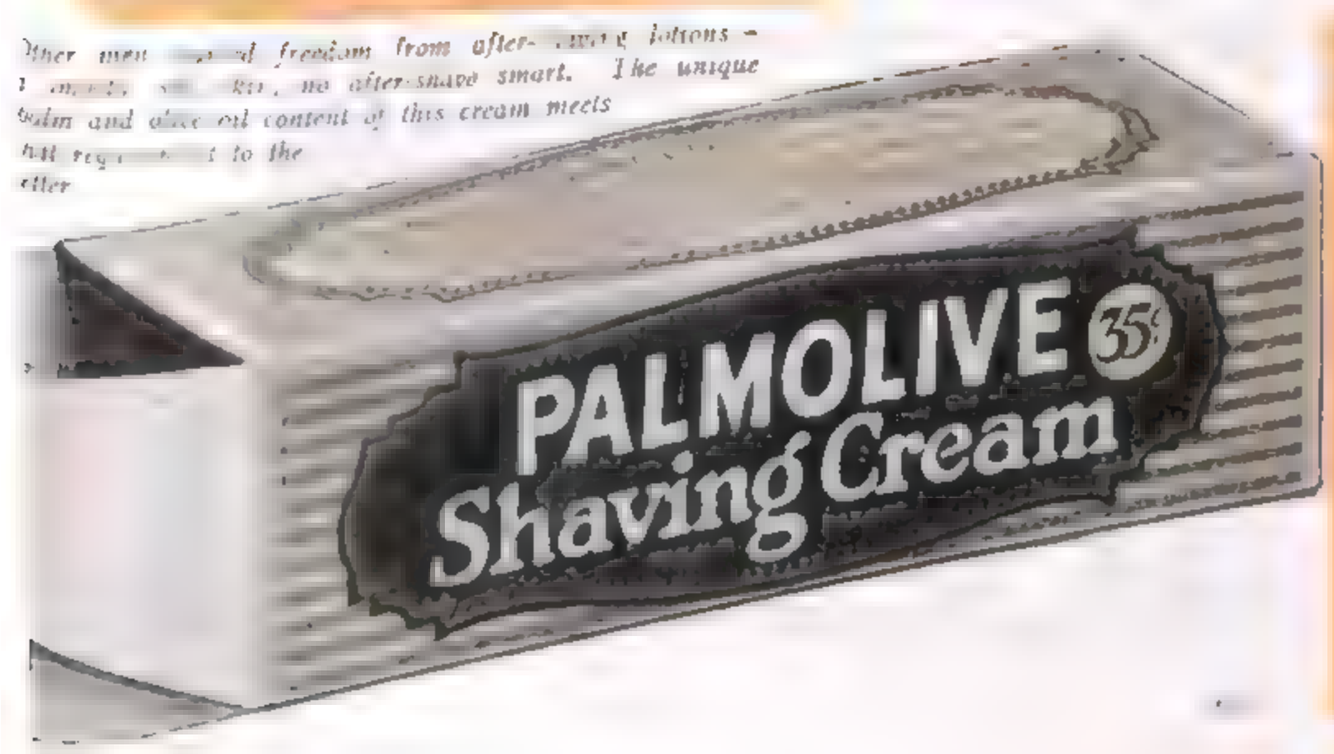
5 delights

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness 10 minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5 Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oil content.

Now in justice to yourself and us, make the test. It may bring you a new conception of shaving joy. Your present ideal of a cream multiplied by five. Simply mail the coupon.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

Other men [illegible] freedom from after-shaving lotions — [illegible], no after-shave smart. The unique palm and olive oil content of this cream meets [illegible] to the letter



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to
Dept. B-965

Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis. Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

_____

_____

The Smooth Way To Rough It

PUT yourself in this picture. In the big out-doors. Work a mere memory. Your only job is just to tramp, hike, hunt, fish—rough it to your heart's content. And you do it in the most comfortable fashion—because your Coleman Camp Stove is always ready to cook good "eats"—whenever your appetite calls.

Coleman No. 2 (shown above) is a miniature gas range de luxe. U. S. Price only $12.50. Has all the following Coleman features built in

Quick Hot-Blast Starter—Full cooking heat in two minutes or less.

Everything Built-in—Air Pump and Filling Funnel, Oven and Drum Heater, Wind Baffle and Warming Cabinet.

Big Speedy-Heat Blue-Flame Burners with handy valve controls for any cooking heat desired; wide action flame spreading burner caps of heavy gauge brass.

Tank Always Connected—Swings inside for carrying, outside for cooking

Coleman Camp Stove

Coleman No. 9 (shown below) the new, moderate priced stove—a crackerjack little camp cooker with Coleman quality through and through. There's service and dependability in every inch of it. U. S. Price only $9.00. It just suits "modern gypsies", whether for an over-night fishing trip or a three-months' stay in the wilds. Has Coleman patented *Hot-Blast Starter, Built in Pump and Funnel, Strap Steel Legs, Flame-Spreading Burner Caps, Folding Wind Baffle, Detachable Fuel Tank.* Easy to set up, easy to start, easy to keep going. Both stoves use common motor gas for fuel; fold up and carry like a suit case

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you both models of Coleman Camp Stoves. If he is not yet supplied, write us and we will see that you receive descriptive literature and are taken care of promptly. Address Camping Dept. P 26.

THE COLEMAN LAMP CO.
Factory and General Offices Wichita, Kansas
Branches: Philadelphia Chicago Los Angeles
Canadian Factory Toronto, Ontario

(Continued from Page 102)

my life had gone to the making of a great dream come true, but that she was going to have the rest of it. Then she kissed me. When I did my best to get her back to the subject, she merely pulled down my rumpled vest and inspected my old alpaca coat with a clouded eye and said, "Honest, dad, I've got to doll you up!"

Tassie was, indeed, my little replacer. She got me back on the tracks. She kept me from brooding. When I'd try to call myself an old man, she'd promptly clamp her hand over my mouth. And when Natalie, in a letter announcing her proposed trip to Europe, referred to me as the Man of Iron, her younger sister promptly and volubly resented that charge.

"Do you know what you're like, dad?" she said, as she stopped me from taking a second cigar from the humidor she'd given me. "You're like one of those Michigan box stoves without a mica front. You're warm enough inside, old dear, but you're simply not able to show it!"

So I showed it then and there, just to prove to her how wide she was of the mark.

I was out on the road when Natalie came North in the spring. She'd sailed for Cherbourg before I got back. It hurt me a little to think that she'd hurried off without waiting for a word with her own father. But Nattie was always Nattie -and the one reminder of her departure was the regal way in which she'd slimmed my roll before she went. When I tried to cross-examine Tassie about her big sister, I found the former rather disturbingly unresponsive and evasive.

"Oh, Nattie's got her own salvation to work out," said the worldly-wise young Tassie.

It startled me a little to remember that this was precisely the same phrase I'd used in connection with Newt. And the younger generation didn't impress me as geniuses at designing their own careers.

"What's Nattie aiming at?" I inquired, with a show of carelessness.

"I think she's trying to run down a title," answered the none too happy Tassie.

"It seems to me," I ventured, when this had filtered through, "that the other party should be doing the running."

"He is," admitted Tassie. "Only, he appears to be traveling the wrong way."

But that was all I could get out of her. Natalie, however, didn't altogether let us forget her. The first thing I knew she'd dumped a Frenchified portrait painter named Paul Repellier on us, with the demand that he was to do me in oils and leave me to mellow above the fireplace. I naturally opposed the whole thing as a waste of time, for I was busy in a renewed struggle to test the constitutionality of that part of the Transportation Act giving the Railroad Labor Board the power to compel testimony before it. And I knew I hadn't a face to make my descendants thrill with pride when they saw it framed. I even tried to rope Tassie in as the victim. But Repellier explained that he wasn't interested in women, that all he went in for was men—strong men. And that soft soap probably greased the skids enough to let Tassie and Wallie push me into the thing, after reminding me how well Repellier had done with Alfred and Morgan and Depew.

It bored me, sitting for that bearded, effeminate man with the squinting eyes and the white hand that pecked at his canvas like a cockerel pecking at a corncob. Two or three times in fact I fell fast asleep, and after that Tassie had to read to me to keep me from dozing off and tumbling out of the big armchair. I was too passive a factor in that operation to get any joy out of it. I resented the whole thing as a waste of time, but for Tassie's sake I saw it through.

I saw it through; but the man, for all his reputation, turned out to be a trickster—at least, to my way of thinking. For he made me as big as a house, with no neck to speak of and hunched-up shoulders, still further blocked out by the line of the chair back. He made me a cross between an overweight prize fighter and a cast-steel ogre with one eye that flamed luminous in the side light. But the trick was in making me look like one of my own locomotives as your glance first caught the dark mass of the high-shouldered figure with the diminished head and the lower bulk of shadow that looked as though it ought to be between driving wheels with a cowcatcher in front.

I resented the thing at first, for it struck me as a good deal of a burlesque. I hadn't asked to be prettified, it's true; but it's equally true that I hadn't expected to be made into a mikado. Yet when I got more used to it I began to have a sneaking sort of fondness for it. I especially liked the driving power he'd put in the Roosevelt-like ham of a hand clamped over the chair arm.

When Tassie and I first studied it together, that girl of mine stood for several minutes without saying a word.

"Well, what do you think of it?" I finally asked, pretending not to notice the little quiver that had crept into her under lip.

"I hate it!" she said, with her fists clenched.

"But it's me, isn't it?" I demanded.

"It's not the me in you that I know," she declared, as she confronted the tired-eyed Repellier with what was clearly a look of hate.

So we carried the portrait off home about the same as you carry back a dog that's bitten somebody, and broke Repellier's heart by not allowing it to be exhibited. Yet, oddly enough, Tassie herself grew to like the thing as she got better acquainted with it.

"It makes you look as though you'd been made out of metal," she explained, "but it seems to hint that somewhere behind the metal there's a great fire hidden away."

"It ought to have a whistle and a sand box," I solemnly interrupted.

"And a great fire means a great force," Tassie went on without noticing my interruption. "And you have that, and it's something they can never take from you."

That girl of mine may have been right, but I had my doubts about it as the year grew older and the job of keeping my new organization intact took every jot of the time and energy I could give it. When the letter came from Natalie explaining that she had been quietly married in Florence to Count Giovanelli, I was so immersed in the problem of our new bond issue that I had small time either to bask in the thought that we could now call our Nattie a countess or to question why all my offspring seemed to prefer entering into the holy state of matrimony on the other side of the water. I noticed, however, that Tassie was rather depressed by the news. She seemed equally cast down when Nattie, in a letter which came a month later, explained that they were going to live in Geneva and that they'd both feel relieved if arrangements could accordingly be made with the Swiss bankers as promptly as possible. I knew pretty well what that meant, for when an American girl gets a foreign title it naturally has to be paid for, the same as a foreign car is paid for, and the arrangements were accordingly made.

At the end of my inspection tour that fall Tassie complained that I hadn't been getting enough exercise and that I wasn't so good a color as I ought to be. She even went so far as to suggest that I be looked over by a specialist, after I'd complained of a twinge or two between the shoulder blades. But I put my foot down at that and proclaimed that it would be many a day before they rolled me into the repair shops. I was as rugged as I ever was. I ate well and felt well. I could still pound through my day's work without a moment's let-up. But sometimes, especially toward night, I was troubled by a ringing in my ears. Sometimes, too, the sound of a pulse in my head against the pillow kept me awake. And when I climbed a stairway or moved too quickly, I noticed, I often experienced a brief but oppressive sense of tightness somewhere under the breastbone.

It was one Sunday when Tassie and Wallie were motoring out to Rye, and I'd wandered over into Central Park, that a small but disturbing thing happened to me. I was walking along with a sense of well-being in the early winter sunlight when a small bell seemed to ring somewhere at the back of my brain and I had a strange feeling, like that of a curtain being lowered somewhere in my head—a curtain that seemed to cut one part of my mind off from the other. A foolish little panic ran through me as I puzzled over this. It disturbed me, as out-and-out bad news or an earthquake disturbs a man. I thought it would be as well, on the whole, to turn homeward and take a peg of something to steady my nerves; but for the life of me I couldn't remember where I was. The wires seemed down between me and the rest of the world.

I stopped and asked a policeman. He looked at me in an impersonally estimative sort of way and asked me what my name was. I couldn't tell him.

He stepped closer, to see, I suppose, if he could sniff alcohol on my breath. But failing in that, he stood scratching his head in perplexity. Then, as impersonally as though I were a dead man in a morgue, he unbuttoned my coat, took out my pocketbook and read aloud the name and address I'd been so foolishly and frantically groping for.

"That's me!" I said, with a sigh of relief, and I repeated my own name over and over again, like a child petting a lost pup that has just been returned to him.

"I guess I'll be stopping this taxi for you," suggested the mild-eyed man in blue, after paternally buttoning up my coat again.

He even tried to help me into the cab. But I resented the pitying sort of patience that had crept into his movements and promptly shook myself free from his hands. I announced my destination to the driver without hesitation, and reached my own home and walked up my own steps without touch or trace of the old uncertainty. The nameless little curtain, whatever it may have been, had lifted again.

But when Tassie got back, a couple of hours later, I made it a point not to mention the incident to her.

xx

THERE is, of course, an element of chance in any enterprise so exposed to the moods of Nature as is a North American railway system. Certain powers stronger than man are apt to step in and remind him that he is merely a worried little ant on the roadbed of mightier designs. But the ant keeps moving. And man, double-crossed and defeated, flings himself into the old battle and takes up the old weapons and tastes the glory of going on, of going on at any cost.

After our spectacularly triumphant scramble for the autumn wheat haul and a record in general operation that made the older heads along the seaboard sit up, we were abruptly reminded that running a transcontinental system wasn't all lavender. For an early December blizzard whisked down out of the Medicine Hat district, and, gathering force as it came, did its best to get a strangle hold on our old Midland Division.

The first messages that came in seemed merely the reports of the usual winter storm that occasionally lands in the lap of the Great Lakes. But when our wires went down and our work trains got lost and our through freights started to curl up and die like frozen kittens, I woke up to the fact that my old enemy, Father Snow, was trying his best to beat me at the old game. When my divisional superintendent reported a suspension of passenger traffic and two of his locomotives and a snowplow in the ditch, I decided it was about time to take a hand of my own in that little affair. The thought of getting back to my old stamping ground in fact rather appealed to me. I relished the idea of returning to the scene of my earliest railway fighting and showing the younger generation that there was still a little life left in the old boy. And I was just starting West on a special, with the best and speediest engine of the roundhouse hooked onto my business car, when Tassie appeared on the platform. Something about her face disturbed me. I thought at first that she had come to try to stop me from going out on the road.

"What's bothering you, Bunty?" I asked, as I drew her into the warm car.

"It's about Natalie," she said. "She's just cabled me from Paris."

"Any of the crowned heads been cutting her?" I inquired, in an effort to joke away the frown from Tassie's thoughtful face.

"I imagine she's had all she wants of that stuff," observed the troubled girl in front of me.

"Then she wants more money?" I suggested.

Tassie nodded.

"Yes, she'll have to have money," announced that firm-lipped young daughter of mine, "for she seems to be in an awful mess, dad. She hasn't said anything about it until now. But Giovanelli has turned out a—a rotter. He's not even a count."

"That means she's leaving him," I interrupted, knowing Nattie as I did.

"Don't be hard on her, dad," cried Tassie in a tone that was almost impatient. "She's left him already—months ago, before we knew it! She left him when she found out he already had a wife. She's been waiting in Paris until the French

(Continued on Page 109)

A house becomes a real home when there is an absolutely dependable source of heat in the basement.

That's what you can expect from Capitol Boilers and United States Radiators—*dependability* under any and all weather conditions.

For more than thirty-five years United States installations have kept the faith. They will not fail you now.

This is a good thing to know when you are in the market for a heating system. Any heating contractor will confirm it.

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

Branch and Sales Offices

Capitol

999999
Fun in a switchboard lamp: 999,999 parts of air rush out, leaving one little fellow behind. Almost a perfect vacuum
Chicago
Pulling noses for hair! A pound of paper is pulled out 200 miles long to one-sixth of a hair's thickness to make the filament in these lamps
Davenport
Two switchboard jacks. One couldn't pass the test by the thickness of a few hairs
Protectors for telephones. These little soldiers have uniforms that must fit to the 4/10,000 of an inch
Coal inside a transmitter is what makes the telephone talk. The amount must be measured almost

Another wonderland for Alice

In search of new adventures Alice stepped through the magnifying glass and found herself in the wonderland of telephone making.

Here at the great telephone factory things were coming to life. Little things that she never could see before. Little distances like one one-thousandth part of an inch, that she didn't know were worth bothering about, now became immensely big and proud and important.

And why not? These little bits of things are treated with such great respect and care at the telephone factory.

And that is why your Western Electric telephone is made so well and lasts so long.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 106)

courts could get through her annulment. She's been over there alone, with all that bitterness to endure, with all that disgrace to live down. It doesn't seem quite fair."

It wasn't quite fair. But I had a line to keep open and they couldn't hold my train much longer.

"What d' you want me to do?" I asked of the solemn-eyed girl beside me.

"I think you ought to cable Natalie and tell her to come home; tell her it's all right and that you want her home. We've—we've all got to have something to live for, you know. And Nattie and you'll both find it easier to get along now."

"You mean we're both getting halter-broke!" I cynically announced. But the wounded look in Tassie's eyes took the bitterness out of my voice. "Sure, send that cable for me," I said, as I helped her down the bronze steps. "Tell Nattie we want her home. Tell her she still belongs to us and we're waiting to see her back. And tell her to get in touch with Jansoulet, of our Paris office, and explain just what she needs. I'll have Wallie confirm things from the New York end. And don't let anybody touch those papers up on my study desk until I get back. Good-by."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" asked Tassie, as we got under way.

"Yes—twice!" I proclaimed.

But she had to run along the cement platform to get them, while I bent low over the bronze railing. A diamond pusher on a yard engine laughed and waved a mittened hand as he saw the girl in furs reach up for the second smack.

She was standing alone, looking after me through a thin cloud of steam, when I caught my last glimpse of her and turned into the car to get busy on the sheaf of wires awaiting my attention.

It seemed another world the next day when we'd beaten our way up to the snow belt, a remote and yet an oddly familiar world, where still again the old grim battle of keeping the line open had to be fought out and fought out to the end. They'd already pulled off the snow freights and run the perishable-freight trains in on the sidings and concentrated our motive power on the plows and what remained of the passenger service. We had to follow the old procedure of cutting off cars and adding power, and I thanked God that the newer era gave us engines of decent hauling ability. Yet everything that moved moved double-headed and with flangers attached.

When the snow kept on and the drifting grew worse, I put as many as three of my heaviest engines behind one rotary and sent her roaring and bucking and boring into the hardening blue-white banks along our right of way until she looked like a cyclone going through a cotton field. When they backed down and said they couldn't make Nippon Hill, I ordered them out again at daybreak, with a new engine from the roundhouse to replace the big mikado that had gone lame in the fight. When they gave up for the second time I lost patience with them and mounted that rotary and took command myself.

We were out for two days. We bucked and roared and tunneled our way deeper and deeper into that drifted wilderness of white. We hand-shoveled and pickaxed and broom-swept and flange-plowed and mined for lost switches and resurrected lost yard lamps and made room for the triple-engined rotary to sink its teeth into the deeper snow like a Colosseum lion sinking its teeth into a Christian martyr. For two nights we stayed up, drinking coffee out of tin pails and thawing out in the engine cabs and wondering why all the snow in the world was centering on one harried stretch of Michigan.

But we won out in the end. We got the line open and kept it open. We revictualed three hungry towns and kept sending a six-car train over the road every ninety minutes, with a flange plow up front, until the drifting stopped and the sidetracked freights began to crawl out of their sleeping blankets and move on to the world where they belonged.

And when it was all over I felt triumphant but tired. It was a strange sort of tiredness, a brain weariness that set a violet-colored light to wavering before my eyes, even when I kept them shut. The thinking part of me seemed in some way detached from my own body, so that I had the delusion of sitting above myself and looking down at my own tingling carcass in about the same fashion that a robin looks down at the nest it has just hopped out of.

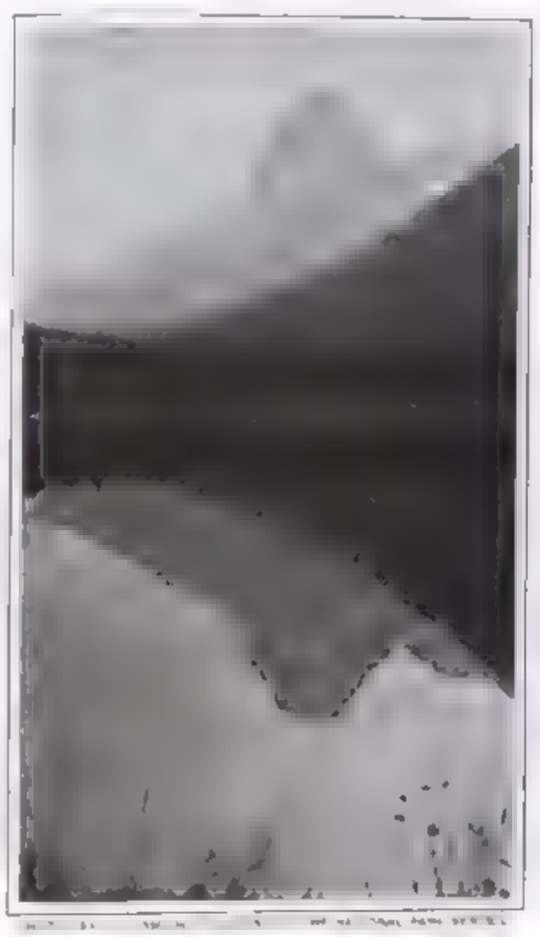
I don't think I slept much on the way home, though sleep seemed the one thing I craved, to end that inner sense of tension which made me feel like a bow that was being pulled back to the breaking point.

Tassie wasn't home when I got back to the house, and I wanted her without being quite able to explain just why I wanted her. I wasn't exactly ill, but there was a hornet buzzing against the windowpane of my brain, buzzing and fretting as though he wanted to break his way out. And somewhere at the core of my being was a never-ending, crawling canker of depression that perplexed and mystified me, a continuous sense of impending doom that couldn't be defined, a stubborn clouding of the soul that couldn't be put into words.

I know a little more about blood pressure now than I did in those earlier careless days when I pounded the engine of life until, in the language of the bull pen, I finally made her pop. For the dike broke sometime during that black hour when Tassie found me on the floor beside my wall chart and wondered, as she had me put to bed and sent for her specialist, why I couldn't answer her when she spoke to me. I'd stumbled onto the discovery that I wasn't invulnerable, that I wasn't invincible. A fuse blew out. I'd been conquered by something inside my own walls. The brain that had planned and schemed and contrived to vanquish its marshaled enemies had gone down because of a small break, like the break in an air line. I imagined myself secure, continuous. I thought I'd built on a rock, but it turned out to be a whale's back.

For a month and more after that little hemorrhage of the brain which reminded me I was mortal and subject to mortal laws, I was about as far away from my old world as though I had died and balanced up my ledger with the final Bookkeeper. The works came to a standstill, so far as I was concerned. Then the clot, which showed every sign of being a small one, began to be absorbed. So I was put aboard my private car and carried out here to Pasadena, where my patient-eyed Aggie read New Thought to me until I was able to slip away from her and wander down to the summerhouse beyond the lily pond. Then I accumulated a little more courage and escaped as far as the fire hall, where I played quoits with the happy-hearted smoke eaters. And only last week I openly disgraced Tassie and Wallie by joining my quoit-throwing friends on the hose reel and answering an alarm from Millionaire Row.

I'm getting a good deal of fun out of life, for a man who's supposed to have one foot in the grave; and I'm not defeated yet—not by a long shot. I may not have both shoulders back in harness, but I've got a newer perspective on that battlefield of mine up North and I've begun to realize that a good general is known by the adjutants he picks. If the younger hot-heads want to wolf all the hard work in the world, let 'em gallop to it! There's still glory enough to go round. And I'm getting an Indian-summer sort of satisfaction in becoming better acquainted with this family of mine.



Kinnerly Peak, Glacier National Park

My contact with Newt, it's true, is rather a long-distance one, for he's stuck to his earlier decision to settle down at Oxford. I didn't get a copy of his first book, Mortals and Portals, for the simple reason that Newt didn't see fit to honor his old dad with one. But a couple of weeks ago Tassie skipped in with Sleeping Sentinels, my boy's second volume, and I've gone through it page by page and shown it around and pretty well bored people by reading out the parts I liked best. For that's a great little book of Newt's. The London Standard gave it two-thirds of a column. There's some of it I can't quite get through this thick head of mine, but I'm going to keep at it hammer and tongs until the light comes to me. I'm going to make the grade there or blow up. For when a paper like the Standard says your son is a new voice in the choir of the newer era it's up to an old hard-head like me to get wise to what the lad's driving at.

He may come back some day, that boy of mine, and I want to be able to meet him on common ground. He may be right, after all, in his claim that success spoils people. But I've got a lot to learn before I can openly exalt the nobility of failure and sermonize about the vulgarity of success. I've a weakness for the go-getters. I've a liking for the Cecil Rhodes type of man, the map builder and empire maker and continent conqueror, though I still can't understand why that big battler was willing to shorten an already short life by nightly losing time in childish games of chance, any more than I could understand why a giant like Van Horne could piffle around with little oil paintings. Perhaps it kept them from being lonely. For when a worker gets away from his work, when that's all he knows, he's about as desolate as a lost dog shut up in a woodshed.

But, thank God, I've still got Tassie and Wallie. I can give them more time, now that I've dropped back into second, and I can get about as much fun out of planning and scheming for those kids as I once did out of fighting for myself. I even trump up excuses for getting out on the road, and the three of us slip off in the business car and go rampaging around the country enjoying ourselves. We pretend, of course, that we're knee-deep in important official business. But that business, of late, doesn't seem so close to me. It has taken on a vague and misty outline, like the fields of toil an old farmer looks out on through softening and mystifying moonlight.

And speaking of moonlight reminds me that as we hummed homeward last night through a balmy Southern valley that smelled of acacia and orange blossoms, with a moon as golden as the moon that hung over us the night that Aurelia Page and I stood beside the music of Angel Spray Falls, I caught sight of Tassie and Wallie out on the rear end. They were sitting close together, with their feet up on the bronze rail and their arms around each other. I saw their two heads move closer and merge, black against the moonlight. They stayed that way for a disturbing length of time. They made one undivided and indisputable silhouette, and it came home to me for the first time just what it meant. They were away, in a world of their own, in a world where I couldn't go along, where I couldn't hope to follow them. And it sounds foolish, I suppose, but the old ache of desolation grew so sharp in my heart that I had to get up and walk back and forth to keep the lump from coming up into my throat and shutting off the air I still needed for breath.

But I got myself in hand and lit a cigar and sauntered out to the canopied platform where Tassie sat in the moonlight with her head on Wallie's shoulder. She didn't move when she saw me there beside her. She merely reached out one hand and caught hold of my two thick fingers and squeezed them between her slender ones. And I was able to laugh down at the two of them, as I spoiled the smell of orange and acacia with my cigar smoke.

"I guess, from the looks of things," I announced, "I'm going to lose a daughter."

But Tassie drew me over closer to them, so that the three of us made a triangle.

"No, dad," she said, with a laugh that had a quaver in it. "You're gathering in a son!"

"But is he any good?" I said with a grin, trying to joke away the ache that had no business to be in my heart.

"I'll tell the world he is!" announced the happy and unsuspecting Tassie.

THE END

SOFT, LUXURIOUS

this improved davenport with

Real Box-Spring Bed

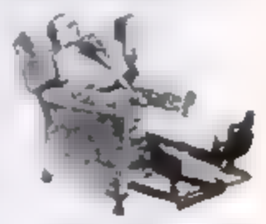
WHEN you sit down in the soft luxury of an attractive Royal Easy Davenport you'd never dream it conceals a *bed!* But it *does*—a bed—soft and downy—for your guest! Full width and of spring-unit construction. A revelation in sleeping comfort. Does not fold—cannot sag. *New principle.* No extra mattress to buy. Cedar-covered bedding compartment.

A Real Box-Spring Bed

Announcing the Pull-Ring on

"World's Easiest Easy Chair"

A new and appreciated improvement on all over-stuffed models of Royal Easy Chairs is the "pull-ring." Wood models have the famous "push-button." Pull the ring or push the button, and back reclines to any position you like best for complete rest and relaxation. Disappearing foot-rest. Truly, the "world's easiest easy chair"



Royal Easy Chair Corporation
Sturgis, Michigan, U. S. A.

Royal Easy Bed-Davenports

Mail this Coupon for Free Style Book

Royal Easy Chair Corp'n
Sturgis, Mich.
Please send me your new Style Book, free.

Name

Street

City State

THE OPALESCENT BORE

(Continued from Page 17)

Now Abraham Shirley, architect in charge of contract letting for the monumental Hammersley Building, had three passions—black coffee, raw oysters and Gothic mysticism. Only a deluge of the first could free his mind to a superior dalliance with the last. The oysters were more or less savorless strengtheners which allowed his body to withstand the rack of his romping fourteenth-century ecstasies.

Could Mr. Shirley be interviewed at his office? Assuredly not. Beside the inner bar of the Piedmont Hotel was a circular table, where between the hours of eleven and three the master sat nourishing himself and his soul. For standing a round of coffee at forty-five cents a service any man was entitled to lay forth his case. Within two days Mr. Petty had run the fox to cover and stood physically near, yet, as far as admittance to the circle went, leagues away from the great man.

Abraham Shirley spoke, in a voice made vibrant with six shots of coffee, to his circle of five salesmen. Concrete, patent windows, quick-pressure faucets, ventilation equipment and copper flashings, embodied in their several slaves, sat hopefully through his oratory. The joined tips of his ten quivering fingers were at his lips. It seemed an instant of prayer. His face, with closed eyes, was lifted.

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! It is the quintessence of beauty. The inner soul of all vital loveliness."

His voice died down and no one spoke. Mr. Petty had been awaiting such a pause to introduce himself. He stepped forward.

"Mr. Shirley, sir, I'm Herman Petty, of Peebles, Inc. If you've got a minute I'd like to talk to you about the roller-shade contract for the Hammersley Building."

Commerce delivered an awful jolt to medievalism. Abraham Shirley arose from dreams by opening one eye to an interference he fancied more horrible than any gargoyle leering down from the spiring heights of Amiens or Chartres. He waved a hand weakly.

"Chair—take a chair!" he whispered, and closed his eye again.

"The inner soul of all vital loveliness? What is it, gentlemen? I will tell you" Mr. Shirley recovered from his alouch, leaned forward, inclined his head to one side and near his right ear waggled his right index finger as though admonishing a naughty world. "I will tell you what it is. It is"—from a restrained and level murmur the great answer exploded—"a cathedral!"

The five salesmen rolled their eyes in their effort to be sufficiently grateful for the master's having shared this secret. And such a secret!

"Mr. Shirley's got it dead right," sighed the patent-window purveyor, trying to look at his watch under cover of the table.

"You bet," agreed the quick-pressure faucet. "Stop me, Mr. Shirley, if you've heard this one, but it's a pip if you haven't."

The shining light in Herman Petty's face was too intense to wait upon politeness. He had to speak.

"It's quite a coincidence, Mr. Shirley, that you should have used the words 'chair' and 'cathedral' so close together. Did you ever stop to think that 'cathedral' means 'chair'?"

"Huh?" questioned the architect, whose mind was still rejoicing over the deep impression his eloquence had made on the company. "What do you mean? I said cathedral."

"Yes, I know." Mr. Petty ticked off the words on his fingers to lend precision to the matter. "You see 'cathedra' means the bishop's chair. Now it is the cathedral which is the bishop's seat, or head church of a diocese."

"Is that a fact?" Such commonplace diction seldom soiled the precious lips of Abraham Shirley, but a momentary sincerity made him lose control of himself. "What do you know about that!"

Such unstudied sincerity was so unusual with the architect that the cement member of his coffee circle figured the newcomer was to be kidded and hastened to line himself up on the proper side by starting the movement. He winked at the ventilating-equipment gentleman and tapped his forehead.

"Here's your chance, Harry, to get edumacationed." Such crossbred words were the high-water mark of the world's humor to the cement man. To him, only one thing was more side-splitting, and that, the emphatic answer which he used whenever possible, "Absodamlutely." His favorite city was "Philamadelphia."

Herman Petty caught the drift and his lips trembled as he tried to speak without showing that he realized his blunder. He looked directly toward the architect.

"I'm sorry, sir, if I intruded my very narrow enthusiasms into your time. I can't seem to remember that philological derivations can't interest other people as they do me."

The cement man couldn't restrain a snort—"Philomological!" Aside he whispered, "Try that one on your piano, Harry."

Mr. Petty gripped his trembling hands together under the table and stared straight ahead.

"I've been over the fenestration layout, Mr. Shirley, three times, and checked it. There are ten thousand six hundred and seventy openings. I suppose the lower-floor windows, which have less sun, could have a cheaper material; but I'd think it unwise. I should specify Blossom Mills cambric throughout. With a count of seventy-two by seventy-two or eighty on the average-size windows and a slightly lower count, but with a heavier thread, on the extreme width. The latter stands up better under a one-hundred-and-fifty-inch suspension. All workmanship, of course, to be the best, and you the judge of that"

Herman Petty had spoken plain humdrum words with the far-away intensity which marks the last confessional of the dying man. It had forced the attention of Mr. Shirley.

"Why do you specify Blossom Mills cambric? It's the most expensive."

"On that quantity, two and three-quarter cents more per yard, sir. It is guaranteed for one year and will last nine. But remember this: Everyone admits it to be the most expensive, but also everyone admits it to be the best"

Abraham Shirley suddenly recalled how far these tiny technicalities of commerce were leading him from his true character of the sublimated artist. He hastened to rectify his lapse by passing a hand, whose white grace one could see he thought pretty nice, over his close-clipped hair. Mr. Shirley wore his hair short to show the world that a genius could, in one case anyway, be virile.

"Tut, Mr. Petty, tut-tut! I must save my mind for the greater thing. 'Tis profanation to lumber the brain with trivialities."

The fact that he said "the brain" instead of "my brain" changed the statement from a boast into a warning.

"Lumber!" blurted Mr. Petty. "Did you ever stop to think about lumber?"

In spite of his experience, the temptation was too great for him. Dread of ridicule faded before the lust of interest.

(Continued on Page 114)

Herman Petty Looked Yearningly Into the Twilight "I Wish I Had the Real Gift of Mixing, and Telling a Frisky Story"

ARE YOU GUARDING LOVED ONES FROM THE DANGEROUS "CHANCE-ACQUAINTANCE"

BE AS CAREFUL AS YOUR DOCTOR

INFECTION "Met by accident." . . . The most dreaded of all intruders . . . It slips into the home through the tiny crevices of carelessness. A small cut or bruise, a slight abrasion—bound with a home-made bandage . . . Clean enough by laundry standards . . . But not *surgically clean* . . . And then, *infection* . . . However trivial the injury, the possibilities are too dangerous to be risked by not knowing what to do. Every home should have ready for the emergency, the sterile preventives of infection, such as . . . Bauer & Black Sterile Absorbent Cotton, Sterile Gauze, Sterile Bandages, Adhesive Plaster and Iodine Swabs . . . Bauer & Black dressings have been the preferred selection of surgeons and hospitals for over thirty years...Sterilized not only in the making, but again in the final package—to reach you utterly sterile . . . Obtainable in 45,000 drug stores, at small cost . . . Keep infection *out*, by keeping Bauer & Black products *in*—on your bathroom shelves.

Address Bauer & Black, Chicago, for new First Aid Chart for bathroom cabinet In Canada, Bauer & Black, Ltd., Toronto

© 1925, Bauer & Black

Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

This painting of John Harvard in his library at Stratford-on-Avon by N. T. Mingo for Curtis Companies Incorporated

THIS painting shows John Harvard, founder of Harvard University, with his wife and a friend in his home at Stratford-on-Avon, England. He is reading a letter from a friend in far-off New England. This letter outlines the necessity for a college in the Colonies.

Although John Harvard died at thirty-one years of age, he possessed one of the greatest libraries of his time. He visited America and helped to found what is today Harvard University in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

His house, located in the town where Shakespeare lived, is a remarkable example of the Tudor type of architecture so popular today in modern homes.

Notice the door in this room. One that Curtis makes is like this door in John Harvard's home. And it is built with the same care that will make it last for centuries.

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

The woodwork in this entrance hall is Curtis-made. It has all the thoroughness in its construction that was used in the days when John Harvard's home was built. It will last for generations. This hallway has received mention in magazines as being a typical example of a beautiful English hallway. You can have any of these features in your home at reasonable cost.

THERE IS A GROWING DEMAND FOR ENGLISH INTERIORS

THERE are many districts in this country where the English type of architecture is in high favor. We know that there is an increasing demand for interior woodwork of English design. We went around the country with a photographer and took some pictures of Curtis-made English interiors so that the readers of this publication could see how beautiful they are.

With the rest of the furnishments in harmony they make exceedingly comfortable rooms. There is a charming dignity and a substantial look of permanence about it that appeals to people who are conscious of family pride.

You will be proud to possess a home with Curtis English Woodwork because the wood is so sturdy in character and so well put together. You get that look of permanence so necessary in this type of woodwork.

Good woodwork like this never fails to add to the estimated dollar-value of a house. After all, the woodwork is about all the eye sees in the interior, after building is completed. You can't overestimate its value. This is no place to skimp. You *need* the best obtainable.

Curtis Woodwork is reasonable in price and costs you less than you would ordinarily pay for the same quality of woodwork made in small quantities by a smaller organization. There is a difference in woodwork just as there is a difference in furniture or clothing.

East of the Rockies, you can secure Curtis Woodwork, only through Curtis dealers. They will show you the superior features of Curtis Woodwork—you can make a selection of the items you want at the dealer's office.

The plan books which the Curtis dealer will show you will be helpful to you in building or remodeling; or send us 50c stating the size and kind of house, and book will be mailed to you.

This photograph shows a door and stairway of English design made by Curtis. It costs no more than other designs fashioned in the same wood. Refer to C-304 Door and C-912 Stair in correspondence

An English mantel by Curtis, photographed in a new home in Morrison, Illinois. It has all the special refinements that make it authentic in design and it possesses a grace that makes it permanently pleasing as a background of the room in which a family lives.

1866 CURTIS

We cannot legally prevent imitators from copying our patterns and designs. The law [illegible] others from using [illegible] woodwork bears the CURTIS trade-mark

CURTIS WOODWORK

THE CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU

329 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa

Curtis Bros. & Co. . . . . Clinton, Iowa
Curtis & Yale Co. . . . Wausau, Wisconsin
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska
Curtis, Towle & Paine Co. . Topeka, Kansas
Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Curtis Door & Sash Co. . . Chicago, Illinois
Curtis Sash & Door Co. . . Sioux City, Iowa
Curtis Detroit Co. . . . . Detroit, Michigan

Curtis Companies Incorporated Sales Offices: Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore

CURTIS COMPANIES INCORPORATED, CLINTON, IOWA

(Continued from Page 110)

"Huh?" barked the architect, suddenly fetched back from the daisy fields of his own beautiful thoughts.

"Yes," said Mr. Petty. "You see, prior to the reign of Edward II, a great many goldsmiths from Lombardy were established in London. They found gradually that they made more money by lending gold than working gold. They were more nearly pawnbrokers than bankers, and whenever they advanced funds they took some article as a pledge and kept these pledged items in a room over the shop. This room, with all sorts of odds and ends in it, was known as the Lombard room. And it was merely a matter of time before the pronunciation changed from Lombard to lumber."

The heat of imparting information suddenly cooled in Mr. Petty's heart. He had shot his bolt and the world was chilly. He got to his feet and looked rather wistfully at the circle of men around the table. He took his hat in both hands, tried to smile, found it impossible and hurried from the place.

Abraham Shirley, one eye closed and the other searching the empty bottom of his cup, was whispering to himself.

"What do you know about that? So planks and beams are really of kin to that divine goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini." Suddenly he dissolved the quiet of the circle—"Hey! I want some coffee."

Five salesmen plunged their hands into their pockets to defray the charge and in consequence, perhaps, sit prettier with this man who might sign a contract.

For three hours Mr. Petty walked the avenues and cross streets alone with his very bitter and accusative soul. Justice seemed such a scant commodity if it should forsake him for the simple fault of being natural and enthusiastic. The open door of a great church caught his eye as he pattered along. He entered and sat himself down. A few other people, pygmies in the huge dimness of the place, seemed such nonessential bits in the scheme of things. Appreciation of the prime benefit of prayer came afresh to him; appreciation of the fact that by pleading for something he admitted to his mind the idea of a force greater than his own.

It salved over the irritation from his failures and let him imagine that, after all, his failures were not so much.

At the contribution box by the exit he paused to deposit twenty-five cents. The sudden realization that he had dropped in his five-dollar gold pocket piece instead of a quarter completed his cure. Rage made him fairly prance out the door, yet before he had arrived at the store he was looking about for someone to whom he might—modestly, of course—tell of his charity.

The flexibility of the human make-up to accept the inescapable is a beautiful quality. It reconstructs the ruins of courage made by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Mr. Petty had need of his new-found confidence immediately. Three persons in the department brought word that Mr. McHenry wished him at once. One, a floorwalker, who was told hourly by the lowlier employes how inimitable was his wit, patted Herman on the head.

"You'd better slip a strip of stair carpet into the seat of your trousers, Petty. Joe's got hell in his eye."

He proceeded at once to the buyer's office. Mr. McHenry wasted no time.

"Haven't you any sense, Petty? Harry Chase, of the Trollope Ventilating Equipment Co., told me what a hundred-horsepower jackass you made of yourself this morning."

Herman Petty thought of his five-dollar philanthropy and stood his ground. It is the extraneous things that comfort.

"You don't seem to have the fundamentals of salesmanship. The idea is to make them laugh with you, not at you."

"You're right, Mr. McHenry, if you have ability that way. I think it's more important to act naturally."

"No, sir," boomed the buyer; "if you can't tell a good story and mix around, you aren't a salesman."

"Well, I can't, sir; and yet I'm a salesman."

Joseph McHenry didn't try too hard to cover a snicker.

"Who told you that?"

"I know it. I'm going to sell this Hammersley contract."

"That's your idea. And there's another thing. Harry Chase told me you specified Blossom Mills cambric."

"Yes, sir."

"What's the idea? We don't carry any of the Blossom line."

"Then you've never done the best possible job. You seem to forget that this Hammersley Building isn't a price affair. Give them the finest stuff you can put your hands on and then give them the price. That's secondary."

"You sound sure of yourself."

"I am sure of myself."

The buyer had some heart. He disliked to discharge this rather wistful little man without definite grounds. By quizzing, he thought to show him how unfitted he was for the job he had undertaken.

"All right then, just what is a cambric?"

Mr. Petty's face reflected his enthusiasm.

"Well, you see, the name 'cambric' came from the town of Cambrai in France. The cloth was first woven there. As a matter of fact, it's an old variety of cloth. In England, in 1580, it was regarded as a very great luxury, a thing for ecclesiastical vestments chiefly."

Joseph McHenry was no longer supercilious or considerate. He had forgotten the brusque manner which mantled him during business hours.

"Is that a fact? How do you spell that town?"

Mr. Petty was having what he considered the pleasantest time in the world. Nothing could stop him.

"But then a number of textiles are named after towns. For instance, calicoes were originally called calicuts, after Calcutta. Gauze comes from the village of Gaza in Palestine. And muslin is merely a slight differentiation of Mosul, in the Tigris Valley. Long after the British drain all the oil from that district, the town will have a more perpetual monument in this fragile material."

The buyer had grabbed a pencil and was poking it petulantly toward the speaker.

"Wait a minute. You're going too fast. I can't get it all. This'll make good advertising stuff. Say it over again sort of slow."

When Herman Petty left the office an hour later the buyer had forgotten to fire him. As for Petty himself, the unobstructed exercise of his hobby had so begilded the day that the past was wiped out. He wasn't even aware that he had been on the verge of dismissal.

For five days Mr. Petty sat quietly during the sessions of the round table within the Piedmont Hotel. Four times only he spoke, and four times the other salesmen failed to suppress their titters.

Whenever a word the pronunciation of which would have taxed the mentality of anyone under six years of age was used, the cement man gave himself a wonderful laugh by parodying that word and referring it to Mr. Petty.

"Unconstimatutional" was a sample which nearly split his epidermis and let the air of heaven into the vacuum which must have filled him. "There's a word for you, professor," he squealed to Mr. Petty, "Write that down in your little red book."

Before such Herman Petty managed to smile, however faintly.

On the sixth day, as Mr. Petty rose to take his leave, the great architect uncovered his face with the cup which he was wont to hold close to his nose the better to inhale its caffeine-laden steam. He pointed an accusing finger at the gray little man.

"Hey, you, Mr. Petty! I've got the estimate Peebles sent in. Be at my office between four and five today."

At ten minutes to four Herman Petty stood in the waiting room of Abraham Shirley. He didn't know what to expect. A secretary approached him.

"Are you Mr. Petty, of Peebles, Inc.?"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Herman.

She handed him a long envelope.

"Here's the signed contract for the shading equipment on the Hammersley job."

"Hey, Miss Wright!" came a roar from a front office.

"Just a second," said the secretary. In a moment she had returned. "If you can spare the time, Mr. Shirley would like to see you."

Mr. Petty tried to think of graceful phrases to thank the architect. He was in the private office before he succeeded, however.

"You were right about lumber, Mr. Petty. I looked it up."

The little man smiled gratefully.

"Thank you, sir. . . . And how did our bid compare with the others?"

Abraham Shirley looked vacant.

"Compare? Gosh, I don't know! I didn't look at them. The only thing that concerned me was to get an intelligent job. And I'm sure you won't give me anything else."

"Thank you, sir," said Herman. "May I ask Miss Wright to let me see the figures from the other estimators?"

"Sure, sure! And come around to the Piedmont occasionally, won't you? You make me see what a set of dubs those other salesmen are."

There was something decidedly prim and almost dainty in the tread of Herman Petty as he entered Mr. McHenry's office. The buyer tried not to appear cordial.

"Mr. McHenry, sir, the salesman for the Blossom Mills is outside and it seems only fair to give him a chance to put his goods in here, especially since you've got that Hammersley job with their cambric."

"Huh?" grunted the buyer.

Mr. Petty laid the contract on the desk.

"Is that a fact?" said the department head. "And it may interest you to know they're running that cambric story in all the papers tomorrow. The advertising manager told the merchandise manager I was too intelligent to be in the drapery. Said I had a constructive brain. What do you think of that?"

"That's splendid, sir," said Mr. Petty wholeheartedly. "But about the Blossom Mills man?"

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm busy getting up some more advertising copy on muslin and calicoes. You see him and make out the order you think right. I've got confidence in you, Petty." As the little man turned to go, the buyer spoke again. "And by the way, if you've got any more of those stories about words just let me know."

Had anyone observed Herman Petty for the next half hour, his loyalty to the firm of Peebles, Inc., would have been questioned. He put on his dapper little hat and walked three blocks uptown to the even greater department store of Hantun & Co. The buyer to the drapery department was preparing to leave for the day as Mr. Petty faced him.

"Mr. Knox, sir, why is it that Hantun & Co. does not carry the Blossom Mills line?"

It was evidently a sore point with the buyer.

"It's too expensive. It can't be sold."

"The best goods can always be sold, Mr. Knox. I've proved it."

"What do you mean?"

Mr. Petty prepared to explain.

"I'll tell you. For instance, the Blossom Mills wanted you to specify their cambric for the new Hammersley Building. You consented, but only on condition that they cut their regular price to meet the price of an inferior material."

Mr. Knox tended to froth at the mouth.

"Yes, and I've just heard we lost that job."

"You did, that's right; although your estimate was $1500 less than Peebles', who got it."

"What?" Mr. Knox did not ask a question. He uttered the bitter essence of a dozen round and powerful curses.

"Yes," continued Mr. Petty flatly. "And I'll tell you why you lost it—you didn't have an intelligent man trying to sell the job."

"What do you mean—intelligent? He's a college graduate and he spent eighty-four dollars feeding that fellow Shirley and taking him to the theater. Mind you, eighty-four dollars!"

The chorus of some heavenly choir seemed suddenly to charm Herman Petty.

"Dollars?" he whispered tensely. "Did you ever stop to think about that word 'dollar', Mr. Knox?"

"What's the matter?" inquired the buyer, worried over the sudden hush.

"In Bohemia there is a little mining town called Joachimsthal. During the sixteenth century it was famous for producing an extremely fine grade of silver. Coins from that particular metal were called Joachimsthalers.

"Now, 'dollar' is merely a corruption of 'thaler.'" Mr. Petty suddenly repented of his enthusiasm. He closed his eyes and tried to think back to his train of thought before his hobby had jumped out to overwhelm him.

"As I was saying, Mr. Knox, it wasn't the price of the Blossom Mills cambric which lost this job for you; it was the inability of your salesman."

Mr. Knox wandered slowly out of his fog.

"Thaler," said he several times. "I see. But who has Peebles got that's so all-fired intelligent?"

Mr. Petty tried not to look conscious of the tribute.

"Well, I hate to have you put it that way, sir, because I happen to be the person who secured the contract."

"Oh!" This single word was all that Mr. Knox seemed capable of, although he nodded his head slowly as he looked appraisingly at Mr. Petty. "Oh!"

Herman Petty scratched his knee and took a long breath. He had to say something, but he didn't know what.

"The Blossom Mills want your business, Mr. Knox."

That gentleman was a trifle less firm in his remonstrances.

"Why should they? They're a big firm doing eight to ten million a year." He paused to collect further ammunition. "And anyway, who are you, holding a brief for the Blossom Mills?"

"I'm Herman Petty, sir. President of the Blossom Mills."

The buyer was on his feet before his mind had a chance to advise him what to do. Much cash and great achievement always affected his Scotch blood that way. At last he smiled faintly yet respectfully.

"And what, Mr. Petty, sir, are you mixing up in little retail transactions like this for?"

"That's a fair question, Mr. Knox. I'll tell you. Our sales manager was all the time complaining that the salesmen couldn't sell the Blossom Mills cambric. The best in the market it might be, but the price was too high." Mr. Petty was on his feet, stamping up and down. He pointed suddenly at Mr. Knox. "You can't go beyond the truth. And that cost is an economic truth." The fervor of the little man seemed to depart. He relapsed into a chair, a gray and insignificant wisp shorn of the dignity which had cloaked him while he spoke. He continued colorlessly: "Well, I had to prove my contention that it could be sold. I looked around and I couldn't find anyone less suited to sell merchandise than myself. I certainly didn't have presence. I didn't have personality. All I had was a knowledge of what I was to sell and the idea that if a man was natural he'd go a heap farther than a fellow who tried to land an order by painting himself with a skin-deep magnetism."

Herman Petty looked yearningly into the twilight beyond the window.

"God knows I wish I had the real gift of mixing, and telling a frisky story."

Mr. Knox stirred in his chair.

"Well, Mr. Petty, I don't see but what you've proved your point." Then he chuckled in a friendly fashion. "I'll tell you another thing—if you'll come and work for me I won't carry anything but the Blossom Mills line. Will you?"

The little man stood up and stretched himself.

"Oh, dear," he said, "I'd like to, Mr. Knox, but I can't. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll send my son down to work for you for a while." Mr. Petty leaned forward as though to whisper something really good. "And believe me, Mr. Knox, that boy of mine has got the greatest line of stories you ever listened to."

Sunrise, 9:30 a.m., McKinley Crossing, Tanana River, Alaska

Sensitive as a girl's complexion

are the wood surfaces of your furniture

Lucky indeed is the woman who understands the nature of her furniture's wood surfaces. Use will never mar, time will never dull, the finishes of tables, chairs and other pieces which grace her home. For, just as she knows that furniture woods are delicate as a fair complexion—and even more defenseless—she knows, too, the treatment to keep them in perfect condition, happen what may.

That treatment is O-Cedar Polish—in many fine homes the one trusted application for costly, sensitively finished furniture woods. Wonderfully mild and soothing—and yet, because of the way its oils are blended, astonishingly effective in releasing and removing the soil of years from any wood surface, restoring vanished loveliness as it cleans. See for yourself. O-Cedar Polish is sold everywhere, with a money-back guarantee, in five convenient sizes priced from 30 cents to $3.

O-CEDAR CORP'N

Chicago *Toronto* *London* *Paris*

Where Care Akin to Reverence Rules

At Hampton Shops, in picturesque East 50th Street, New York, are some of America's most exquisite furniture treasures. This photograph of an interior in that unique establishment shows several of the hundreds of lovely pieces always available.

How to apply O-Cedar

1. *Pour a little on a cloth* (a moist cloth for cleaning, a dry cloth for polishing).

2. *Go over the surface*

It cleans as it polishes

O-Cedar Polish

"Failure" or "Success"

—*Which Does Your Home Reflect?*

THE world believes what it reads in the outward appearance of your home. Poorly kept surfaces mean failure in the eyes of the world—an attractive exterior reflects success.

To win the respect and admiration of your neighbors—beautify and protect your home with Devoe Paint—time-tested and proven, guaranteed by 171 years' paint experience. It takes fewer gallons—costs less per job—looks best.

Devoe makes a paint or varnish product for every need—it is the oldest line in America, most complete and of highest quality. Founded 1754.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., 101 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.
Branches in Leading Cities

Paint Dealers—Attention!

A few openings remain in various towns for Devoe Agencies. Think what it would mean for you to tie up to the Devoe Home Improvement Plan! Write for details.

DEVOE

Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Enamels, Brushes Artists' Materials & Insecticides

"Happiness" or "Discontent"

—*Which Do You Desire?*

LIFELESS surfaces breed discontent! The happy home has cheerful walls, furniture, floors and woodwork — surfaces made bright and inspiring with paint, enamel and varnish.

Gloom disappears — contentment fills the room finished with Devoe Paint and Varnish Products. The same old walls, furniture, floors and woodwork—the same old room—but, oh, what a difference!

Look for the sign of the Devoe Authorized Agent in your community. He will tell you the right product, the right color, the right treatment to do a perfect job.

Paint NOW—
Pay in ten months!

Consult the Devoe Authorized Agent in your community about the Devoe Home Improvement Plan which will enable you to paint your house—inside and out—and pay for it in ten monthly installments. This financing plan is 25% less expensive to the property owner than any similar plan known to us in the paint industry. Or, write us.

Devoe & Raynolds Co., Inc., 101 Fulton Street, New York, N. Y.
Branches in Leading Cities

DEVOE

Paints, Varnishes, Stains, Enamels, Brushes
Artists' Materials & Insecticides

Women Wanted This New Kind of Iron

Never too Hot {Click—and it's Off}
Never too Cool {Click—and it's On}

Click!

Off goes the current—*automatically*—the iron won't over-heat while she's 'phoning.

Click!

On it goes again—automatically—she'll find it just hot enough on her return.

OFTEN you've wanted an iron that would never overheat, even if you were called away suddenly and forgot to turn off the current. How often you've returned to find the iron too cool to use, and thought "If only somebody would invent an iron that would *stay* hot." And now, Westinghouse has done that very thing for you.

This new Westinghouse Iron turns itself off—*automatically*—before it can overheat. And before it cools down too much it turns itself on again. Each time you hear a "click!" it says: "Don't worry about me, I'm watching my own temperature."

Thousands of these irons are already in use and every owner is delighted with hers—as you will be with yours—but this announcement of the greatest improvement ever made in the electric iron has been delayed till we *knew*, by long testing in actual use, it would do all you ask of it.

It has all the other good features for which Westinghouse Irons are so famous—the beveled base, large ironing surface, even heat distribution and perfect balance, *with this new perfect temperature control in addition.* It *is* a new kind of iron!

If you cannot find the Westinghouse Automatic Iron at your dealer's, write to us at Mansfield, Ohio.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO.
Offices in All Principal Cities *Representatives Everywhere*

Tune in with KDKA—KYW—WBZ—KFKX

Westinghouse

© 1925, W. E. & M. Co.

TESSIE AND THE LITTLE SAP

(Continued from Page 21

sales slips with the register before you turn in the cash, and if the boss asks where I am tell him I was taken with a dizzy spell and had to go home."

I had time, too, in that half-hour walk over to Ninth Avenue, to think out a few things—about Barney and this Mrs. Welles and her darling Roddy—but I didn't get much further than to guess I'd started something that I couldn't see the finish of.

'Course, I hadn't been in the flat two minutes before Aunt Maggie and Cousin Lou and most of the other kids are buzzing around asking questions. It wasn't my night off, was it? Had I been fired? Who gave me the roses, and why?

"Have you and Barney patched it up?" asks Aunt Maggie.

"What did I tell you about quizzing me on him again?" I warns her, and she keeps her mouth shut until I hooks up the electric iron and starts pressing the shamrock-green ensemble with the white cony trimming.

"Who you rigging up like that for, Tess?" she demands.

"For a male, auntie," says I; "always for a male."

"I hope you know more about him than that," says she.

"Not much," says I, "except that he's dead set on my having dinner with him."

"You should take shame of yourself, Theresa Kinney, carrying on like that," says she, "when you know what happened your poor mother."

"Am I likely to forget when I have relations with such good memories?" says I. "Besides, you never knew the whole of the story and never will. Anyway, she's at rest, which is more than some of us are."

"It's a bitter tongue you have, Tess," says she.

"Who's trying to sweeten it, Aunt Maggie?" says I. "And listen, if I don't know my way about by this time, I never will. So there's no use worrying. Got plenty of hot water? Good! Finish this, will you, while I shoo the kids out of the bathroom?"

She's a lot better than she listens, Aunt Maggie is; so when Cousin Lou finally dashes up three flights to squeal that there's a young fellow waiting outside in a taxi, all I had to do was to pin on the new turban-bandeau affair with the rhinestone ornament in front and stroll down.

"Oh, I say!" says Roddy, gazing at me. "You are a stunner though!"

"Well, don't broadcast it to the block," says I. "And for goodness' sake tell the driver where you want him to take us!"

Roddy doesn't seem to be quite sure himself.

"Why," says he, "I was thinking of —— No, by George! We'll go to the Louis Quinze."

"Awfully smart, the Quince is," says I, "but that's up to you. I can stand it if you can—unless you're apt to meet some of your friends there."

"What if I do?" says Roddy. "To the Louis Quinze, driver."

I'll say that was going some for Tessie, but I took it with my chin up like I'd been dining on Park Avenue all my life; and when the head waiter beams on Roddy and leads us to one of the lounge tables and hands me a menu I shoves it one side careless, as if the thought of food bored me to death. And I wasn't afraid of mistaking fillet mignon for a fish either.

"Anything, Roddy," says I, "so long as we start with a caviar canapé."

"*Deux canapés*," says Roddy, and rattles off the rest of the order.

Then we begins our little game, with him trying to get confidential and me stalling him off. He wants to know how I happen to be working in the Gloriana lobby.

"You don't think it's just a fad of mine, do you?" says I.

"But you're too wonderful a girl for anything like that," says he.

"Don't spill that to the management, please," says I.

"Do you know, Tessie," says he, "I've never met anyone quite like you before."

"Well, don't let it go to your head," says I.

"It has," says he, "and deeper."

"Swallow a piece of bread, quick!" says I.

He picks up a[illegible] that.

"I say," he protests, "I'm not used to being treated like this. I'm no boy."

"Since when?" says I.

"Oh, come, Tessie," says he; "let's be friends anyway. This is rather a stupid place, isn't it? We should have gone where we could have some dancing, eh?"

"Sounds reasonable," says I.

"Then we will," says he.

We did. It was at one of the joints I'd read about, admittance by card only, with a sidewalk canopy at the entrance and two French maids in the dressing room; also some peppy jazz orchestra. And Roddy isn't a bad fox-trotter. I wasn't sure, and you can bet I didn't ask, but I believe I was mixing with the younger set.

'Course, on the way home in the taxi he starts getting cuddly and I had to give him the elbow.

"None of that college-hick stuff," I tells him.

"Oh, be nice, Tessie!" he begs.

"Where did you get the idea this was a petting party?" says I.

He turns sulky at that.

"Say, but you are an iceberg," he grumbles. "Don't you like me at all, Tessie?"

"I'm crazy about you, naturally," says I; "but I'm trying to hide it."

He stares at me puzzled, and it's easy to guess he's not used to being kidded. Most of 'em, I expect, fall for him right off and he don't quite know what to make of my upstage line. But before we got to the flat we'd partly made it up, and for the last few blocks I let him hold one hand, and as he says good night he manages to get in a peck on the cheek.

"You're a dear, Tessie," he whispers. "We'll have another dinner tomorrow night."

"I don't know about that," says I. "Besides, I thought mother arrived tomorrow."

"Oh, I'll get off somehow. I must," says he. "About the same time, eh?"

I shook my head.

"I can't tell," says I. "I'll have to think it over."

But if ever I was bound to keep a date, it was that one. Miss a chance to get that woman guessing as to what her darling Roddy was up to? Not unless I was tied somewhere. I don't know what his alibi was, either; but he showed up right on the minute.

And from then on it was a case of stringing him along. Say, I shook out all the tricks in the bag. First, I'd give him the cold eye and hint I was getting tired of his hanging around, or keep him at arm's length until he was pouty, and then I'd bring him back with an eye twinkle. Sometimes I would let him snuggle up, and then again I'd make him keep on his side of the cab. Honest, for a week there the poor kid never knew where he stood from one minute to the next, and the looser I played him the more he stuck around. Mommer couldn't have had much of his company anyway. I used to grin over that part of it as I saw him sleuthing around the lobby waiting for a chance to edge up to the stand and have a word or two with me when I wasn't busy. If he could tell whether he was going to get it or not, he must have had second sight.

"Didn't I say you'd meet a feller one of these times?" says Mame. "I'll say this Roddy of yours was worth waitin' for too. He's got class, he has. What kinda flowers for tonight? Orchids!"

And it was lucky for me Mame liked her morning sleep, for by letting her blow in at eleven A.M. she was willing to do the evening trick all alone. Then, of course, she had it all doped out that within a month or so I'd be living in style on Riverside Drive and might call for her sometime in my limousine.

"He must be a reg'lar plute," says she, "the way he throws it around."

I did have to give Roddy a call when he started buying jewelry.

"No," says I, pushing back the white velvet case. "I'm no gold digger. I can't take things like that from you. We're only good friends, you know."

We were doing Greenwich Village that night and we'd just finished an imitation dinner in one of these freak cellar joints where they tuck tables around in odd corners. Ours was back of some stairs and the place was nearly empty. So when I shoved the brooch back at him he leaned across and grabbed me by the wrists. There was an ugly look in his eyes and his face went the color of Swiss cheese.

"Friends!" says he. "See here, girl, don't you know I'm fairly mad about you? Think you can play with me this way? Well, you can't. I'm not that kind. You'll take what I buy for you and you'll stop this nonsense. If you don't, I'll ——"

"Well, what?" says I, twisting my wrists loose. "Beat me? Say, who ever told you you were the size to pull that cave-man act, sonny? Why, you little shrimp, I've a good notion to cuff your ears and send you home to mommer!"

That almost got him foaming at the mouth.

"You—you cat!" says he, between his front teeth.

"Which will be about all from you," says I, and walks out on him.

I was nearly to the Subway station when he caught up with me, begged my pardon and called himself a lot of hard names. That was the time we took a three-hour taxi ride and talked things out. Among other items, he told me of the big row he'd had with his mother because he wouldn't tell her where or how he was spending his evenings, how he'd been dropped from college for overstaying his Easter vacation and what a mess he was in generally.

"She suspects it's some girl," says he, "and she's trying to find out who it is. Makes her furious. But I have something on her, too, that makes me just as wild. What do you think? She's married again."

I dug my finger nails into the seat cushion and held my breath. Then, after a minute or so, I said, "Well, sometimes they do, you know."

"But she's been married nearly two months and never let me know until she came back from the South. A fellow by the name of Barney. I don't like him at all. He—he isn't her kind."

"Really?" says I, sort of choky.

"Years younger," he goes on, "and rather rough. Doesn't know what to do with his hands or what to wear with a dinner coat, and says 'ain't' and 'pleased to meet you.'"

"How awful!" says I. "A fellow named Barney, eh? Well, well!"

"Let's not talk about him any more," says Roddy. "Let's talk about us and what we're going to do."

"That shouldn't take long," says I. "Chiefly, we're going to say good-by."

Well, he cursed like a little pirate at that, and then he sniffled some on my shoulder and admitted he'd acted like a cad and promised he'd never do it again, so we made up once more and we finished the ride all cuddled up affectionate. The next day he brought around the ring, while I was at the stand too.

"You know what I told you last night," says I.

"But this is different," says he. "Please, Tessie, let me ——"

"Here?" says I. "How silly!"

"Then I'll write it," says he.

"Oh, well, I can't stop that," says I.

As though it wasn't what I'd been easing him into! And I'll say it was some mushy love letter. But it had the wilt-thou clause in it, all in black and white. And when I'd read it I took out the ring and slipped it on. Rubies and diamonds set in a platinum circlet. When Mame got a glimpse she opened her mouth wide enough to take in my whole hand, and she let out the usual remark.

"If you could only flash that on Barney!" she adds.

"I might yet, at that," says I.

When I was ever going to have a chance, though, I couldn't see. First off, I had to have a business session with Roddy and find out what his plans were, if any. And they were about what you might expect—slipping off into Connecticut about next Wednesday, a hurry-up wedding in some parsonage study and then wiring mother the glad news from Atlantic City.

"Old stuff, Roddy," says I. "You know how the next installment would run?"

"'And they lived happy ever after,'" says he.

"Absolutely not," says I. "Let me sketch the fourth and fifth reels for you as the newspapers would print the scenario. Like this: 'Rapid-fire romance of gilded youth goes on the rocks. Young Rodman Welles, who wooed and wed news-stand girl from Gloriana lobby, hears from mother. Allowance cut off, but impetuous young hubby says he will get job and support lovely bride in manner she isn't used to.'"

Roddy only laughed.

50 new WHEARY CUSHIONED TOP WARDROBE Trunks

MANY people are interested in wardrobe trunks, many more would be if they knew more about them. We have prepared an interesting booklet on construction, equipment, packing and uses of Wheary Trunks. The important construction and equipment features are patented and make Wheary Trunks distinctly superior. You should know about them. Send for your copy of this book—it's free.

Department Stores and Luggage Shops

are now showing the improved 1925 models. There are 50 different sizes and styles of Wheary Cushioned Top Wardrobe Trunks, 30 sizes and styles of Dress trunks, "Travelite" Wardrobe Suit Cases, "Karimore" trunks and Hat and Shoe trunks to choose from.

Any Wheary dealer will gladly show these beautifully finished trunks. Be sure to see these latest models—you'll find them pleasingly moderate in cost.

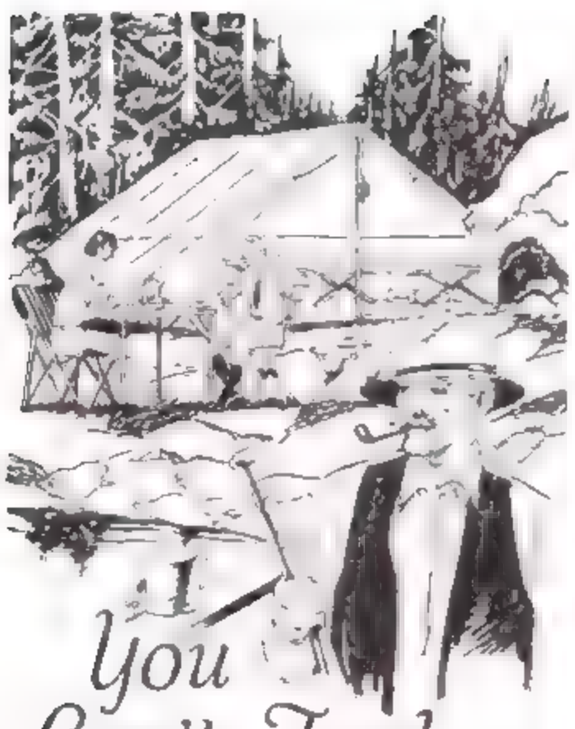
WHEARY TRUNK COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Send me your free book, "America's Finest Wardrobe Trunks."

Name

Street

City



You Can't Fool the "Old Timer"

The more experienced the camper the more certain you are to find he has used only "Gold Medal" Folding Furniture for many years.

The old timer will tell you how dependable and comfortable he has found his "Gold Medal" cot, table and chairs—of how they stand the hard usage common to camp service. He also finds these same pieces useful at home the year around.

Every piece of "Gold Medal" is good looking, light, sturdy, and folds compactly because of a special, time-tried construction that combines selected, seasoned wood, steel and canvas in exactly the right proportions.

FREE 40 PAGE BOOK
Handsomely Illustrated

Write for your copy of "Comforts for Home & Camp" which describes touring and camping equipment and home uses of "Gold Medal."

The popularity of "Gold Medal" leads many to believe that "Gold Medal" means a type or style of folding furniture—that *all* folding furniture is "Gold Medal." *But it's not.* "Gold Medal" is a trade marked, brand name put only on genuine "Gold Medal" furniture for your protection and assurance of highest, unvarying quality. Look for the name "Gold Medal"—insist upon the genuine.

Gold Medal Camp Furniture Mfg. Co.
1736 Packard Avenue · Racine, Wis.

"GOLD MEDAL"
TRADE MARK REG.
Folding~Furniture

FOR CAMP — FOR 33 YEARS THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD — FOR HOME

"Mother couldn't do anything of the sort," says he. "Grandfather fixed all that in his will. I have my own income and it will be plenty for us."

"My mistake," says I. "Then here's what will happen: 'Attorneys of prostrated mother begin suit to annul marriage on grounds that groom is a minor and was infatuated with blond siren who sold him candy. Family conference called and erring youth promises to be good, while tearful Tessie goes back to tenement.' And that would be that, Roddy boy."

"She'd raise a row, all right," he admits. "But that's all the good it would do her. I'll be of age next November. We might keep it quiet until then."

"No," says I, "it couldn't be done. Besides, I don't like these secret affairs. Before I go into this I got to know just where I stand. She's going to find out sooner or later, so you might as well break it to her now."

"Oh, I say!" he protests. "Tell mother? You—you don't know her!"

"If she's anything like you," says I, "I can guess. Gets what she wants, too, don't she? And what she doesn't want she fights off. Well, let's have it out at the start. That's my last word."

I could see he was just as anxious to do it as he would have been to have a tooth pulled, but I told him he couldn't come near me again until he had given mother the bulletin, and finally he agrees. I didn't see him again for two days, and when he does show up he looks like he'd been through a siege, his cute little face sallower than ever and his fingers twitching nervous.

"It—it's been something fierce, Tessie," says he. "She's taking it hard. Does think an awful lot of me, you know."

"Too bad," says I. "We'll just call it off then." And I pulled the ring from my finger and stuck it out at him.

"Don't, Tessie!" he groans. "I've been through enough without that. I'm going to have you in spite of everything. I told her so. She—she wants to see you."

"Ye-e-es?" says I. "I can almost hear her say it—'Oh, well, bring the creature here.' Eh, Roddy?"

He nods.

"When will you go?" he asks.

"I don't find that date on my calendar at all," says I. "You can tell mother that if she wants to see me she'll come where I am. I'll be at home Sunday afternoon."

"In—in the flat!" gasps Roddy.

"Nowhere else," says I. "And listen, you mentioned my name, I expect?"

He says he never got that far. I must have had my teeth set about then.

"One thing more," I goes on. "To make it all legal and binding, perhaps she'd better bring her new hubby along—that Barney chap."

"Oh, why have him dragged into this?" says Roddy. "I don't see the sense."

"Little notion of my own," says I. "We'll make it a real family party."

"All right," says he. "But you'll stand up to her, Tessie?"

"I'm apt to," says I, "but you never can tell."

That was setting the stage, wasn't it? How the act would turn out was something else again, but I wasn't worrying. They'd wished all this on me, mother and Roddy and Barney, and if there was any squirming to be done it wouldn't be by me. I was ready to stand pat. The ex-Mrs. Rodman Welles could come or stay away, just as she pleased. And it wasn't on her account, either, that I'd water-waved the sides of my boyish bob and put on the green ensemble after the Sunday dinner.

"Where you off to?" asks Uncle Dan.

"I'm staying in," says I, "but there's no telling who might drop around."

That's all the warning I gave 'em at home and none of 'em took it. So when one of the kids announces from the front window that a swell lady is getting out of a big limousine we're right in the midst of the usual domestic Sunday afternoon scene. Uncle Dan, in his undershirt and trousers, is stretched out comfortable in the old morris chair, with his stockinged feet on the window sill. He's smoking his pipe and scattering sections of the Sunday paper around him and generally enjoying the one day of the week when he doesn't have to drive a three-ton coal truck. Aunt Maggie and Cousin Lou are doing the dishes, and little Bobby and Baby Betty are squabbling over some building blocks in the middle of the front room. I couldn't have placed 'em better if we'd had a rehearsal.

"There's the doorbell," says Aunt Maggie.

"Let Lou go," says I, not stopping at my job of nail buffing.

And Lou did, a plate in one hand and a dish towel in the other. The tall stately party with all the mink furs on and the grand-duchess manner must have had a jolt handed her as she stepped in and looked around. She has full, bold eyes, though, and a chin that shows no weak lines. After one glance she spots me and does no sidestepping.

"I am Rodman's mother," says she, as crisp and chilly as lettuce off the ice.

"How do you do?" says I, treating her to the famous over-the-counter smile. It fails to register.

"I presume you are—Tessie?" she goes on, snapping out the name like she didn't care for the taste.

"Oh, yes," says I. "And this is Uncle Dan, and there's Cousin Lou, and in the next room is Aunt ——"

"Never mind," says she. "I came for a few words with you."

"Well?" says I, brushing some broken toys off a chair and shoving it toward her.

She gazes around sort of desperate.

"Could we not ——" she begins.

"I don't see how," says I. "There's nobody here but the family."

That got her biting her lip. But after a second she shrugs her shoulders under the mink and sits down. I'll admit she does it graceful, and that she has a perfect thirty-six figure. Meanwhile Uncle Dan has made a stab at a bow and dropped his heels off the window sill. Aunt Maggie has edged into the doorway from the kitchen, and the kids are grouped around, gaping at the lovely lady.

She couldn't complain about lacking an audience, I'll say. But she hadn't come all the way from Madison Avenue just to be stared at.

"My son tells me," she opens, "that he has become entangled in some silly affair with you."

"Is that what he calls it?" I asks.

Another hunch of the shoulders.

"I am sure he will soon see it as such," says she, "even if he does not at present. I came to discover, if I could, precisely how far it had gone."

"Does that throw any light on the subject?" says I, holding out the finger with the platinum circlet on it.

She's a game one, though. Never a flinch. And she counters with a cold little sneer.

"Rodman's taste in trinkets is rather good," says she. "And I can't blame him for admiring you, either. You are a very pretty girl, you know."

"Oh, thank you," says I.

"But of course," she goes on, "merely giving you a ring means nothing."

"No?" says I, springing the baby stare.

"I've no doubt," says she, "that Rodman has said a lot of silly things to you too. He may even have asked—that is, he seems to think there is an engagement, or something of the kind. You can see how absurd that would be, can't you, Miss Tessie?"

"Not quite," says I.

"But Rodman is only a boy," she explains, "barely twenty. He is my only son, you know, and he is very dear to me. Naturally I cannot stand aside and allow him to make such a fatal mistake. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I point out the—the difference in your—ah—modes of life. Now you appear to be a sensible young person. You are a working girl, I understand. You sell candy, I believe, in some hotel lobby. Do you not really think you would be much happier if you chose for a mate someone of your own kind—frankly now?"

I looked her straight in the eye and nodded.

"I did once," says I. "We were getting along fine too. We were going to be married. But somebody got him away from me. She wasn't his kind, either. If she could do that, why can't I?"

"Poor girl!" says she. "I am so sorry. But I can't let you have my Roddy."

"What if you can't help it?" says I.

Then she drops the cooing voice. A hard glitter shows in the bold eyes. I can see her stiffen as she leans forward and glares at me.

"So you think you can hold him with your wor l and that s y ring?" she demands. "Is that all you have?"

"Only this," says I, pulling a folded sheet of paper out of my sleeve, and I handed over Roddy's mushy note.

Her lips flatten out as she reads on through the "Dearies" and "Darlings" that he's sprinkled in while he's begging me to marry him next Wednesday. But as she turns the page she tosses her chin.

"This is not signed," says she.

"The original is, though," says I. "That's a copy I had typed in the hotel by Miss Myers."

She crumples the sheet in her hand vicious.

"How did you trick Roddy into writing a proposal?" she demands.

"It wasn't any trick at all," says I. "He just went ahead and did it."

"And—and you intend to hold him?" she asks.

"You bet she does," comes in Uncle Dan, proceeding to wink at me and light his pipe. "Don't let her bluff you, Tess."

She gave him a look that should have left chilblains on his soul, but he only chuckles.

But she had one more play to make.

"I presume then," says she, "it is to be a matter of terms. I must have a witness of my own. I—I should like someone to call my husband. He is outside, in the motor."

"Lou," says I, "run down and tell the man in the car."

And I'm never going to forget the look on Barney's face when he came in that door.

"Tessie!" he gasps. "You!"

"Yes, Barney," says I. "We moved here last month."

Then it was mother's turn to take a short breath. She looks from one to the other of us.

"You know my husband?" she demands.

"I used to," says I.

As for Barney, he just stands there with his mouth open.

"It could happen, of course," says she. "Then perhaps Barney will be better able to advise me as to how much I ought to offer you to release my son from this foolish entanglement."

"I'd say he could qualify as an expert," says I. "Give a guess, Barney. What price Tessie, eh?"

At which his face and neck goes the color of a ripe tomato.

"For God's sake, Stella," says he husky, "let's get out of this!"

"And allow this scheming girl ——" she begins.

But Barney shut her up.

"Stop!" says he. "Not another word! You don't know half of it. Tessie was—oh, she's the girl, I tell you! More'n that, she always will be the girl. There! Now you've got it!"

Anyway, she was getting it. For a second or so she don't seem to take it all in, but sits there staring at him kind of stunned. Then when she sees the look in his eyes as he gazes across at me, she understands, and she nearly crumples up in the chair.

"Barney!" she moans.

"No use of that now," he tells her. "I said you shouldn't have come messing in the young cub's affairs. But I can tell you this, if he gets Tessie he'll be getting somebody a damned sight too good for him. Come along."

He'd helped her up and they were almost to the door when I stopped 'em.

"Just a minute," says I. "If you see Roddy give him these, with my compliments."

It was the ring and the letter I pushed into her hand.

"Then—then you have changed your mind about wanting him?" says she.

"No," says I. "I never did have any use for the little sap. I wouldn't have him on a bet. But when I heard whose little pet he was ——

"Well, I guess you get the idea. So glad you called. Good-by."

I'd gone back to buffing my nails before Uncle Dan got breath enough to tell me how many kinds of a fool I was. But Aunt Maggie soon choked him off, and for the first time I can remember, was hugging me and crying into my left ear. And sometime about the middle of the next forenoon, while Mame watches me make out some sales slips, she misses the ring and asks about it.

"Oh, that!" says I. "Just a false alarm. I was only kidding Roddy."

"Good Gawd!" says Mame. "Kiddin'! Say, I hope I don't see you sometime when you're in dead earnest. It would be too much of a strain."

Are your windows as beautiful as they can be?

by Helen Richmond

WHAT are windows, anyway? Did you ever stop to consider?

Aren't they really one of the most important features of the room, from the standpoint of decoration? Panels of light—to be framed and shaded appropriately and filled with beauty and color.

Of course, women have always studied the right kind of window draperies; but have we realized fully the other opportunities our windows offer? Interior decorators have recently adopted a new method of treating windows—with window shades in tone-colors—revealing a whole new world of possibilities.

For one thing, these tone-color window shades are beautiful in themselves, exquisite creams and buffs and grays and richer tones. And as the light pours through them, it is transfused with these soft hues. By using shades in the cooler tones, you can take all the glare out of too bright a light. Even blazing sunshine can be transmuted to a mellow glow that is delightfully restful. And with shades in deeper colors you can give warmth and vitality to a light that is pale and thin.

And that isn't all! In this softened tinted light, lovely rugs and hangings gain added depth and richness of shading, and the fine lines of rare old furniture take on new charm.

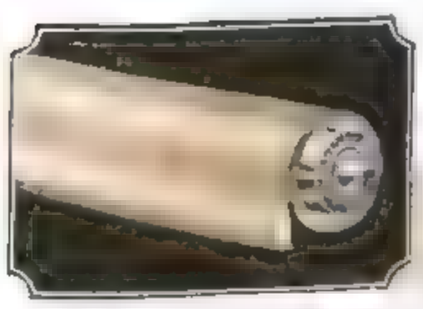
With all these advantages—practical as well as aesthetic—tone-color shades cost no more than ordinary shades!

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Columbia Tone-Colors

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
Etruscan Ivory
Chamois
Steamed Honey
Plaza Gray

(Color names Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



Save yourself the annoyance of having to replace rollers! Buy Columbia Rollers and secure dependable service. Not only will Columbia Rollers give you years of longer service than ordinary rollers but they're noiseless, smooth-running, never jerk, never slip up without warning. In short, Columbia Rollers are guaranteed for quality.

How great decorators are using Columbia tone-color window shades

Just which color of window shade to choose for the room that receives too much sun, and which color will be best for the dark north room—how to make these tone-color shades a part of the general color scheme—are questions for which many women want answers.

So Elsie Sloan Farley, the well-known decorator, has written a book just to solve the problem. In "Beautiful Windows" she shows photographs of 18 actual interiors planned by her, and tells you just how she toned the light to best effect with *Columbia* tone-color window shades. These interiors are full of attractive decorating suggestions that you'll find easy to carry out. And her descriptions are not at all technical but thoroughly readable and practical. Send 10 cents for your copy to *Columbia* Mills, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Make your windows and rooms beautiful— get this book—NOW

Columbia MILLS, Inc.,
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me a copy of "Beautiful Windows," by Elsie Sloan Farley, showing how soft-hued window shades tone and mellow daylight. I enclose 10 cents.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Columbia GUARANTEED WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

Exide
BATTERIES

The least expensive battery

No man wants to pay more for a battery than he has to. That is the best of all reasons for buying an Exide. Not only is the price low and repair bills little or nothing, but the length of service is notably long. Get an Exide at a nearby Exide Service Station and your battery expense is reduced to the minimum. You will also find a complete line of Exide Radio Batteries at our stations and at radio dealers'.

EXIDES CARRY YOUR VOICE OVER THE TELEPHONE

The Bell Telephone and other systems rely on Exide Batteries for current to carry the voice over the wire. Exides are made by the largest manufacturers in the world of storage batteries for every purpose.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO., Philadelphia

In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY

(Continued from Page 27

d fficult question to settle without practical test, and then the impassable barrier deprives us of the answer.

The other regiment went into line the next morning, June second, and with a few shifts and changes the long line has been held by this devoted brigade until the sixteenth, when a fresh regiment was added to my command to enable me to relieve and rest my exhausted battalions. The events of this fortnight will always be a memory to those of us who have survived the time. Unhappily seventeen officers and more than four hundred enlisted Marines have been killed, and nearly three thousand wounded and gassed. Such losses in percentage of numbers engaged equal those of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, and are greater than those that the Prussian Guards endured at St. Privat in the War of 1870.

This chronicle does not permit of details of the fighting of the last seventeen days. Suffice it to say, perhaps, that along the whole Soissons-Rheims front the French had been each day retiring before the German advance distances from one to ten miles. No unit along their whole front had stood against the foe. Their headquarters we know now were in most serious worry, and people were evacuating Paris by hundreds of thousands. The first unit to stand—and it is still standing except where it has moved forward and pushed the enemy back—was the Marine Brigade. The effect on the French has been many times out of all proportion to the size of our brigade or the front on which it has operated Its firm stand brought the Germans to a halt in their farther advance on Meaux, which was the road to Paris from the northeast. It heartened the French up immensely. It has caused the enemy, we know positively, to divert fresh divisions against us that were intended for other parts of his lines, and it has used up four of his divisions so that they have had to be withdrawn.

The Commander in Chief has taken off the prohibition to the correspondents of mentioning organizations by name, and the Marine Brigade has been advertised to the whole world for its deeds. They say a Marine can't venture down the boulevards of Paris without risk of being kissed by some casual passer-by or some boulevardière. Frenchmen say that the stand of the Marine Brigade in its far-reaching effects marks one of the great crises of history, and there is no doubt they feel it. In another way it has given their high command a confidence in American troops that will contribute powerfully to the early establishment of an American sector in the Western Front where our troops shall operate under their own staff and no longer be step-mothered by the French or British.

The brigade commander and the brigade, the two regiments and their colonels, are to be cited in orders from the Sixth French Army, which gives the three individuals the Croix de Guerre with Palm. It also gives the regiments the right to carry the citation on their colors, and with one more such citation will give us all the right to wear the French fourragère, or aiguillette. The Croix de Guerre is an evidence of citation in orders It is a small bronze cross suspended from a green-and-red ribbon. If a citation in division orders the ribbon carries above the croix a small bronze star; if from corps orders the star is silver; if by army orders a small bronze palm adorns the ribbon. That is a much-sought honor.

What shall I say of the gallantry with which these Marines have fought! Of the slopes of Hill 142; of the Mares Farm; of the Bois de Belleau and the village of Bourresches stained with their blood, and not only taken away from the Germans in the full tide of their advance against the French but held by my boys against counter attacks day after day and night after night! I cannot write of their splendid gallantry without tears coming to my eyes. There has never been anything better in the world.

La Loge Farm, June 23, 1918.

THE eternal waiting, waiting, waiting which seems to characterize a brigade commander's duties gives time for reflection, but makes great demands on one's patience. You decide to try to straighten out a small reëntrant in your lines perhaps, or the Boche decides to do something to you, and for about one minute of thought followed by a decision delivered perhaps in ten seconds, you sit through hours of waiting. You wait for the necessary preliminary reconnaissance; for some artillery preparation; perhaps for the approval of some superior whose mind does not seem to you to function quickly; for the reconnaissance you must await the report before you can make up your mind what it is you wish your action to be—the artilleryman must get some data to tell you whether he can do what you ask; the necessary matters of ammunition for rifle, Chauchat, Stokes, V. B., 37 mm. or machine gun—all of which now form part of your armament—must be considered; also the weather, the interval to nightfall as compared with the time it will take to make your operation; what the enemy is liable to do; what your own people on either side of you can do or will do; and so on.

Finally all these preliminaries are gone through, and your orders are made, and your attack is launched in the Bois de Belleau or wherever it is going to be. Then comes the hard waiting. You know your people have started forward, and the outcome is on the knees of the gods. You can do nothing more, but you wish you could, and it is sometimes hours before you know what is happening. The telephone wires are cut; runners are killed; your men are out of sight and hearing. Eventually, perhaps, an airplane drops a message at your headquarters as it flies over. An orderly hastens to pick up the little tin cylinder in which the aviators drop their messages, and you get the information that Americans are in sight on the Belleau-Bouresches road or Americans are in possession of Torcy. Wounded men begin to arrive at the dressing stations in the little Red Cross ambulances, and sometimes you get your first news of them. Eventually a signal goes up: "Objective attained" or it may be "Falling back" or "We want to advance, lengthen the fire" [this for the artillery]; or "Our artillery is firing on us." By and by when you are frantic for news a message arrives by runner, but is almost illegible and quite generally very vague, being written on some officer's knee with a soft pencil, and carried through brush and shell fire, and probably written under fire. You wish more than anything else in the world to know the exact position of your troops, and exactly where the enemy is with reference to them; where you can ask the artillery to place their further fire; whether or not the casualties have been heavy among our people, and among the Germans; and the number of prisoners.

This information sometimes takes a day and night to filter in, and it is difficult to be patient. The telephone gets cut at critical times, and you cannot use it except in code, for the modern listening sets enable the enemy to hear, and the operators have continually to be cautioned to be careful about revealing confidential matter over the telephone. Officers under fire are oblivious of the passage of time and forget the importance of reports. You can't help them unless you know where they are, how they are, and when. Reports come in without the hour on them, and are worthless, for you do not know when the conditions reported existed.

Certainly it is no exaggeration to say that the liaison is of the very highest importance. Liaison, generally speaking, consists in keeping everybody informed of everything he ought to know.

Meanwhile one waits, and walks the floor, or smokes, or some of them play solitaire, or you worry over whether you have left anything undone or not.

A favorite or rather an inevitable topic when one is waiting is our relations with our Allies, particularly the French, with whom we are so closely associated. They are the most delightful, exasperating, unreliable, trustworthy, sensitive, unsanitary, cleanly, dirty, artistic, clever and stupid people that the writer has ever known. Intensely academic and theoretical yet splendidly practical at times, it will be a wonder if we do not feel as much like fighting them as we do the Germans before the war is over, for our alliance tries human patience—American patience—almost to the limit. One of their orators said in my presence some time ago that all the world weeps for the same reasons, but only those who see alike laugh at the same things, and he reasoned that the French and Americans are alike because they laugh at the same things. We do, but we are surely very different.

Our division is ordered from Normandy to Champagne. It takes fifty-eight trains to move an American division. All French military trains are exactly alike. They are kept standing on sidetracks ready to move out, and not broken up and scattered for use in the meantime as would be done by a rude railroad system in America. Theirs is most wasteful of cars and time, but has the advantage of having the trains ready when needed. To it is due the miraculous transportation from France to Italy last autumn of badly needed French and British troops at the time of the German offensive. A damaged car set out of the train remains on a sidetrack without report until discovered by accident. Their units of troops are different from ours in the proportions of animals to men and in some other particulars, so in using their trains for our troops' shipments we quite often have some empty cars, but they are carried along just the same. To get an empty flat car set out of the train and a box car set in, though one is for vehicles of which you have none, and the other for men of whom you have many, is a task that calls for tact, diplomacy, discussion, time and patience, and then generally fails. The fifty-eight trains to one of our divisions has eight to carry the infantry and forty-nine to carry the trains, artillery, and so on. In our move they decided to carry the infantry in trucks; the artillery, trains, rolling kitchens, and so on, by railroad. That is, by crowding the men into trucks and hauling them through the dust, with only reserve rations, and with no certainty of when they would again get their rolling kitchens and be able to cook, they saved eight trains. The trucks were to be in certain places at five A.M. They always say on such-and-such a road with the tail at So-and-So. The troops are supposed to start in time to march into the fields parallel to the trucks formation, so that, divided into groups, they can all board the trucks simultaneously, and the procession move off. Necessarily there is generally some marching to get the trucks when troops are billeted through many small French villages, so that five A.M. meant generally no sleep after midnight. In this instance, with the kitchens gone by trains, it meant no hot coffee and no warm breakfast. Up at midnight and at the embussing place at five they were, but the trucks were from an hour to three hours late. Finally off they started, making a column more than ten miles long of trucks filled with American soldiers and Marines.

After they finally got on the road the French staff decided that the artillery would come by trains, but the rolling kitchens would march overland. That meant no warm food or coffee either hot or cold for several days. That is what actually happened. Our men marched and countermarched without sleep during the night of May thirty-first, having had but a couple of hours' sleep the night before, marched to the lines on June first, and went into the fight without warm victuals, and nothing but canned Willie, or monkey meat, as the French call canned meat, and in some cases were thirty-six hours without food of any kind. All because the French staff could not make up its mind and stick to it. Once arrived in this region, the orders were changed four times, each change involving more marching. And so it goes.

Of course against these things there is Verdun, and a hundred other historic battles, and in some way or other they do manage to get things done. Damned as they are by the most bureaucratic and functionary-ridden government in the world, cursed by politics to which our own "deserving Democrats" are not to be compared, they do muddle through and get things done in some way. They are not where they say they will be at the time they say they will be there. You find your left flank in the air—the French on whom you depended having concluded to fall back to their soup kitchens or for some equally important reason, and failed to tell you about it. But next day the colonel will come out and sob around over "*mes enfants*," and they will kiss each other on both cheeks, and go out and die taking the position they gave up the day before.

But they are our Allies, God bless 'em, and we have

(Continued on Page 126)

An Escort Resting While Bringing Back German Prisoners From the Front

The Superlative in Radio
The Supreme in a Phonograph

In a single exquisitely beautiful instrument!

THE BRUNSWICK RADIOLA scientifically unites the reproductive mastery of the Brunswick Phonograph with the Radiola of the Radio Corporation of America, thus offering the supreme in a phonograph with the greatest achievements in radio—*in a single instrument*

Foremost artists of the New Hall of Fame record exclusively for Brunswick

MARIO CHAMLEE
Tenor, Metropolitan Opera Co.

The Brunswick Radiola No. 35

HERE is a new world every day—plus the old. The newest and most amazingly versatile of musical instruments

* * *

You want to hear a great speech, a famous concert singer, a great orchestra scores of miles away. So you turn a little lever. And thrillingly, wonderfully, it comes to you . . . Your ideals of radio multiplied

* * *

Then you tire of the world's events. You feel a call for "dance music," for an old song that you love, an inspiring rendition of a classic
And again you turn the lever—that is all
All the recorded music of all time is, too, at your command!

* * *

Thus the two most important things in life, the ones that happen today and the recorded achievements of yesterday, are brought to you . . . . exquisitely, marvelously.
And knowledge, education, interest in life rest upon those two . . . *together.*
The family whose information is limited to the affairs of today only is educationally and culturally at a disadvantage.
The one whose interests rest only with those of yesterday lives behind the times.

* * *

This remarkable instrument, The Brunswick Radiola, supplies them both

It will change your previous ideals of radio, of music, of the ultimate in home entertainment, no matter how high you have placed them.

The Brunswick Radiola

Combining the world's outstanding achievements in radio—the receiving devices of the Radio Corporation of America—with the world-noted Brunswick Phonograph, *in a single cabinet of exquisite craftsmanship*, there is, in all the world, no instrument like it.

Mechanically, it marks scientific perfection—an instrument you can obtain with positive assurance of lasting satisfaction through the years to come. It changes from a phonograph to a radio, from a radio to a phonograph, at a simple turn of a lever. You change no parts to operate it.

Not a makeshift, but a scientific UNIT

It is in nowise a makeshift—simply a radio receiving device in a phonograph cabinet—but the perfected result of exhaustive laboratory work by acoustical and musical experts of the Radio Corporation of America and of Brunswick. The Brunswick Method of Reproduction has been subsidized to do for radio what it did for phonographic music.

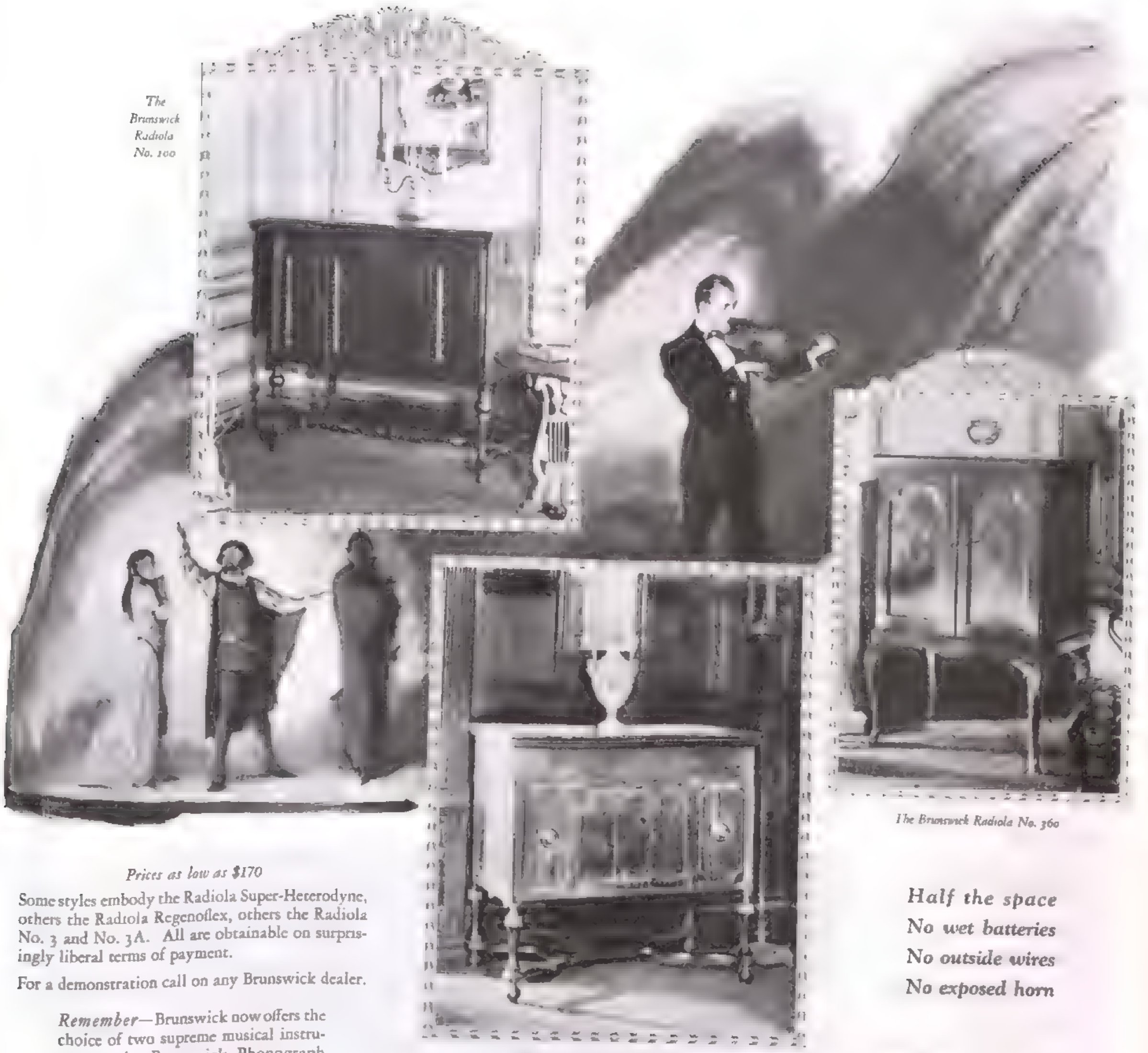
Due to synchronizing of the Radiola loud speaker with the Brunswick all-wood tone amplifier and dual-purpose horn, it attains a beauty of tone, a rich musical quality—*a clarity that is almost unbelievable.*

The Brunswick Radiola Super-Heterodyne

—some remarkable features.

1 Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it

2 Amazing selectivity permitting you to pick out instantly what you want to hear—and "cut out" what you don't. Consider what this means in big centers.

3 Combines the superlative in radio with the superlative in phonographic reproduction—a phonograph and a radio in one

The Brunswick Radiola No. 100

The Brunswick Radiola No. 360

The Brunswick Radiola No. 160

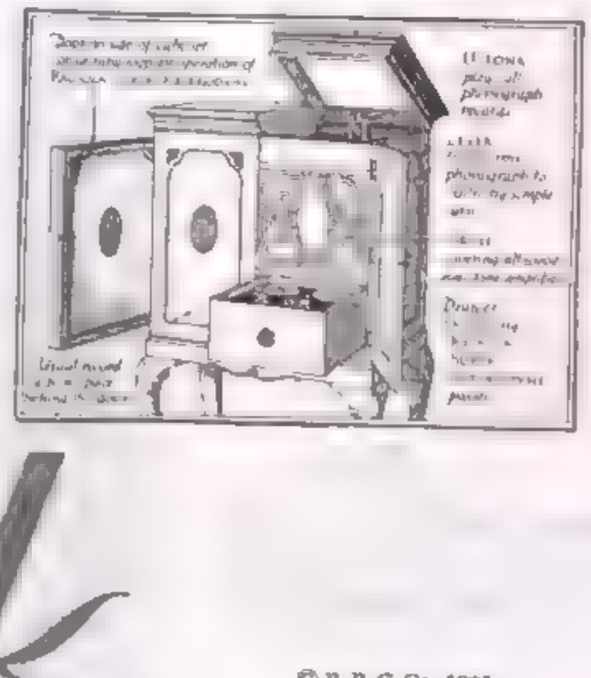
Prices as low as $170

Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment.

For a demonstration call on any Brunswick dealer.

Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments: the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Convenient terms of payment at all Brunswick dealers

Half the space
No wet batteries
No outside wires
No exposed horn



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
GENERAL OFFICES CHICAGO BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

The Sign of Musical Prestige

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS · RECORDS · RADIOLAS

© B. B. C. Co. 1925

On rainy days count the Indias

Exclusive India features

Wider spread
Can't blow inside out
Ten rib indestructible frame
Does not obstruct carrier's view
Smart, distinctive shape

Ask for a demonstration of India's flexible tips

ROSE BROTHERS COMPANY
Lancaster, Pa.

India
Guaranteed
Umbrella

"The little umbrella with the big spread"

Indias for men, women, children and for travelers

(Continued from Page 123)

them to get along with until the end of the war. Vive la France!

NANTEUIL-SUR-MARNE, July 2, 1918.

INDICATIVE of the possibilities in republican France it appears that when the recent push was at its height General Sarrail, a French political general who recently commanded at Saloniki but was relieved and has since been without command, contrived to have the Chamber of Deputies meet in secret session, and made the statement that if he were made military governor of Paris and Caillaux were let loose, the Germans would not, he guaranteed, enter Paris. Caillaux is the former Prime Minister of France who is on trial for treason and is generally believed to be guilty. He had a scheme last fall, found among his papers when he was arrested, of overturning the government, and among other things it contemplated the appointment of General Sarrail as military governor of Paris. This guaranty of General Sarrail seems almost certain evidence that both he and Caillaux have German affiliations, otherwise how could he promise German exemption of Paris? Another indication of efficiency in high places is that when the Germans began to push to the front of the Sixth Army in front of Soissons and Rheims, the army commander, General Duchesne, was absent in Paris without authority, and away for the whole of the first day, leaving his army headless. He was supposed to be with a charmer in Paris. Vive la Republique! Duchesne has since been relieved, and General Degoutte now commands the Sixth Army, in which we are.

NANTEUIL-SUR-MARNE, July 9, 1918.

IF THE Germans do not bring off a very heavy offensive in the region between Château-Thierry and Rheims within the next few hours our French Allies are going to explode, blow up, disintegrate, flatten out or undergo some other psychical and physical phenomenon. It has been announced daily for days, but the Boche must know how we are worrying about it, for he has so far failed to produce either the heavy offensive or any visible usual preparations for it.

Naturally time is our ally, with America supposed to be coming with her millions of men; with hunger stalking through the Central Powers; with the German high command advertised to end the war this summer, and generally it has been expected that another big offensive would come, and that before autumn. Where it will fall is still a matter for guessing. A week ago the French military attaché at Madrid sent word that it would be between Rheims and Château-Thierry by July seventh. Billie Mitchell's aviators reported great numbers of hangars, capable, he estimated, of holding four hundred airplanes, located east of Château-Thierry. A German engineer officer captured made the statement that the enemy has massed great quantities of bridge and pontoon material in the same region, presumably for use in crossing the Marne. Everybody set his teeth, thought some serious thoughts, some doubtless prayed while others played, and the Fourth Brigade manned the second line, while at dawn next day we listened for the artillery preparation which usually precedes the attack. Nothing came. Another day and another have gone by, and each day we expect the big offensive next morning.

VIVIÈRES, July 20, 1918.

EVENTS have been crowding fast in the life of this new major general. In the closing days of the fighting around Belleau Wood a rumor went around the Army that I had been wounded or killed, and I have received several notes indicating that the writers were glad that the report was a false one. Someone asked Colonel Dawes if he had heard it, to which he replied that he had and that it was not true, for he had "just had a note from him and it wasn't postmarked Hell."

On July fourth I received a cablegram of congratulation from my wife, but the official confirmation of my promotion did not come until July eleventh—and while anything my wife says is official enough for her husband, yet one has to go through certain formalities before he can take over new rank and responsibilities, even on her say-so.

The night I received the notice of my confirmation I was seated working in my little *maison* on the Marne when Harry Lay said there was someone outside who wished to see me. I said, "Why don't you bring him in?" He made some excuse and took me to the door, and there were both regimental commanders and staff, the Sixth Marine Band, and several hundred other Marines, who had come to congratulate me on my promotion. It was a complete surprise and touched me very deeply. The band struck up the Marine hymn, From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli. The men cheered and the band kept on playing. The regimental commanders presented me with a couple of silver stars, and all the officers came in and we had what is usually had on such occasions in a land of vineyards

Next day General Pershing was in the neighborhood and took luncheon with me. We had a good opportunity to forgather after some weeks of separation, and the visit was a very interesting one for me. He was furious at the list of new brigadiers He had sent over the names of McCoy, Nolan, Eltinge, Fisk and Malone, and none of them was made. It is an outrage, for they made engineers and field artillery down as far as the class of 1905. The amiable General March is not very strong for any of us who ventured to differ with him while on the staff of the A. E. F

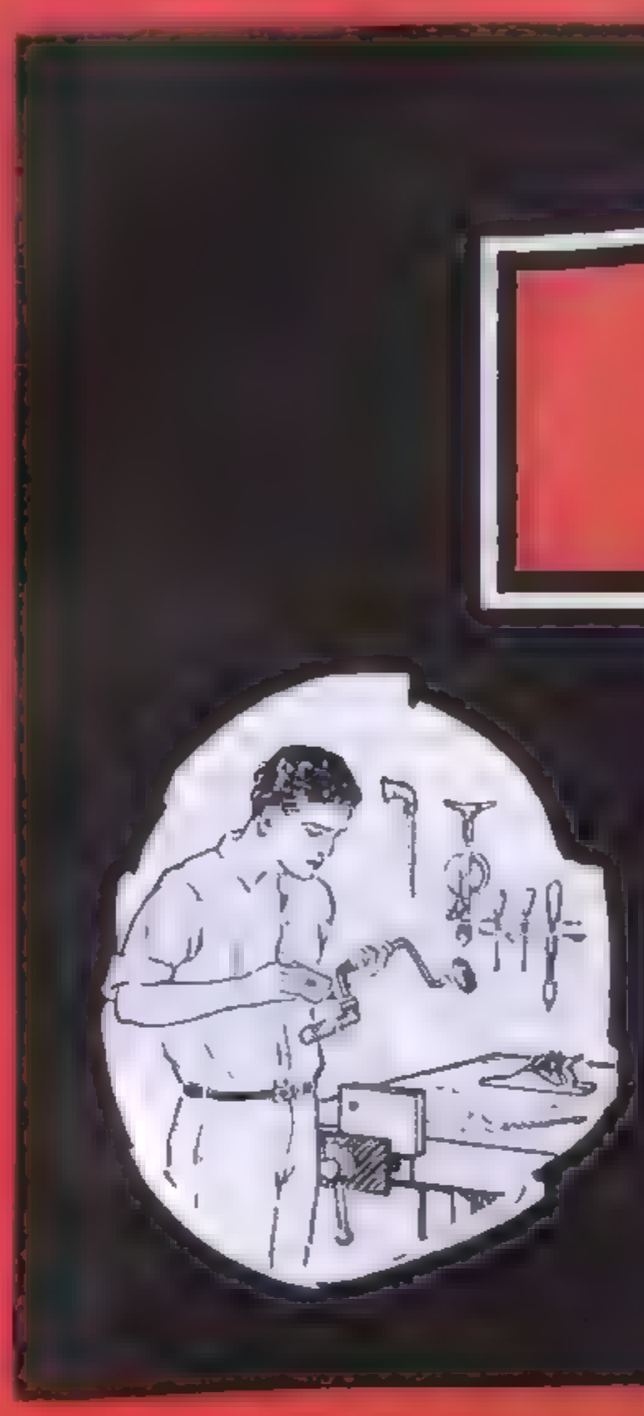
The Commander in Chief's pleasure at the conduct of the Marine Brigade under my command was conveyed to me in his fine straightforward manner The general has great native charm when he chooses to exercise it, and a message that one's brigade has done well would have to be very untactfully communicated to be unwelcome Also, the information was given me that I would probably be assigned to command the Second Division, to which the Marine Brigade belongs—the other infantry brigade being the 9th and 23d Infantry

The need of opportunity to do some shopping has been pressing me for some time. Absolutely nothing can be bought in the war-swept zone where we have been since May thirty-first. It seemed to me the interval of several days until my assignment to divisional command might be utilized in a small trip to Paris, less than two hours away, and the Commander in Chief assented, though the formal permission had to come from my division commander. This last required the greater part of twenty hours—General Bundy being a slave to small punctilio—but was at last accomplished. The two aides and myself and an orderly went to Paris the morning of the thirteenth, with permission to remain until the nineteenth inclusive. It has worked out very differently in the march of events.

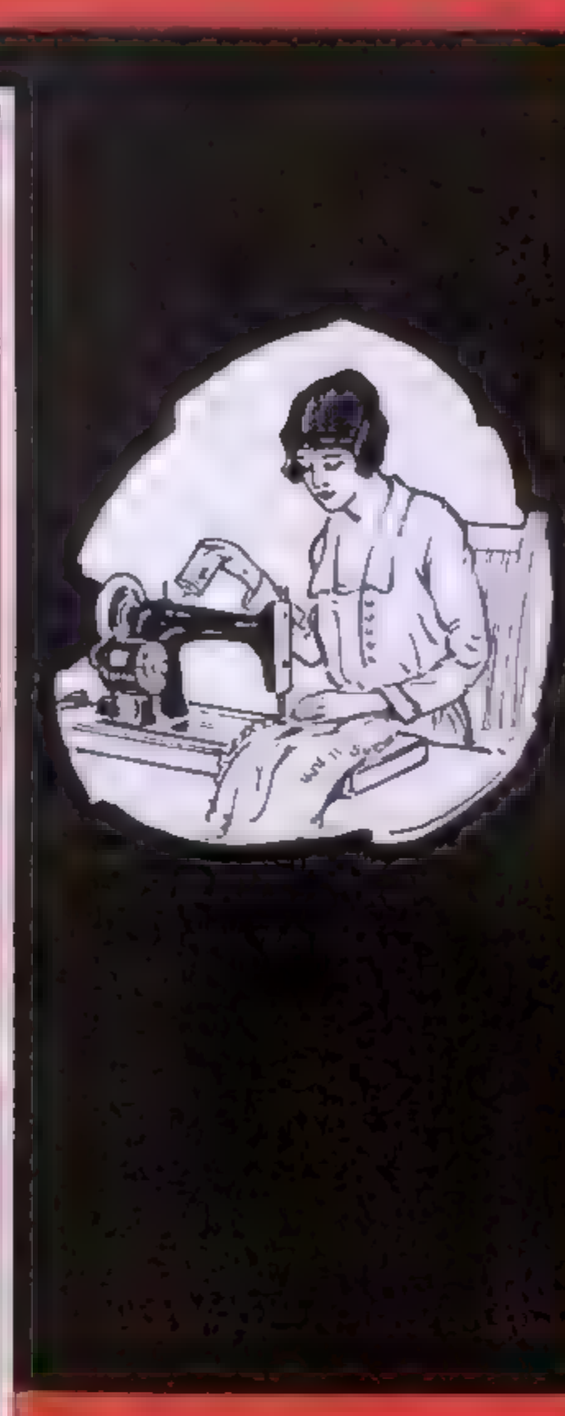
On the morning of the fourteenth I reported to General Headquarters by telephone and was told that I would receive an assignment that afternoon. Being Sunday no shopping could be done, so I wrote some letters and brought up at the Ritz and had luncheon with Colonel Dawes. I spent the afternoon visiting wounded Marine officers in three separate and widely

(Continued on Page 129)

Lord Robert Peel, Former Ambassador John W. Davis, Brigadier General Arthur Johnson, Colonel L. C. Griscom, General Sir John Cowans, Major General J. G. Harbord, Major General John Biddle Visiting the Service of Supplies



3-IN-ONE



This Big Red "One" on a bottle or can is the final assurance of quality.
It is your guarantee that the oil is pure; clean; highly refined.

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

has many distinguishing features—

A pleasant odor, unlike that of ordinary so-called machine oils.

A penetrating quality that carries it immediately into the tightest fitting bearings.

A body, or "viscosity", that holds it in the bearing and provides perfect lubrication for all light mechanisms

An inherent quality that prevents drying out and gumming

When the World Flyers endorse 3-in-One by using it on the important supplementary mechanisms of their engines—when Army and Navy men recommend it for all kinds of firearms—when large manufacturers pack samples of 3-in-One with their products and strongly urge its use—

Why don't *you* ask for 3-in-One by name and refuse to take a chance on any substitute or imitation.

3-in-One is the most widely sold bottled oil in the world. You'll find it at most good dealers' in 1-oz., 4-oz. and 8-oz. bottles; also in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

The 8-oz bottle is the economical Household-Factory size Contains most for the money.

FREE—Dictionary of Uses and sample bottle. Postal request will bring both Or use the coupon.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130 LE. William St., New York, N. Y.
Factories Rahway, N J. and Montreal

FREE SAMPLE AND DICTIONARY

Three-in-One Oil Co., 130 LE. William St., N. Y.

Please send sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses to

Name

Street Address
or R. R.

City State

In the fireman's Rogues' Gallery, the match is Exhibit A

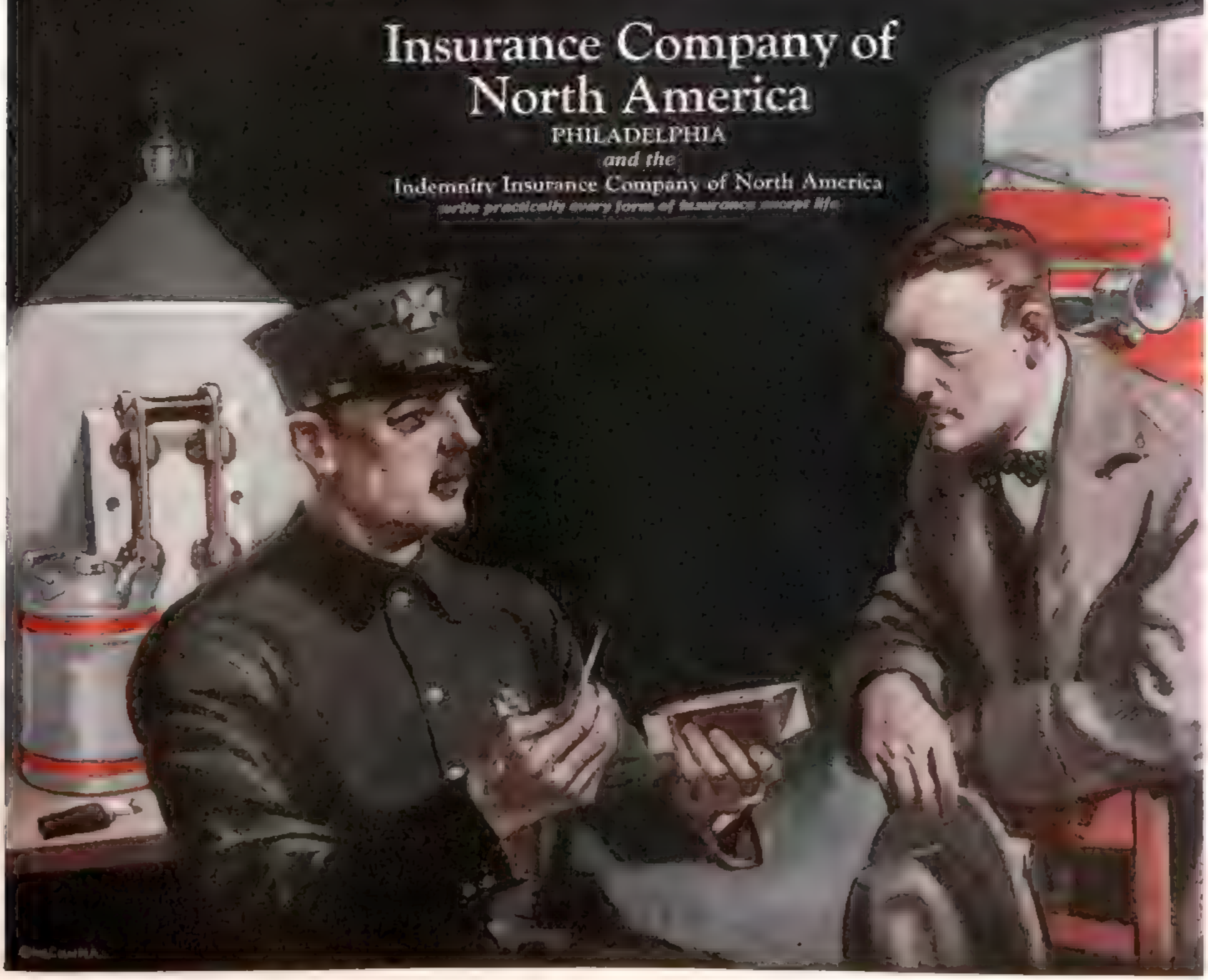
The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Matches should be treated with a respect out of all proportion to their size. They constitute one of the largest causes of destructive fires—the preventable fires that are responsible for more than 60% of America's enormous annual loss.

Before you drop a match, be sure it is out. That is the first warning. Don't strike matches toward you, or toward anything inflammable. Sulphur particles frequently fly. Don't keep unburned matches anywhere but in a match box—and that box preferably of metal. Don't keep matches within the reach of children.

The simplest precautions are powerful factors in controlling fire. Ask the North America Agent about the principles of Fire Prevention. He can help you eliminate avoidable risks. He can give you dependable property protection.

Insurance Company of North America
PHILADELPHIA
and the
Indemnity Insurance Company of North America
write practically every form of insurance except life



(Continued from Page 126)

scattered hospitals in Paris. They all seemed glad to see me, and none of them was too maimed to be cheerful. All were anxious to get back to the front. At about five, the hour at which I was to receive my telephone assignment, I returned to the Rue de Varenne. The chief of staff, McAndrew, called me and told me that my assignment was to the Second Division. It pleased me very much, coupled as the information was with many complimentary allusions to the work my brigade had done in that division and a statement of the pleasure the assignment was giving to all my friends at General Headquarters. He said the Commander in Chief did not wish to cut short my shopping tour in Paris, and left the time of my joining to me, but in case I joined before the telegraphic orders reached the division, I was to relieve General Bundy on his verbal orders and direct him to proceed to General Headquarters—by which I inferred that if I was expected to beat a telegram, even in France, I could not linger long in Paris.

Monday following a holiday which falls on a Sunday is always a holiday in France, as at home, and Sunday was Bastille Day. So, after awaiting the development of events for the day, I went that night as guest of honor at a big dinner given by about thirty American officers connected with Dawes' A. E. F. purchasing board, to the same number of French officers connected with the French end of the purchasing agencies. It was held in the Interallied Club, once the residence of Baron Charles Rothschild, and one of the most beautiful places in Paris. The dinner was a very nice affair, perhaps ten little tables in the spacious dining room. I was at the head table and on the right of the principal host. There was singing throughout the dinner by a Greek tenor whom the music-loving Dawes picked up somewhere and has educated, and who is supposed to be the coming rival of Caruso. Speeches came on with the champagne, and to my embarrassment centered largely around the exploits of the Marine Brigade during June. The "heroic Marine Brigade," the "saviors of Paris," and so on, all very pleasant to the ear, but pointing inevitably to a speech in reply. Paul D. Cravath, the famous New York lawyer, in Europe as counsel for our Treasury, sat at my right, and in his speech, which followed a rather incoherent effort that I made, said: "I would rather be General Harbord tonight that anyone else in the world; I would rather be General Harbord tonight than to be in heaven." And I sitting there with no wife near to supply cold applications for a rapidly swelling head!

Dinner over, I walked back across the Seine to 73 Rue de Varenne and prepared for bed. The telephone woke me up at midnight, and Preston Brown, chief of staff of the Second Division, was calling me to say that they had the news of my assignment, and that he thought the sooner I joined them the better; an important conference was to be had with the French high command next morning and the division commander had to be present; and that it had better be the new division commander. So I called my chauffeur and chased him across Paris at midnight to the Grand Hotel, where the aides were stopping, to tell them I would call for them at 5:30 next morning, and told him to be ready with his car.

We rolled out of Paris before six A.M., Monday, with my shopping all left undone, and a hope of returning two days later to complete it, which was not to be realized. I reached Second Division headquarters in the picturesque château of Chamigny on the Marne before the retiring division commander was up; waited for him, and assumed command when he appeared, and before nine A.M. was streaking it across country to the French conference. Meantime the new German offensive—now no doubt an old story in the American press—had begun that same morning, and the conference, which had to do with an offensive of our own farther north, came to nothing on account of uncertainty as to what success the Boche was having. I spent the day in getting back to Chamigny, luncheon in Meaux, five minutes' chat with General Malin Craig, and waiting for little General Bundy to move his plunder out of my room and get away. I regard it as a cardinal principle that when a man is relieved and ceases to be it, the sooner he gets away the better for him and those he leaves behind. Poor old General Doyen cramped my style by lingering three days when I took over the Marines at Verdun, and General Bundy stayed until after dinner the day of his relief, forgetting several times that he was no longer in command. I finally moved into the room just before bedtime.

Saturday, before I joined the division, orders had been received from the Sixth Army Commander, General Degoutte, to direct the Second Artillery Brigade to march to Betz, where definite orders would be received regarding its future mission. General Bowley marched his brigade to Betz, and reported at General Mangin's Tenth Army headquarters. No one there seemed to have had any intimation of his arrival or had any orders to give him. However, as he started to march his brigade back to Montreuil-aux-Lions, where it had been, he was directed to proceed to a point near the Carrefour de Nemours in the Forest of Villers-Cotterets, and north of the town of that name. Further than that it had marched to Betz no one at our division headquarters had any intimation of the ultimate destination and mission of the Artillery Brigade, though three days later we found it in the great Forêt de Retz in an assigned position covering the front afterward allotted to the Second Division in the attack of July eighteenth.

Coincident with the orders to the Artillery Brigade, General Degoutte had directed that the trains and transport of our division be withdrawn from proximity to troops and concentrated under cover in the general vicinity of Lizy-sur-Ourcq. This was a six hours' march and had to be carried out very expeditiously. The shortness of the summer nights made it very difficult to escape aerial observation. That meant that the shift had to be made in one march. The animal-drawn elements found it very difficult, leaving their stations at nine P.M., to reach the cover of the wooded area near Lizy before daylight at three A.M., but the movement was successfully accomplished. Thus when the new division commander joined on Monday morning he found a command short of its artillery and trains, and no one in authority who had the slightest information as to the purpose of those movements, or when the division might expect to be brought together again.

By Monday afternoon, however, it had become evident that the division was to move to a new area, and that its probable mission was one of combat. That evening orders were received from General Degoutte to embuss the infantry and machine-gun units at four P.M. Tuesday, the sixteenth. They were to proceed to an unnamed area and to receive further orders at a motor regulating station, Marcilly, up near the headquarters of the Tenth French Army.

Meantime rumors began to reach us that good work was being done against the Germans who had crossed the Marne at Château-Thierry, and that they were being pushed back to the crossings. It was three P.M. on Tuesday before we knew where the busses were to be in which our infantry and machine gunners were to embuss at four.

At that time we heard that the new division headquarters would be at the Carrefour de Nemours, and that an attack was contemplated by the French Tenth Army, to which we were now to be assigned. With the field artillery and trains gone, and the infantry going, I saw little reason for lingering, so when the infantry got away I had the truck with our headquarters stuff loaded and started north in the general direction of Villers-Cotterets and Soissons. My aides were both off on errands for the day, and Preston Brown, an orderly and myself started in my car for Carrefour de Nemours, via Tenth Army headquarters. General Mangin had gone to an advanced command post, and we obtained no information as to the mission or disposition of our division, except that it would be in the French Twentieth Corps. We hurried on and about seven P.M. reached the great manorial Forest of Retz, or Villers-Cotterets, in which our Carrefours was located. One principal highway runs through the forest, with many forest roads crossing it. This main road was the artery through which everything necessary for a big attack was to flow, and in fact was already surging.

We found that our new corps headquarters was at Reteuil, and went on through the gloomy forest. In the growing darkness it took us more than an hour to go two or three miles by the congested road, over which utterly confused and unregulated traffic was struggling in both directions. Finally long after dark and several hours after dinnertime we reached Reteuil, and reported to General Berdoulat, commanding the Twentieth Corps. He was pleasant but casual; insisted that we have a bite of dinner, and told us then, Tuesday night, that my division, which was scattered all over Champagne and entirely out of my hands, would be in the attack on Thursday morning at daybreak.

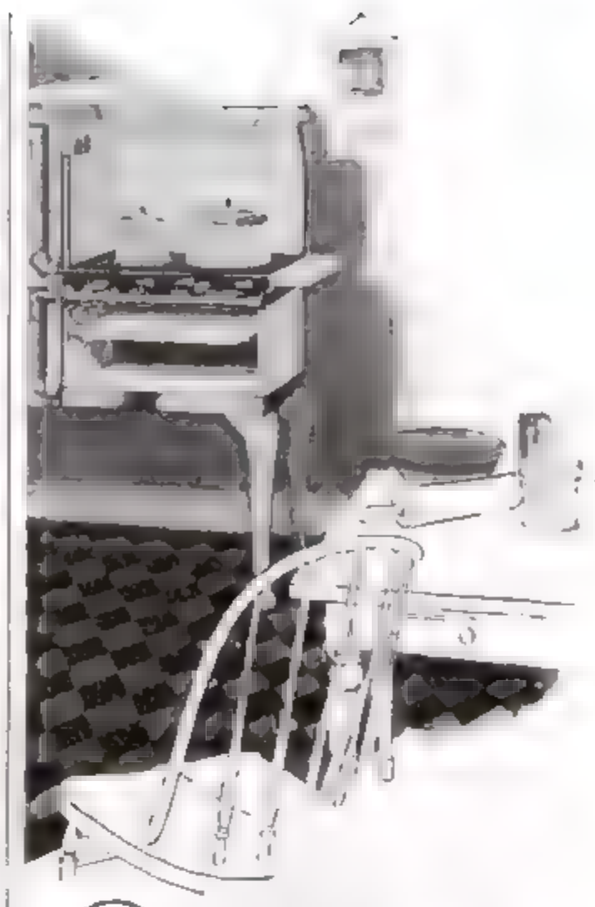
In truck movements of troops the French never tell anyone where they are going. You are always told to proceed to some distant point where an officer will meet you with orders, and though every voluble Frenchman in lovely France may know where you are going, it is a secret from the person most interested—the American commander. After our division arrived at Marcilly, where they were to be met by the unknown officer with orders, I knew nothing, except by rumor, of where they were to go, and nothing of where they would be at a given moment, and was powerless to hurry or change conditions. A division of twenty-eight thousand men, the size of a European army corps, had been completely removed from the control of its responsible commander, and deflected by marching and by truck, through France to destination unknown to any of the authorities responsible either for its supply, its safety or its efficiency in the coming attack.

The French corps commander and his staff were unable to state the points at which the division would be debussed or where orders could reach it which would move it promptly to its attack position. This within thirty hours of a decisive battle.

The only assistance the French corps headquarters was able to give was a liberal supply of maps and copies of the corps attack order; though their operations officer offered to write my attack order for me—an offer which I declined with thanks, and perhaps a little ice in my voice. They said the division would undoubtedly be in place in the forest by Wednesday morning. I doubted it and said so, and was reassured by many shrugs of French shoulders. I complained of the utterly confused and unregulated condition of traffic on the one forest highway as tending to make the arrival uncertain. The answer to that was more shrugs and the statement that it was the affair of the army to arrange that, not the corps; which observation was true but did not promise to hurry the arrival of my men.

As soon as courtesy permitted, Brown and myself with the maps and the corps orders, drove to Tallefontaine, where Generals Bullard and Bjornstad, with the general-staff section of the Third American Corps headquarters had been sent to observe the coming battle. It was probably eleven o'clock when we reached there. Luck was with us, for they had a few stenographers, and a mimeograph machine and plenty of stationery. A Major Berthier, a very distinguished French general-staff officer attached to General Bullard's headquarters, had fought over this same ground in the first year of the war. He very kindly dictated a short description of the ground over which our corps orders indicated that the Second Division was expected to fight. This short memorandum was the sole intelligence material furnished or obtainable for use in writing the division attack order. Brown and I spent that night studying the maps, and preparing our attack order—not to mention undergoing a short bombing raid which the Boche sent over. By morning the order was written and mimeographed, and its salient features transferred graphically to the maps. These were bundled and tagged ready for distribution.

This part of my duty was very much like trying to solve a map problem. A certain area had been assigned, theoretically at least, to the Second Division. In that area the divisional units had to be given their several missions. It was of the utmost importance that whatever action might be contemplated for him no unit commander should be without assignment to a definite location, at which he could be found later if needed. No human intelligence could possibly divine the order in which our units would arrive. There were no data available as to occupied villages, or as to the traffic regulations governing circulation in the back area, so vital to proper evacuation of the wounded. Many difficulties arose from the fact that only the American staff visualized an American division. Foreign staff officers thought in terms of their own divisions, which were about half the size of ours, and always failed to make the necessary allowances.

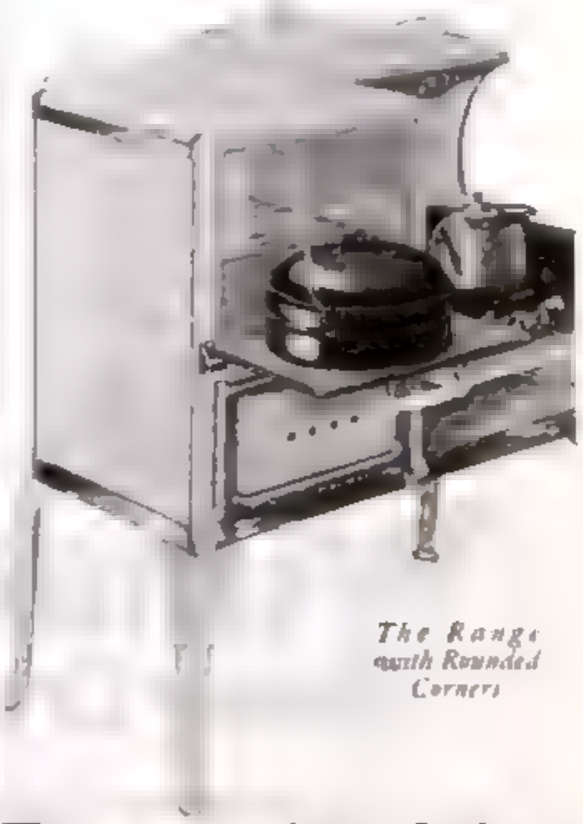


Brightens the Kitchen

The matchless beauty of the Tappan Gas Range has a magic effect on the appearance of your kitchen. All the freshness of a spring morning is brought in with Tappan's glistening white enamel finish, bright nickel trimmings, Pyrex glass oven doors, and graceful rounded corners.

Yet Tappan beauty is not merely ornamental. The builders of Tappan ranges sought first of all to produce the most perfect cooking equipment possible and you'll find that they made Tappan beauty *useful* beauty throughout.

THE TAPPAN STOVE CO.
MANSFIELD OHIO



The Range with Rounded Corners

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES
With Oven Heat Regulator

Tappan dealers will gladly demonstrate the nineteen better-cooking, dinner-saving features and show the wide variety of styles and prices. See your dealer or write us for his name and information about Tappan Ranges.

NOW—if you're ready for real lather

AREN'T you tired of thin, quick-drying lather that doesn't penetrate the beard? Get a tube of Williams and quit your present shaving cream just long enough to learn the facts. Squeeze a bit of Williams Cream out on your brush.

Here are the improvements you will see:

—Williams piles up a richer, denser lather on your face.
—It delivers a wetter lather—holds its moisture to the end of the shave.
—It more quickly breaks and scatters the oil film from the beard.
—It is absolutely mild—leaves the skin in perfect condition. Its purity is indicated by its whiteness.

Williams is the master product of the leading firm of shaving soap specialists. It gives a better shave! That's why men are turning to it by thousands.

Let us send you FREE a trial tube of Williams (sample does not have Hinge-Cap). Use coupon below or a postcard. Large size tube 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy.

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 43-C
Glastonbury, Conn.
If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Williams
Shaving Cream

Send me free sample of
Williams Shaving Cream

S.E.P. 3-28-25

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 43-C

Shortly after dawn on the seventeenth, just twenty-four hours before the coming attack, we left Tallefontaine in my motor car to attempt to find the division, concentrate it, distribute the necessary orders, assure the supply of ammunition, rations, evacuation of the wounded, and to guarantee its assault at the prescribed hour. The Artillery Brigade was now in position near the Carrefour de Nemours. General Bowley knew the location of his own and adjacent artillery, but had been unable to effect any personal reconnaissance to his front. As to the remainder of the division, the whereabouts of not a single man was known to me. The narrow forest roads are generally paved in the center, with the ordinary soil on either side. They are practically tunnels through the dense timber. Whenever a truck or a wagon was forced off the paved roadway into the drainage ditch, that was the end of it. It blocked traffic until it was thrown over by man power to the outside of the road. Weary drivers were constantly falling asleep, halting their teams, and causing the most heartbreaking delays. Pushing against this stream the first American troops met were part of the 23d Infantry, commanded by Colonel Malone. He was given his maps, told where to concentrate his regiment, and ordered to send selected officers in every direction to locate Second Division units and inform them where they should concentrate and where division headquarters had been established. He was instructed to send an officer at once to the Carrefour de Nemours to represent the division commander until a general-staff officer could be found.

Different units began to arrive in the open edges of the forest by the middle of the forenoon, and only rain clouds screened them from the sight of Boche airplanes and balloons. All day they were arriving, tired and worn out. A regiment was held up for two hours by a French major who demanded receipts for the transportation by trucks before they had arrived at destination, and which if given would have resulted in the troops being dumped out as soon as the receipts were signed. Oh, these frugal French! No transaction can be had with them in which a pocket cash register is not a necessary part of the equipment on their side. All the arriving units told the same story of the weary night ride and the arbitrary debussment at unknown points, and of lack of information, and dispersion. They had no maps, no guides, they were not told where to go, and could only follow the instinct of the American soldier and march toward the front, which they did. The machine guns of the Marine Brigade had been dumped off near the old château of Pierrefonds. The men had no transportation and no orders. When finally located and told the mission of the division, these men carried their guns by hand on the long march across fields and muddy roads, getting into position at the last moment. No one can understand exactly what this means unless he has tried to carry a machine gun twelve miles through a plowed field. With increasing frequency various elements of the division were met. As staff officers were found the division began to regain a definite form.

Our attack order contemplated that the Third Brigade should attack with both regiments—the Ninth and Twenty-third—and that the Marine Brigade should attack with the Fifth Marines, the Sixth being held in reserve. No change could be made in the attack order without creating indescribable confusion and possibly a situation that might lead to defeat. The assembly of the division had to be made to fit an order written when the location of all units except the Artillery Brigade was unknown. The Fifth Marines, in order to attack, would have to make a forced night march; the 9th Infantry, which had been debussed far to the rear, would barely have time to arrive at the jump-off by the assigned hour. By afternoon the military police of the division began to arrive. They were assigned to the task of regulating traffic on the Soissons-Paris highway through the forest, with orders to facilitate by every possible means the progress of the ammunition and machine guns of the division. To the fine work they did much of the next day's success was due. The entire seventeenth was spent by every officer of the staff, and by others hastily attached, in a desperate effort to gather up remnants, searching for lost platoons and companies, and in locating ammunition. The delayed arrival of the machine guns gave me very great anxiety. Arriving men carried one belt of ammunition, but no more, but providentially a dump of rifle ammunition was found which had been placed in the forest for the First Division. It was easily worth its weight in gold to us.

Night came on, seven hours of darkness before the zero hour. None of my units except the gunners were in place. It rained hard; the forest was plutonian in its darkness; the road beyond words to describe; trucks, artillery, infantry columns, cavalry, wagons, caissons, mud, mud, utter confusion. During the afternoon and evening and up to the hour of the attack every man of ours toiled without ceasing with the single object of delivering the attack of the Second Division at the appointed hour of 4:35 of the eighteenth. All realized that the task was almost superhuman, but that the honor not only of that division but of the American name was at stake. At three A.M. the Fifth Marines and the 9th Infantry were forcing their way through the forest, and the most careful computation indicated that they would probably arrive in time to attack. At four A.M. it was almost a certainty that they would be up with perhaps five minutes to spare. As a matter of fact, the regiments got to the point designated for the assault at the double-time, and ran behind the artillery barrage. There had been no time for reconnaissance by proper officers. There were only the maps showing the approximate position our front line should be in at the zero hour, with the broad red lines showing the lateral limits of our sector.

The famous First Moroccan Division of the French Army was to attack in the center; the American First Division, already a day in place, was to attack on its left; the American Second Division, ours, on its right. This attack by three divisions was to push eastward toward the highway which ran from Soissons to Château-Thierry, and cut off the great salient which the Germans had made in the last days of May by their attack between Soissons and Rheims, which had been pushed as far south as the Marne, and which they were now trying to widen. If our attack was successful and reached near enough to the highway so that our artillery fire could overlap with that of the Allies firing from the east side of the salient, south of Rheims, then the Germans would have to retire from the Marne. The Moroccans are the best shock and assault troops in France, reserved always for work requiring dash and desperate bravery, and were evidently in this fight not only for their own fine qualities but to set the pace for the amusing but unprofessional Americans, of whom some French staff officers are still apparently doubtful. The Moroccans are North African Moslems with white officers. On the left of the First American Division was another French Colonial division, while still another was on our right. Thus we had three French Colonial divisions, the only French troops who wear khaki, and our own two American divisions. Off south of us, extending below the Marne was the Sixth French Army prepared to conform to our movement on the eighteenth, and to press the Germans on the Marne front. East of the salient and opposite to us were French and American troops pressing toward us to help pinch off the great salient. Actually the one Moroccan and the two American divisions were to deliver the main attack and all others were to conform to our movement.

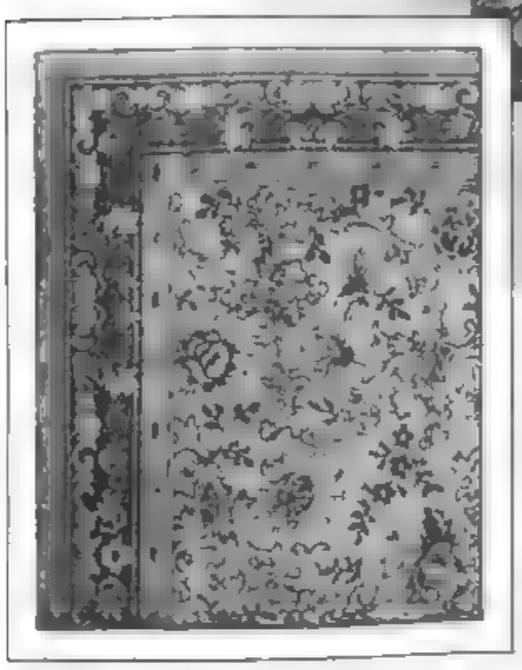
Our men in the Second Division had had no sleep for two nights, they were to attack over terrain devoid of water except what they carried, and had only their reserve rations. The attack began at the appointed hour of 4:35 A.M. It was out of my hands when they went over the top, and there was nothing to do but pray for victory and wait for news. I had told the division that we were side by side with the best shock troops in France, and that if we were left behind or faltered we were dishonored. The division in thirty-six hours had been transported from the Marne to the neighborhood of Soissons. Severed from the control of its responsible commander, it had been reformed, and under the most trying conditions, carrying such of its machine guns as it had been able to get to the front, it more than justified the confidence placed in it.

The day was clear, bright and hot, and its story is not a long one. By two o'clock the division had advanced six kilometers into the German lines and had captured more than fifty cannon and two thousand prisoners. During the initial stages of the

(Continued on Page 133)

The Beauvais Rug below is No. 4012, a delightful design for a living-room or dining-room

The Chinese influence is strong in Beauvais Rug No. 4007, shown below.



Whether a home be simple or elaborate, Beauvais Rug No. 4007 will lend distinction. It comes in a wide range of sizes.

A Rug Whose Beauty Keeps Fresh for Years

THE purchase of a rug is something to which every woman should give real thought. There is beauty to consider—she is going to look at her rug every day for years, and her friends are going to judge her taste by it. There's its wear to think about. How is it going to stand up against the rushing, scuffling children, and keep looking good? There's its cost to consider—and the difference between a well bought and a badly bought rug can be quite an item.

Let us suggest Sanford's Beauvais Rug as the best conceivable rug value in the market, whether from the viewpoint of looks, or wear, or the price you pay; and these are claims that your rug salesman will back up if you care to ask him. Compare the variety of Beauvais designs with any of the others. Compare the freshness of its colorings. You can find rugs that cost twice the money that won't outwear the Beauvais. It would be hard to consider a Beauvais lasting less than twenty years with any kind of good treatment.

Sanford's Beauvais Rugs have solid goodness woven into every inch of them. The pile is pure wool and nothing but wool. They are closely woven, so you get at once durability and the compact, substantial appearance of the most expensive rugs. You get also a deep pile, which means luxury, and that soft, sink-in feeling for the foot which the most expensive rugs have too.

Wear is woven in

Here is a flat-lying rug with a closely woven back—a rug that resists wrinkling. Here is a *seamless* rug—so there is not a seam for wear to start in. Is it surprising that more people buy it than any other rug in the whole wide world—or that more dealers sell it? Or that its sales continue to grow and grow?

Sanford's Beauvais Rugs come in Oriental designs, Chinese designs, and plain with band borders, and many others showing exclusive designs derived from rare and ancient motifs. Indeed, they offer the widest selection of patterns and sizes in the market. Their colors will give cheer to any room They come from 12 x 15 feet down to scatter rugs—the 9 x 12 foot size being the most popular. They come in hall runners. All may be had in matching patterns. All are seamless. The name Beauvais is stamped on the back. Look for it.

Stephen Sanford & Sons have made rugs and carpets since 1838. They started with the highest possible standards of rug making—they have never lowered them—and that is the reason dealers today have so much confidence in these rugs. Most department and furniture stores carry Sanford Beauvais (pronounced Bo-vay) Rugs. If, however, you cannot procure them, write us and we will send you the name of the nearest merchant who carries them.

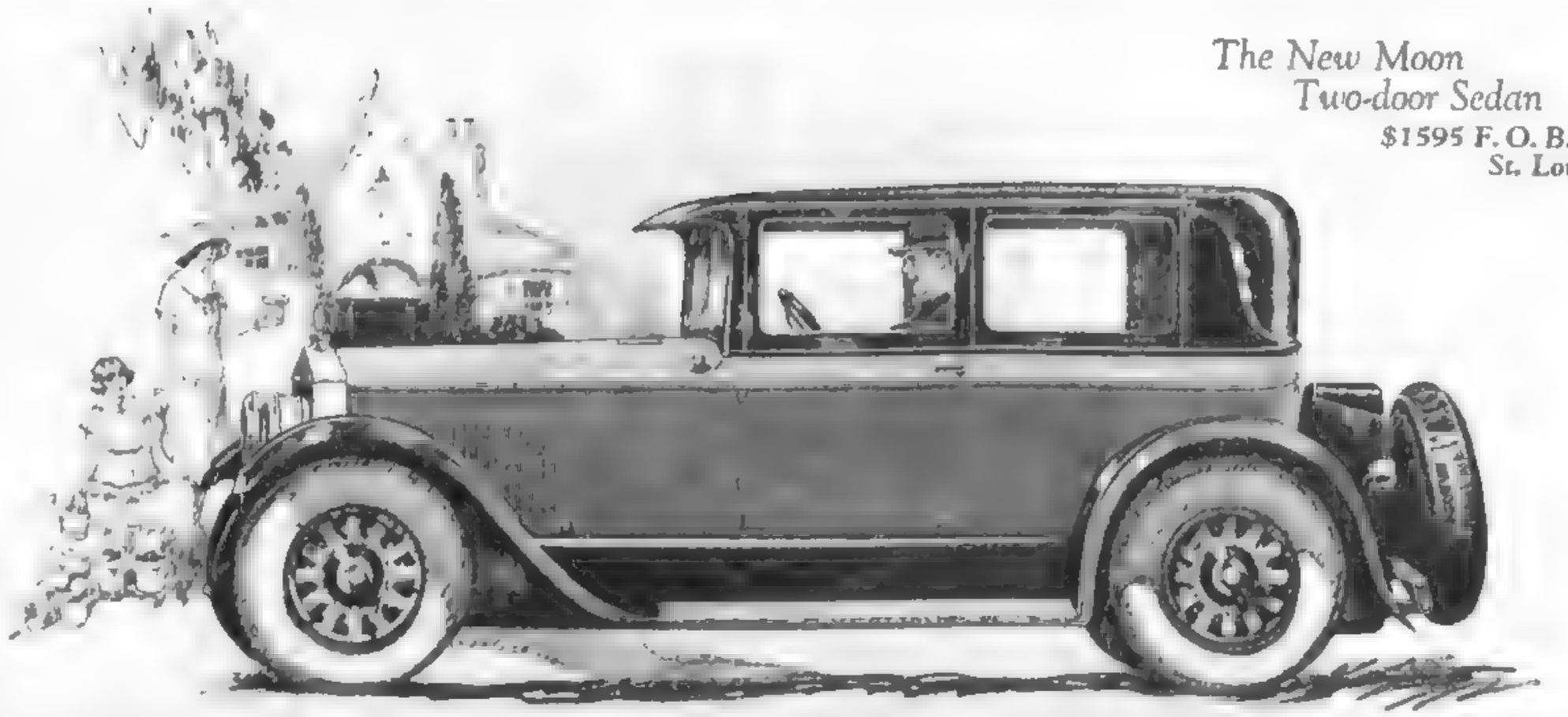
Valuable Book—FREE

Illustrated in Colors

"How to Choose Rugs that Beautify Your Home"—filled from cover to cover with suggestions how to choose rugs in harmony with your home, how to get the longest wear from rugs, how to determine quality when buying—all helpful information. It is richly illustrated in full colors, and gives you color harmony suggestions for various rooms. We will mail you a copy free upon request. Stephen Sanford & Sons, Inc., 295 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dept. K. Mills at Amsterdam, N.Y.

SANFORD'S Beauvais Rugs

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BACK



The New Moon
Two-door Sedan
$1595 F. O. B.
St. Louis

New Conditions Revolutionize Automobile Design

Traffic conditions are changing so fast that cars built almost yesterday are now absolutely out of date.

Thousands of miles of hard fast roads tempt you more and more to set your speedometer at 50 miles, hour after hour.

A motor with the old type lubrication won't stand this racket. Neither will the three-bearing crankshaft. It vibrates too much. The old mechanical brakes had to go, too. They are not safe enough for modern traffic strains.

The four-bearing crankshaft of the new Moon eliminates all vibration. Moon's new pressure lubrication system stops undue wear at sustained high speed.

Balloon tires have come to stay—but with them the old steering gear is unsuitable. It causes the bigger tires to "shimmy" and to turn hard in traffic.

With Moon's new patented steering gear, a slight girl can handle the new Moon as easily as a full-grown man. She can park down-town in a 14 ft. space with one light twirl of the wheel.

Bold, progressive in design, the beauty of the new Sedan body tells its own story. You will find it the last word in *chic* and comfort, with its gracefully curved leather top, integral visor, one piece vertical ventilating windshield, wide rounded windows and rich deep mohair upholstery.

See this new car today at your nearest dealer's. Decide for yourself how well Moon has met the new style and engineering demands in a fine car at an economical price.

All Moon cars have six cylinders, improved four wheel hydraulic brakes, with special patented steering gear, balloon tires and duco finish.

MOON

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 130)

attack the rear echelons had been gotten up; the medical contingents arriving were pushed forward and established dressing stations at points indicated in the attack order. As the attack advanced, the division headquarters were moved to Verte Feuille Ferme, on the eastern edge of the forest, where the road to Soissons emerges from it. From here stretched eastward the great undulating plain that slopes upward to the heights crowned by the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. It was St. Privat reversed. The Germans were on the defensive and the victorious assault was being delivered by American regulars. Both brigades were pushing steadily forward. In their rapid advance the left of the division had passed the Moroccan division on our left and put it *en échelon*. By night we had three thousand prisoners, eleven batteries of German artillery, hundreds of machine guns, and dozens of minenwerfers, had pushed the enemy before us six miles, and were a mile ahead of the best shock troops in France—the fanatical Moslems from Morocco. But some of the best men America ever produced had watered with their blood those sunny slopes and wooded crests. The losses were heavy, but the effect for the Allied cause was worth it all, even if every member of the division, from the commander to the last recruit, had died that day.

Nothing in all history is finer than the spirit with which those men went forward, tired, hungry and thirsty, and pushed the Germans back. At Gettysburg when Pickett's charge was failing on the 3rd of July, 1863, the high tide of the Confederacy broke and receded at a little stone wall on the heights, over which few men went. At the very spearhead of the charge was a dead Confederate captain of whom it is said that on reaching the wall he stood on it for a moment in the withering Union fire, and turning waved his hat at his men and shouted: "Come on, you —— Do you want to live forever?" That was the spirit in which the Marines, the 9th and 23rd Infantry, went toward the Soissons-Château-Thierry road this 18th of July, 1918.

At ten P.M. I moved division headquarters forward to Le Beaurepaire Ferme, following the troops. It was an advanced dressing station and a very distressing scene. The congestion on the one country road prevented ambulances from getting to the front, and men had lain there in the yard of farm buildings all day, and were to continue to lie there twelve or fourteen hours longer. Water was unobtainable, the buildings were in ruins from shell fire, and the Boche still dropped an occasional bomb from his airplanes as they circled over. But from those wounded there was no word of complaint, nothing but patience in suffering. There were wounded Germans, Americans and dark-skinned Moroccans side by side on the ground, blood over everything, clothes cut away, some men dead, and a ceaseless stream of traffic still pouring to the front with ammunition and supplies for fighting. It was a hectic day for a new division commander, much disturbed by the fact that the distance ahead of the French troops on either side left our flanks in the air. No sleep, of course; and at two A.M. of the nineteenth an order to push on the attack that day.

The division had outrun its communications. There was no wire connection at all to the rear. The corps order was brought by a French officer who was very much surprised to find the division where it was. The attack order for the nineteenth was prepared and explained to the commanding officer of the Sixth Marines, who was summoned to headquarters from his post in reserve. With his regiment was joined the Second Engineers for the attack. They attacked promptly at daylight and in a day's hard fight advanced our line to within a few hundred yards of, and commanding the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. Here the attack reached the limit beyond which it could not be supported by its artillery unless the artillery changed position. This was not considered advisable under existing conditions. The French command therefore decided to relieve the Second Division the night of the nineteenth. It stuck out ahead of its neighboring divisions like the long middle finger of a giant hand.

A French division was designated to relieve us and our troops were to march out to about where the attack of the eighteenth had begun. General Prioux came at four A.M. and relieved me of the command, and I came back to the little village of Vivières for headquarters. The Fifty-eighth French Division accomplished the relief in very soldierly fashion. Prior to the relief and during the afternoon of the nineteenth it was a point of honor to see that every wounded man was taken in. The motor section of the supply train was advanced to Beaurepaire, and the wounded gathered up and removed to the rear. Not a man was left behind. The gallantry of the truck drivers, who drove their trucks to any point and universally removed their gas masks to give them to the wounded, is beyond praise of mine. Among the killed was Lieut. John W. Overton, of Tennessee, the Yale champion long-distance runner.

For more than an hour this morning Brown and I stood by the roadside and watched the troops march back toward the Forêt de Retz. Battalions of only a couple of hundred men, companies of twenty-five or thirty, swinging by in the gray dawn, only a remnant, but a victorious remnant, thank God. No doubt in their minds as to their ability to whip the Germans. Their whole independent attitude, the very swagger of their march, the snatches of conversations we could hear as they swung past, proclaimed them a victorious division. Many men went into the battle as recruit replacements, but all were veterans when they came out. As a feat of arms that of the Second Division in the battle of these last two days is unsurpassed in the annals of our Army. After forty days' bloody fighting at Vaux and Belleau the division changed its zone of action from near Château-Thierry to near Soissons, and in two days by its courage and devotion drove an efficient and highly trained enemy more than seven miles with losses of more than sixty guns and three thousand prisoners. The United States regular has again justified the proud boast that he has never yet failed to respond to every demand made upon him by his officers.

At Vivières I found a nice French house with clean beds. I had sent back the truck with our plunder the night before. My orderly had some hot water for a shave, and water in my rubber tub for me. I had not had my clothes off since Tuesday morning, and it was Saturday, and I bathed, shaved and went to bed, and did some of the best sleeping of my life.

PIERREFONDS, July 21, 1918.

LAST night great news came of the Germans pushed back across the Marne and in retreat. My Artillery Brigade was detached and left on the line. I went to the headquarters of our new American Third Corps, which is under General Bullard, and composed of the First and Second Divisions, and was told that he had telegraphed General Pershing that both First and Second had done well, but that the Second had done exceptionally well. General Pershing was expected, but I returned without seeing him. Just at dinner-time we received an order to move to Pierrefonds, and as we were getting out the orders General Pershing came in. He greeted me with, "It appears I have to congratulate you every time I see you." I enjoyed his visit very much, and he left in half an hour, sending his congratulations to the division.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of five articles by General Harbord. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

Walk-Over

SHOES *for Men and Women*

$7 $8.50 $10

are the leading prices

Walk-Over on every shoe

What goes into shoes besides feet?

LEATHER, for one thing, and —when they are Walk-Overs —more style and fit and comfort than you may have thought possible. You'll find at the Walk-Over store in your community one shoe that was designed to fit your foot exactly. Take one step in it and discover things about shoe fit and foot comfort that you never knew before.

The Walk-Over Main Spring Arch, found in many smart styles of Walk-Over shoes*

One thing is the clinging heel fit of the exclusive Walk-Over *pear-shaped* heel. In some styles you find the Walk-Over Main Spring* Arch. That is a piece of hand-tempered tool steel, in a patented design, suspended at three points, and bedded in a bit of soft, resilient rubber.

When your feet are normal, you do not know that the Main Spring* Arch is concealed in your shoe. When muscles tire, the Main Spring* Arch gives them a grateful, comforting support before they begin to ache.

Whether you want a Main Spring* Arch or not, you'll find that the Walk-Over shoe you choose is the finest-fitting style shoe you ever wore.

* Pat. and Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. ◆ 1925 G. E. K. Co.

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Gone Before You Know It!

It takes a mighty good sport to "divvy up" on a bag of Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts. You just open a bag and, before you know it, they're all gone.

'Tisn't your fault, really. They're the biggest, plumpest peanuts in the whole crop and they're roasted and salted so expertly that it makes you hungry just to think about them.

These selected, well-roasted peanuts are the most wholesome kind of food. They're as nourishing as meat. A bag is "The Nickel Lunch."

Even though taken from the Planters can, and sold in the Planters jar, they are not Planters Salted Peanuts unless they are in the glassine bag with the "Planters" name and "Mr. Peanut" on it.

Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Suffolk, Va., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia.

Planters
PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

FROM AN OLD HOUSE

(Continued from Page 23)

an eyebrow—he was standing in the extreme back of the room and ninety-five dollars was announced. A hundred and fifty sixty, a hundred and seventy-five dollars quickly followed, and then, chagrined, I forced myself to retire. "That's a nonsensical price," I told Dorothy, covering my disappointment. I wanted the tea set very badly.

Later the dealer spoke to me: it was, he remarked, exceptionally good china, and practically intact. He would have carried me to two hundred and seventy-five, probably three hundred, dollars. I took up my possessive course again, and when the auction was over I had to arrange for a large truck to haul out to West Chester my purchases. I was still wholly satisfied, and Dorothy, who was subdued, annoyed me. "How much did you spend?" she asked; and I told her in the vicinity of fifteen hundred dollars. I didn't understand how I got so much for so little, I proceeded, with twenty or thirty dealers interested. There was a chance of another auction, I heard, late in the spring.

When, the following day, the truckload arrived in West Chester my enthusiasm slightly sank: the brilliantly decorated pitcher was as badly cracked as it had been skillfully mended; it was useless for the purpose I had designed it—to hold flowers on a window sill. The furniture, robbed of the dramatic color of the sale, was less compelling than I had remembered. There was a possibility that I hadn't, yet, become the owner of better Americana than that in the Metropolitan Museum. What I had bought was honest enough, it had been open to the closest inspection, absolutely nothing had been misrepresented, but it wasn't, well—unique. I felt that acutely: my education had begun.

Of all the glass and wood and china I bought on that first occasion there remain in my house today only two Liverpool pitchers; one bearing the ship Caroline and the other commemorating Irish Volunteers. They were really desirable, and they hadn't been dear. Where the rest was concerned, it would have been better if I had paid the entire sum of my expenditure for the tea service, in black transfer, and the Baltimore and Ohio plate. Auctions were not suitable to my temperament; further than that, the things I now wanted were seldom offered at public, or, I should say, city, sales.

With the beginning of spring there were, as always, innumerable auctions of antiques through all the villages and country towns of Eastern Pennsylvania; and sometimes, at them, valuable and scarce tall clocks or pieces of glass and pottery appeared. But I was too late for the best of that: the difference between country and city sales had rapidly decreased. The last I went to gathered a tangle of automobiles which blocked the street for two squares. I saw familiar rich collectors from Baltimore and New York, dealers from Richmond and Boston. There were, there, a green Pitkin flask and a wineglass with what was known as a cotton stem—white ribbons of bubbles were twisted through it—and when the auctioneer held them up the avaricious excitement was racking. The wineglass, passed from hand to hand, finally reached me.

I liked it, but, before I had formed an opinion of its merit, I gave it to Mrs. Steinmetz, with whom I was talking. She had a notable collection of Stiegel glass, her opinion was a hundred times better than mine; and this she at once proved by drawing my attention to the fact that the foot of the wineglass hadn't a mark; the faintest scratch, of usage. It fetched, however, from someone else, a very respectable price indeed; and, when I left, the bidding on the Pitkin flask had anyhow doubled what, in cooler circumstances, it could have been bought for.

The passion for the possession of early American furnishings had, even in the shortness of my acquaintance with it, grown incredibly. A price which seemed large one month would dwindle to insignificance the next; and, conscious of this, a fresh source of worry fastened itself on me—would this interest, such values, continue? If I paid them now, borne up on the tide of present fervor, would I, in an unhappy but conceivable accident, some day leave Dorothy, my estate, with a valueless and antiquated burden? Would I, in my own life, come to regard benches with the original rush seats and bamboo turnings with indifference?

That, for me, was a serious consideration; and the sale of things I had bought, for which there were no places in the Dower House, did nothing to reassure me. It was conducted at the loss of an uncomfortably large amount.

That worry, however, I soon disposed of—my losses, I realized, had been the natural result of a hasty and ignorant purchasing. The best of what I now had must steadily increase in value; both its beauty and rarity would make that secure. My house was gradually assuming a fitness that, if my good fortunes continued, would weld it into a whole as near perfect as a reckless determination could bring about. Then the pleasure, the immeasurable personal benefit, my possessions gave me must be taken into consideration and paid for without a murmur.

I began to be conscious of this at the close of the first winter in a renewed Dower House. The spring was early and warm, overnight the lower lawn became a yellow flare of jonquils, across the road the shoots of the close-cut willows were vermilion, there was a green haze of leaves, delicate like gauze, drawn over the maple trees. For the first time—a month before it would, ordinarily, have been possible—I was able fully to enjoy the terrace. I moved out seven Windsor chairs; the effect was admirable and I was reasonably indifferent to what, in the weather, might happen to them: there was something wrong, small but unmistakable, about each one. Some had new legs, legs with superficial turnings set incorrectly in the seats; in others the stretchers had been replaced, well or clumsily; and some again had lost two or three inches of their height.

When that had slowly grown evident to me I began to look for Windsor chairs in their original and appealing state; I saw a hundred of them, a hundred and fifty, and not one was complete; and I realized what it was that gave antique furniture its value, justified, in a few rare examples, apparently absurd prices. Like people, only a few Windsor chairs had been able to withstand the hardships and chances of existence, and those that had, from superior design and luck—people and chairs of an incorruptible fiber—were worth all they might bring. When, at last, here and there, I found a Windsor chair of absolute honesty I had for it the appreciation, the affection, I might have felt for a quaint and sturdy countryman. And when, in New England, I found a pair of braced-back Windsor chairs with beautifully raked legs in the deepest vase turnings, without even a questionable spindle, I was tremendously gratified.

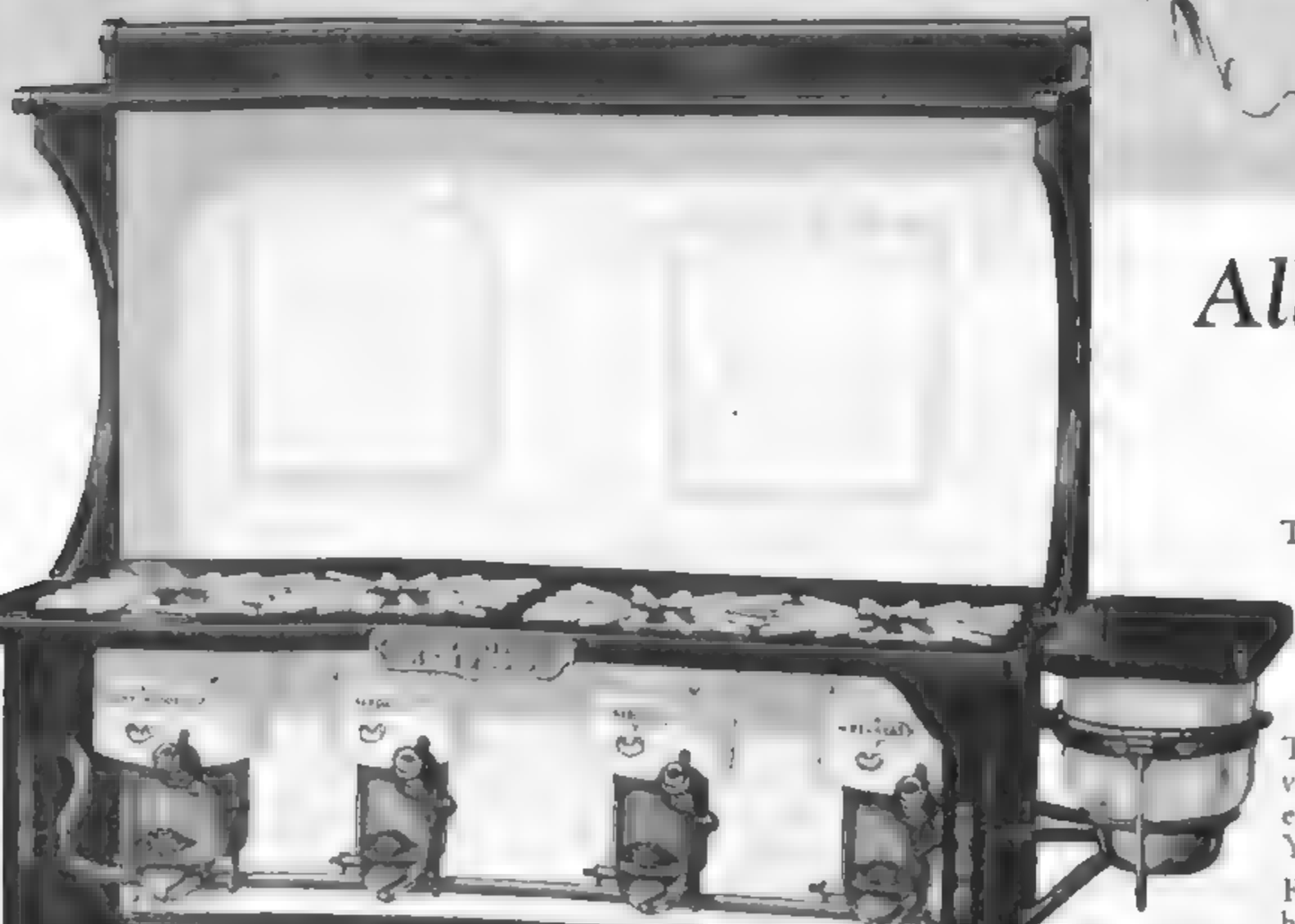
There was a man in York who had an incredible collection of such chairs; there were so many that he had them hanging from the high ceiling of his warehouse; and, looking up into that mass of legs incongruously suspended over my head, I recognized that my passion for early furniture was comparatively but a pale flame. His wasn't vulgarized by any necessity, any thought, of use; it was as pure and unreasonable as a great love. When the two braced-back Windsor chairs arrived it was necessary for me to find a place, a use, for them; and they went into a bedroom which it was my hope ultimately to furnish in walnut.

It now held a very graceful lowboy with finely carved shells, found for me by Mrs. Brockwell in Virginia; the highboy Francis Brinton had discovered in New Jersey—I exchanged one already mine for it—a very early linen chest with ball feet and a single remaining drop handle. But I needed appropriate walnut chairs and a bed. The bed, a walnut bed, of course, was the actual difficulty. I had seen only one, later than the general period of my house; and no one else, no one at all, had come upon another. It didn't, I was informed, exist; and meanwhile, where it should have been, I had an admirable field bed in maple. With that, then, the Windsor chairs—scraped of their superimposed coats of paint they were the color of honey—were happily put. But about the bed:

I had definitely stopped hoping for one when, casually, Mr. Beard, in his wide mansion outside Richmond, said that last

(Continued on Page 137)

PATENTED
KEROGAS
TRADE BURNER MARK



All the Advantages of Gas with the Economy of Kerosene

Think of getting with low price, ordinary kerosene the same kind of flame you get with a gas range—clean, hot, even Think of the satisfaction of quicker cooking at lower cost

See that the oil stove you buy is equipped with the patented Kerogas Burner, and cooking and baking will take on a new meaning.

The Kerogas is the *Genuine One-Piece Brass Burner* which provides the "flame within a flame"—a flame regulated to the exact intensity you want, simply by turning a little control wheel. You can have it high or low—intensely hot or simmering

Food cooked evenly and thoroughly—clear through—and bread, cake and biscuits "done to a turn" are what you get with the Kerogas Burner.

Only one part kerosene to 400 parts air—means that you spend but little for fuel. A few cents worth of kerosene does a lot of cooking.

Many of the higher grades of oil stoves are now equipped with the Kerogas Burner.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the powerful "flame within a flame" and let him show you the easy control. It's like using a gas range.

Always look for the name KEROGAS on the burners when you are looking at oil stoves.

The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting
is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as the range oven ever made and as durable. Give sure, uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath

Kerogas **DOES** *Surpass*

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This Giant is capable of the most intense heat when you want it quickly—but is easily regulated at ordinary use. You can get the new *Heavy Duty Giant Kerogas Oil Cook Stove* equipped entirely with Giant Kerogas. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

Manufactured by

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.

1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges
Also the Celebrated L & H Electric Ranges and Appliances

DEALER'S NOTE—The best jobbers are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with KEROGAS Burners

Resiliency and Long Life Due to Exclusive Lambert Construction

The holes go clear through the Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire. This exclusive feature gives resilience approximating that of a fully inflated pneumatic. It is also the most satisfactory method discovered for carrying off the frictional heat which shortens the life of ordinary tires.

*Saving Dollars for Business

Lambert users report 25% to 60% reduction in tire costs—road delays eliminated—no tire repairs—uninterrupted service.

Bakeries, creameries, laundries, groceries, wholesale and retail merchants, coal companies, ice companies, oil companies, contractors and public utilities—in a hundred branches of business where uninterrupted delivery and haulage service is a requirement, Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires have been adopted as the most satisfactory and economical for commercial use.

The partial list of users on this page serves only as an index to the thousands who have reduced delivery and trucking costs with Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires. Almost without exception the first set purchased has led to the equipment of whole fleets with Lamberts.

The Lambert guarantee is *10,000 miles of uninterrupted tire service.* Users report an average nearer 30,000 miles without a dollar spent for tire upkeep cost.

Lambert was the first successful builder of cushion tires on demountable rims, permitting quick changeover from pneumatics. Lambert Tires are now built in all standard demountable sizes. There are also Lamberts of the press-on type to replace solid tires.

For business men who want to reduce tire costs and speed up delivery service, we have prepared a booklet entitled "The Evidence Rolls On." Address the nearest distributor or:

LAMBERT TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, *Akron, Ohio*

Originators of the cushion tire built on a demountable rim

LAMBERT TIRES

"TRUBLPRUF"

**Purely on the merit of the tire and without national advertising the business of the Lambert Tire and Rubber Company has doubled each year since 1920. ¶This is the first of a series of full page advertisements in this publication during 1925. The market for Lambert Tires will be greatly expanded. Dealers are invited to write for details.*

Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires are reducing tire costs and delivery delays in almost every line of business. Here is a partial list of users.

New York City Police Department
Washington, D. C. Street Cleaning Dept.
New Orleans Police Department.
Detroit Garbage Collecting Fleet.
Syracuse, N. Y. Dept. of Public Works
City of Boston
Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

Standard Oil Company of Louisiana, New Orleans.
Illinois Bell Telephone Co., Chicago.
Western States Gas & Electric Co., Stockton

Wagner Baking Co., Detroit
Peoples Baking Co., San Francisco.

Regal Laundry, Baltimore
Blakely Laundry Co., Trenton

Cedar Lake Ice Co., Minneapolis
Consumers Ice & Cold Storage Co., Nashville
Metropolitan Ice Co., Boston
Pittmans & Dean Ice Co., Detroit

Riverdale Creamery Co., San Francisco

Scott Mayer Construction Co., Little Rock
Union Asphalt Const. Co., Indianapolis

Murray Cartage Co., Detroit
Overland Freight Transfer Co., San Francisco
P. D. O. Baggage Co., Oklahoma City

Taylor Carpet Co., Indianapolis

Lambert Distributors

Akron, O.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 25 So. Prospect St.
Albany, N. Y.	J. W. Coyle Corp. 222 Central Ave.
Atlanta, Ga.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 75 Edgewood Ave.
Birmingham, Ala.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 400 So. 21st St.
Boston, Mass.	J. W. Coyle Corp., 73 Lansdowne St.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. Madison St. at Patchen Ave.
Cincinnati, O.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 307 E. Fifth St.
Chicago, Ill.	Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire Co. 2007 So. Michigan Blvd.
Cleveland, O.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 1820 Chester Ave.
Columbus, O.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 75 E. Spring St.
Dayton, O.	The Goldkamp Co., 36 E. Second St.
Denver, Colo.	Lambert Tire Co., 127 Fifteenth St.
Detroit, Mich.	Gray Motor Co., 440-450 Illinois St.
Des Moines, Ia.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 627 E. Grand Ave.
Greensboro, N. C.	Trublpruf Tire Co. 909 Amer. Bank Bldg.
Hartford, Conn.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 24 Albany Ave.
Houston, Tex.	Trublpruf Cushion Tire Co. 1605 Main St.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 129 W. New York St.
Jackson, Miss.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 119 So. State St.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Porter E. Ramsey, 202 W. Bay St.
Kansas City, Mo.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 1825 Grand Ave.
Lansing, Mich.	Capital Tire Sales Company, 423 E. Michigan Ave.
Lexington, Ky.	Trublpruf Tire Co., Lexington
Little Rock, Ark.	Arkansas Trublpruf Tire Co. 1001 East Capitol Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif.	Guast, House & Gluth, Eighth St.
Memphis, Tenn.	Six Thirty-Eight Tire & Vulc. Co. Cor. Union & Dudley Sts.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 41 N. Eleventh St.
New Haven, Conn.	J. W. Coyle Corp., 196 Whalley Ave.
New Orleans, La.	Walter A. Dinkel, 535 Carondelet St.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Trublpruf Tire Co., 319 So. Robinson St.
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stewart S. Roush, 1727 Covert St.
Peoria, Ill.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 508 So. Washington St.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Lambert Tire Co., Inc., Broad & York Sts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Lambert Tire Co., Inc., Bigelow Blvd. & Washington St.
Portland, Ore.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 63 Sixth St.
Providence, R. I.	Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire Company, 50 Broadway
Rochester, N. Y.	Kiefer-Trimmal Corp., 289 W. Main St.
St. Louis, Mo.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 3121 Washington Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 351 So. State St.
San Francisco, Calif.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 38 Davis St.
Springfield, Mass.	G. C. Gaucher, 39 Dwight St.
Toledo, O.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co., 1119 Monroe St.
Washington, D. C.	Lambert Trublpruf Tire Co. 2103 Fourteenth St., N. W.
Worcester, Mass.	J. W. Coyle Corp., 602 Main St.

Foreign Distributors

Canal Zone, Panama	Panama Automobile Supply Co.
London, England	Industrial Rubber Products, Ltd.
Seward, Alaska	Brown & Hawkins Corp.
Victoria, B. C.	F. R. Anderson 518 Pemberton Bldg.
Ponce De Leon, Porto Rico	Smallwood Bros.
Mexico City, Mexico	Ginez Pumarola Luis Mora No. 31
Caracas, Sur. Amer.	Union Rubber Co., Parkers Bldg.
Sydney, Australia	A. Gutsell 66 King St., Newtown

(Continued from Page 134)

week he had sold a walnut tent bed. It must have been re-turned, I commented. No, he asserted vigorously, it hadn't been touched. It was a walnut tent bed with the thinnest posts I ever saw. "That was so," he added suddenly; "you wanted me to find one for you—if I ever saw it. I forgot; I can't remember everything people tell me." I supposed he couldn't. "Look here," he went on, "I think you can buy it. It's in Richmond." He gave me a name. I asked what he had been paid for it, but Beard couldn't recall. Anyhow, not much.

I went back to the Jefferson Hotel and telephoned to the owner of a reputed tent bed in walnut. I didn't believe he had it, I didn't credit its sheer possibility, but I wanted to talk to him. He wasn't in, and I went at once to Mrs. Ahern. Yes, she assured me, the bed was a reality; the posts were slender and they hadn't been turned down. More than that, she knew where it was being finished; I could see it the following morning. But it was doubtful if I could buy it. Walnut beds were rare. I knew that, I replied. Yet how rare, how good it was, I couldn't have guessed. With one of the posts in my hands my opinion of Beard was, for the moment, uncomplimentary.

The bed was so old that it positively had elongated gate-leg turnings; the wood was dry, it would require a bath of oil; but there were both a head and a foot board; the frame had been grooved by the ropes that held the bedding, and even the flat rails for the canopy were present. I begged Mrs. Ahern to see what could be done; and, but not optimistically, she agreed. However, when I next heard from her she wrote that if the walnut bed wasn't full-sized I might have it; and, since no tent bed ever was double, a quick hope possessed me, a hope which events justified—I had what I was convinced was the only very early high-posted walnut bed in existence. Now, with the arrival of that, the honey-colored Windsor chairs were out of place; and, in the necessary and rigid requirements of my limitations, the pair of Queen Anne chairs were brought up from the lower floor and the lighter moved into the garret. There was no place in the Dower House for them; obviously they couldn't stand on the terrace with those others.

At once, the others, inevitably, had shown the effects of the spring rains; they lost their varnish in streaks, and mended breaks that had escaped my attention became painfully evident. But they were, I insisted, properly there, none else would have suited the terrace so well. I added to them, under the cover of a small roofed space, a wagon seat with a rush bottom, and that furnishing was complete. The wagon seat had preserved an uncommon amount of its first and exact purpose. It had come from Northern New York, from a remote countryside where carriages had been unknown, and Sunday it was put in the farm wagon to take the family, the girls, to church. I hoped they went on it as well to country dances; girls in printed cottons or, for winter, scarfs knitted in scarlet wool; solid girls with bright cheeks and a simple speech, going from farm kitchens to their pleasures; girls in the morning with their fingers dabbled in fresh cow's milk, young and maternal.

That was a happy illustration of the special value which, at least for me, resided in certain old pieces of furniture. They brought me peaceful flights of imagination, they created stories and re-created characters; and some of the stories I wrote. When they were published I called them stories, but they were not that in the ordinary sense of the term. I invented a character to hold them together, the cupboard and pewter, the William and Mary chair and Phyfe table; but the inanimate objects were the living personages, the true subjects of their series. I had only to touch the cornice of the cupboard before me and the present would fade, the people and things about me vanish; I'd be in another world. When I wrote about the peddlers of pewter sleeping at the edges of cornfields, under the harvest moon, I could actually smell the sharp smoke of their little expiring fires; I could taste the coffee poured scalding hot down their tough throats from informal cans in the morning. Yes, and I envied them. It was strange how, with my very considerable present success, I lingered over the precarious wanderings of such penniless vagabonds a century or more ago. What many people envied me, the truth was, I regarded with a growing indifference. The number of words I had written and which I must still, to the end of my life, write, began to seem oppressive; I should have liked to be free from the intricate things they brought me.

But that, in hardly different words, I had already explained. What was clear to me now was that writing didn't, fundamentally, suit me; the labor, because of my lack of proper training, was inordinate; it had gone a marked way toward destroying my physical energy and health. It had exaggerated my imagination until the mere passage of a long-familiar street was as menacing as a voyage to China in the darkest period of navigation, it was as crowded with threatening currents and novel sights. There were men who would have welcomed this, but they were younger and with a greater courage of curiosity than I. Everyone, nearly, tried to write; creative fiction was more highly regarded by a very great number of people than any other pursuit; but most of them were totally ignorant of the actuality of that desire; it was their fortunate chance that that ambition was practically unattainable.

I saw, in the course of a year, not a few manuscripts of novels, first novels, and they weren't, on the whole, bad; some, where even the writing was concerned, were positively good; but they all showed the same need—the finality of the endless labor I was rebelling against, the entire knowledge, within the scope of their ability, of what could and must be done. I should have said that the best were almost good; the mistakes in them were invariably the errors which only the most extended practice could cure. What their hopeful authors required, far more than talent, was vitality; an individual performance was comparatively unimportant. They needed a kind of inexhaustible cold frenzy and an egotism like the shell of a hickory nut. In the degree that they were pleasant, human, in person, to that exact extent was ultimate success withheld from them. They were addressed to a lonely preoccupation where popularity was, this year or next, destructive to their highest pretensions. It was a difficult thing to assist and recommend candidly.

Yet what, equally, was true was that work alone, application, would accomplish nothing; it wasn't possible to sharpen an ax without an ax to sharpen; the years at such a metaphorical grindstone needed a fine metal to hold an edge against that long abrasion. And then it wasn't wholly necessary to start with the omissions of education which had made my beginnings so difficult and so prolonged; no, an education wasn't entirely fatal to the writing of imaginative prose. It was true, however, that outside their peculiar gifts of form and understanding, creative writers weren't celebrated for the scope of their learning; in the realm of absolute knowledge, I had a suspicion, they were nearly all deficient; their power and validity, as I had intimated, came from another place than their head. It may well have been the stomach.

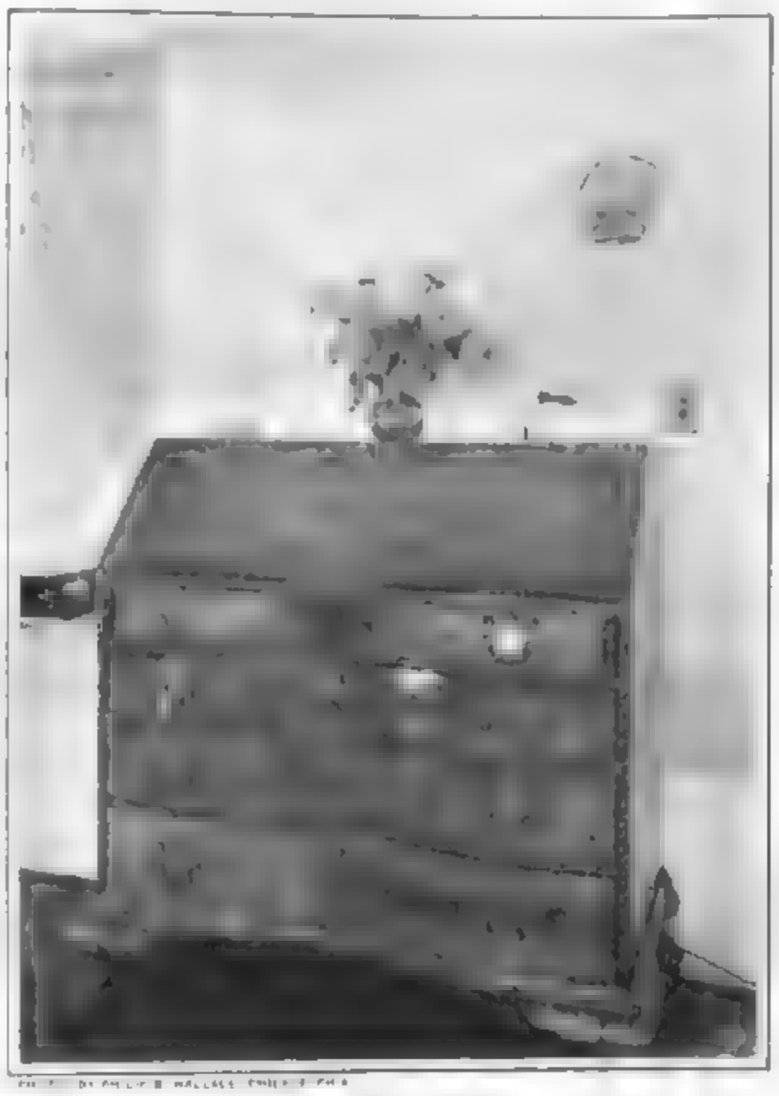
The fact about highly learned people—I don't mean the specially educated—was this, that they made splendid bureaus of information for more predatory and active individuals. My contact with universities had come comparatively late, within the last two or three years; I had been merely an observer; and, protected by my detachment from the mental authority of professors, I was amazed by them:

They knew so much of the simply unknowable and missed such an amount they might have acquired. Some taught literature! I listened to their dogmatic theories, their calm pronouncements, and it seemed to me that all the difficulties of creation had been disposed of, gathered within particular rules resembling the formulas put up everywhere by druggists. If they didn't approve of a novel they raised an eyebrow—like a dealer at an auction—and the unfortunate book was blasted from the earth. It was annihilated by a wintry smile. Living among them for a month, at a university club, I was frightfully depressed; if it hadn't been for an assistant professor, temporarily present for some lectures and who had the room next to me, I should probably have been driven into the town kindergarten. He had been in Paris, I think at the Sorbonne, where he had fallen victim to the least academic of the gods; and that unprofessional venture had left its mark, an incurable hopefulness of voice and neckties, on him. Late at night we drank Scotch whisky and commented on the surprising prevalence of fair hair enjoyed by the feminine population of the university.

Back at the Dower House, writing, I thought again of the professors, and even there the influence of their sterile certainties touched me with a faint dejection. They hadn't been antagonistic to my books, actually in the main they were polite; but they conveyed to me the dreariness of their conviction that I had no more than needlessly multiplied the burden of printed paper. And when I thought of them the memory of the students who spoke to me returned as well—boys and girls who were being taught literature! They had showed me their stories, vivid, formless fragments of life scarred by the gray annulments of the professors; and everyone questioned me with a passionate longing for New York. They wanted to write all that was in their impetuous heads and at the same time, in New York, keep themselves alive. Tragic ambition.

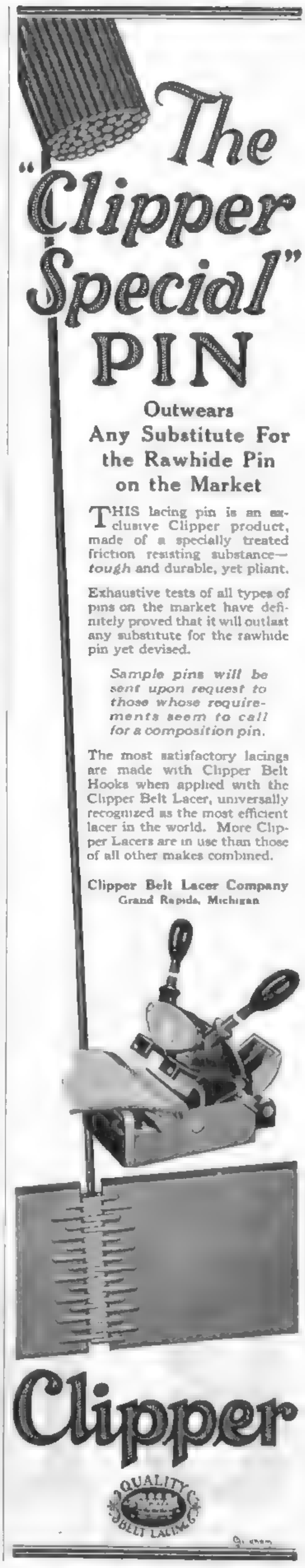
I began to think that the emphasis, the honors, heaped on imaginative letters was wrong; probably it ought to be discouraged rather than taught. Parents, instinctively combating all such predilections, were not the blind tyrants they were held.

However, in the spring it wasn't difficult to throw off the gloomy influences of schools; not with the entire world about its unscholastic affair of blossoming. The frogs in the lower meadow filled the dusks with their loud murmur, locally they were called knee-deeps; a sound which moved me as profoundly as any in nature—the April frogs in the evening and robins at dawn. They came back frequently into my pages, almost as often as they could be heard about the Dower House; for long ago I had given up the determination not to repeat myself. A writer, I had realized, like a robin, had but few notes, and not so sweet, not so effortless; and it was better for him to perfect those than imitate inappropriate melodies. The frogs filled the twilight with their high piping, the unison pervaded by

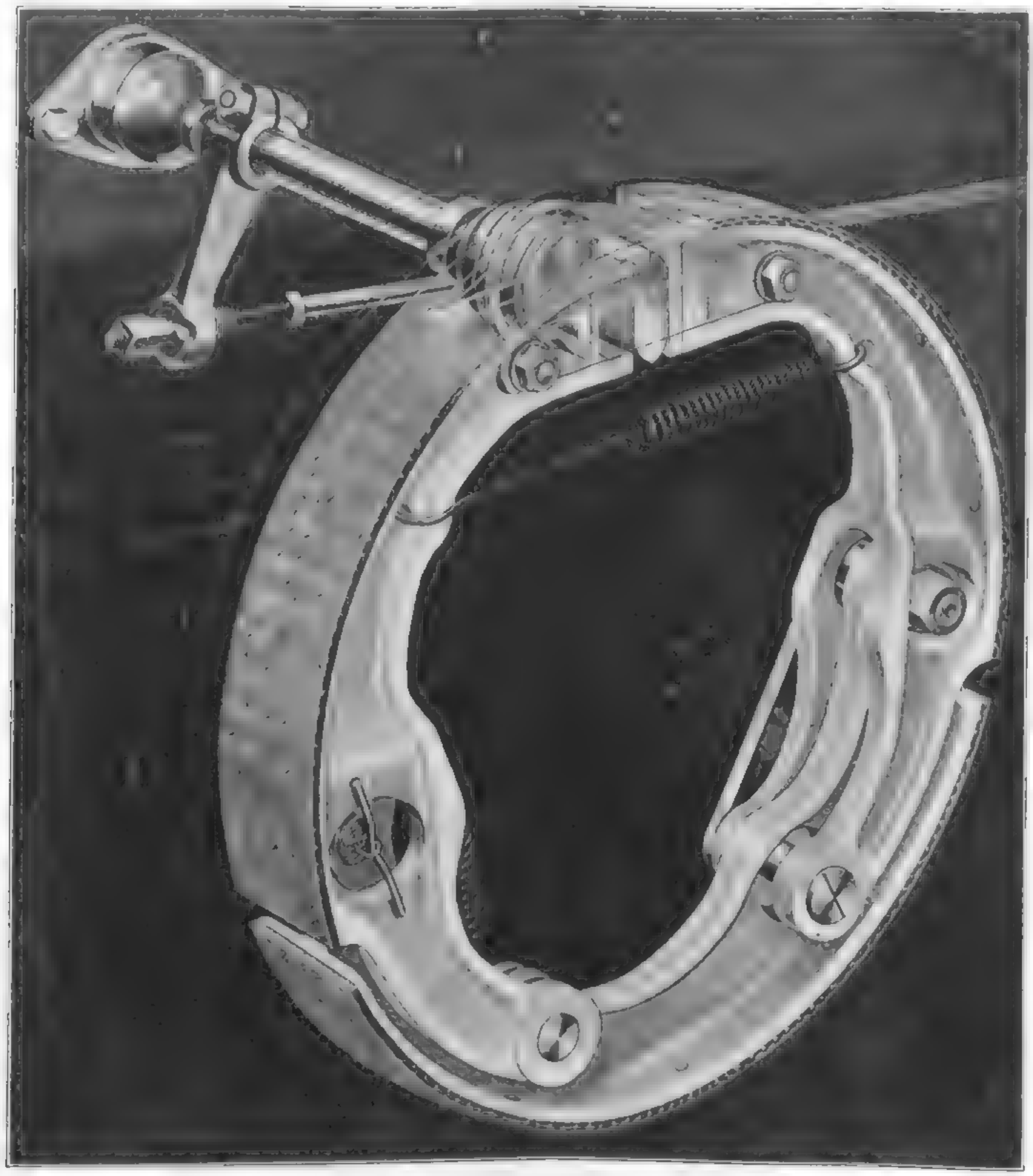


The Tory Desk

(Continued on Page 141)


The "Clipper Special" PIN
Outwears Any Substitute For the Rawhide Pin on the Market
THIS lacing pin is an exclusive Clipper product, made of a specially treated friction resisting substance—tough and durable, yet pliant.
Exhaustive tests of all types of pins on the market have definitely proved that it will outlast any substitute for the rawhide pin yet devised.
Sample pins will be sent upon request to those whose requirements seem to call for a composition pin.
The most satisfactory lacings are made with Clipper Belt Hooks when applied with the Clipper Belt Lacer, universally recognized as the most efficient lacer in the world. More Clipper Lacers are in use than those of all other makes combined.
Clipper Belt Lacer Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Clipper
QUALITY
BELT LACING

The talk of the



PATENTED—OTHER PATENTS PENDING

BENDIX

MECHANICALLY APPLIED THROUGH BENDIX

automobile industry

Here is the great forward step in brake design; the most vital improvement in 25 years—Bendix 3-Shoe Self-Energizing Brakes; Mechanically Operated—Automatically Equalized

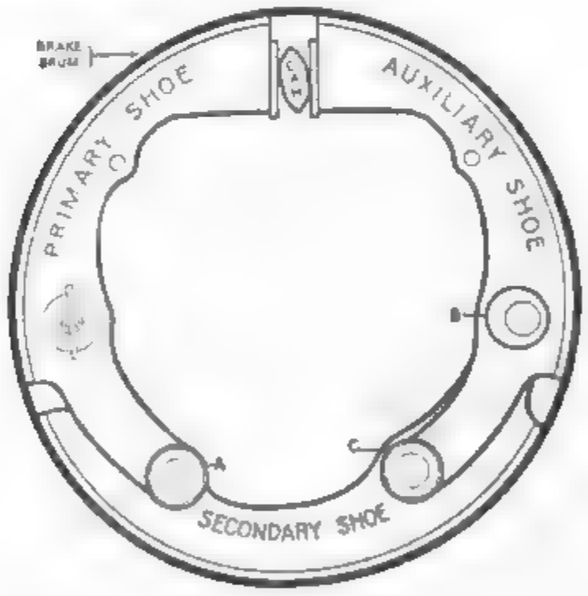
Just imagine a set of brakes on your car, so constructed that stopping the car *doesn't depend on how hard you press your brake pedal;* yet the car *stops*—smoothly, surely, quickly.

Power drawn by the brake shoes from the rotating wheels, multiplies a light pedal pressure into powerful yet velvety smooth braking action; steadies the car; draws it down to a quick, safe stop; without a bit of "grab" or "shriek."

And these amazing brakes *can't* go wrong. They're as simple and as near trouble-proof as brakes can be. They always *work*.

How the Bendix 3-Shoe Mechanical Brake works

When you press your foot pedal to apply Bendix Brakes, the cam turns, forcing the primary and auxiliary shoes apart—against the drum.



The primary shoe is a "floating" shoe, fastened only to the secondary shoe at A; not anchored to the backing plate at all. The secondary shoe anchors to the backing plate at B. The auxiliary shoe anchors to the backing plate at C.

When the cam presses the primary shoe against the brake drum, friction tends to carry the shoe *with the drum*, thus forcing the secondary shoe against the drum—a real "Servo" action. The auxiliary shoe operates directly from the cam, for reverse.

It is *practically impossible to lock your wheels* with this brake; because the instant the wheels lock—stop rotating—braking pressure is automatically reduced, so that the wheels turn again.

The cornerstone of safety—Bendix-Perrot Mechanical Controls

95% of the cars shown at London and Paris are equipped with Perrot Brakes mechanically operated by the famous Perrot control. Bendix engineers, coöperating with Mr. Henri Perrot, the eminent French engineer, have simplified and improved this interesting device.

The Bendix-Perrot control transmits the foot-pedal pressure to the cam. It's sturdy, has few parts, cleans and adjusts itself automatically—simple and effective.

A universal joint at each end makes it absolutely certain that braking pressure is applied regardless of the position of the car, or the wheels, depression of springs, or any other factor.

Facts you ought to know about Bendix Mechanical Brakes

They equalize *perfectly* automatically; not merely at points of application, but *equal braking pressure on all four drums.*

There's nothing to get out of order; Bendix Brakes *can't* go wrong. Break a spring, distort an axle, destroy three of the four brake connections—you still have braking control of your car.

The overlapping-joint design of the three shoes provides 335 degrees (93% of a complete circle) of brake lining, all of it working; as against 227 degrees in the ordinary internal brake—not all of it effective.

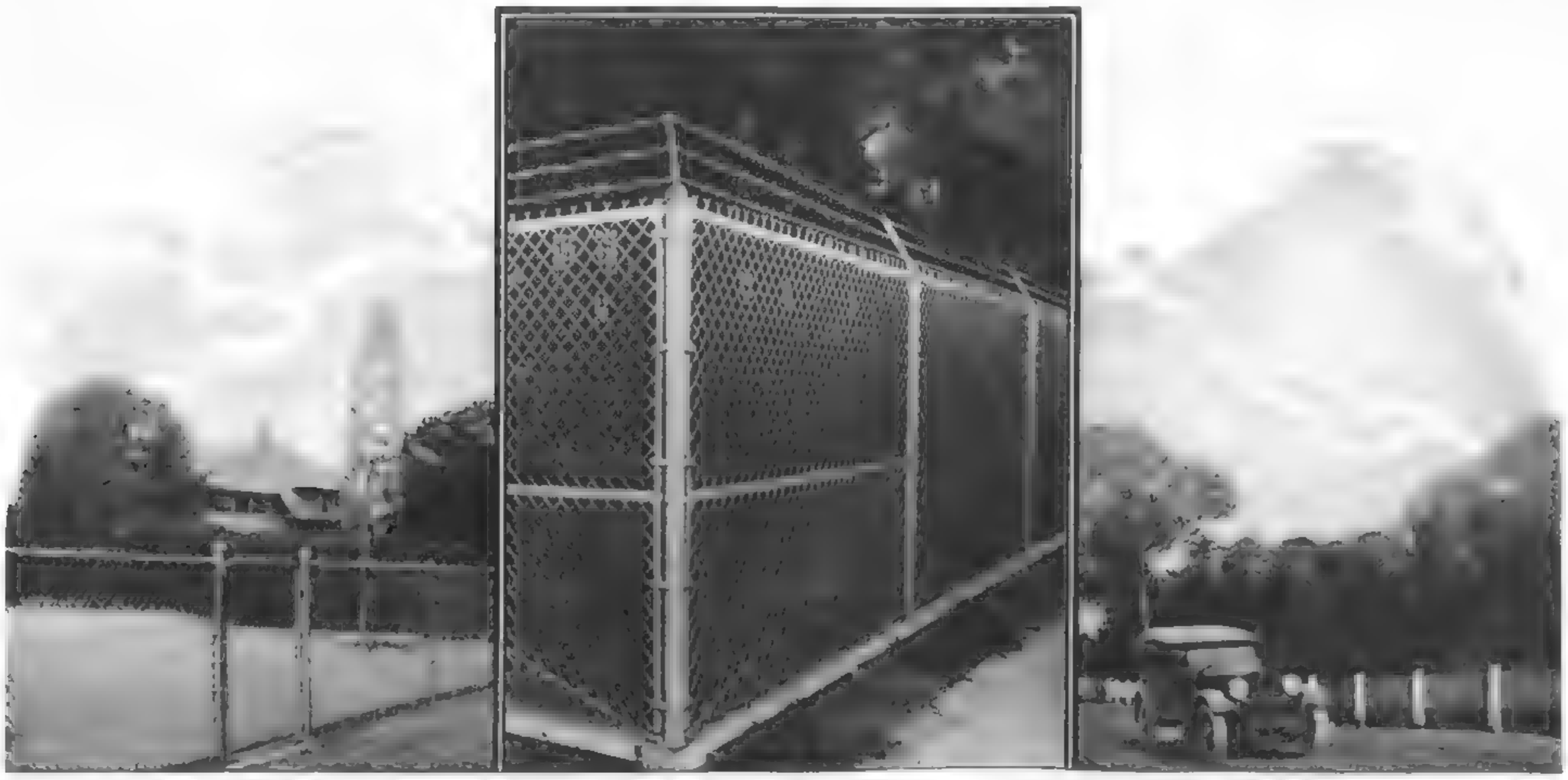
You see the result—wear is distributed over more area; longer life, less frequent adjustment. Bendix Brakes go at least 25,000 miles without adjusting or relining.

Bendix Brakes are effectively enclosed; kept free of mud and slush. They apply instantly—release instantly.

Bendix Brakes are better, just as brakes; still better and safer because they're *mechanically* operated.

BENDIX BRAKE COMPANY, *General Offices: Chicago, Ill.*
Division of Bendix Corporation, Chicago.

BRAKES
-PERROT CONTROLS TO ALL FOUR WHEELS



AT HOME AT THE PLANT *and now* ON THE HIGHWAY

The *purest* iron *gives longest life*— to the wire products that protect you

IF there is one place you should *insist* on lasting metal, it is in wire products.

When a PAGE-ARMCO fence lasts years longer than ordinary wire, you save the price of another fence, *plus* the *cost of installing* another fence—far more than the slight difference in price between PAGE-ARMCO and steel.

The purity of Ingot Iron, which makes it last, is only one of its advantages in the form of wire. You know the importance of *uniformity*. You have seen "bad spots" in wire that rusted quickly, ruining the whole wire fabric.

Ingot Iron is not only *purest*; it is a far more *uniform* iron, which means long life for the whole wire structure.

Ingot Iron wire, like Ingot Iron sheets, takes a heavy coat of zinc—a closer clinging coat. The new PAGE galvanized-after-weaving process makes this better zinc coating *many times heavier* than on ordinary fencing.

Every purchaser of fence for home, industrial plant, or institution can have this better metal. Every highway official who wants the certain protection of PAGE HI-WAY Guard, the new *elastic* woven wire guard rail, can have PAGE-ARMCO wire. The difference in price is a *very small percentage* of the cost of the installed protection.

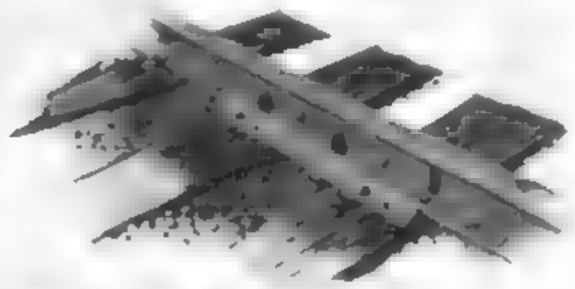
A PAGE Distributor near you will gladly furnish you plans and quotations. For his name and address, for an attractively illustrated catalog showing typical installations, write Page Steel and Wire Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Mention product in which you are interested.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY, MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION (EXPORT) CABLE ADDRESS—ARMCO

ARMCO INGOT IRON

ARMCO "The Purest Iron Made"

STEEL AND WIRE PAGE QUALITY PRODUCTS



(Continued from Page 137)

imagination, and I tried to give its just melancholy to my prose.

It was more important to me than the later passages of Beethoven, and the reason was clear—actual performers in the major arts were always basically indifferent to other performances. They applauded and appreciated them—in a degree impossible to the uninitiated public—but at heart they were only concerned with the possibilities primary material held for them.

We sat, wrapped in rugs, on the terrace through the early evening, the air fragrant with earth loosened by growing blades and shoots, and woke at the first glimmer of light and preparatory bird song. Different from autumn, the spring brought no desire for activity; its stirrings were deeper and more seductive. The putting greens on the golf course beyond the road were cut and rolled before the summer's play, the bright flags on their tall bamboo poles were renewed; but I had no impulse yet to take advantage of them. Writing became doubly difficult: there was a charm, a magic, in windows open after they had been closed through winter, which stole away the mind. The voices of children playing on the pavements, the clip-clip of horses' hoofs, still to be heard in West Chester, a casual hailing of men, the birds in the trees, combined in a lulling music and disarming.

To think about writing was enough, and wonder if it were possible to put a spring day on paper so that when the page was read all its sounds and scents would float up and envelop the reader. The recorded fevers of individual men and women, it seemed to me, was a small accomplishment compared with that. I thought about books, but more about furnishing the Dower House. That had reached a point where the merely adequate had been forgotten in difficult and costly refinements. I had a Hepplewhite desk, correct in type and entirely original; but it was elaborate for its setting; and whenever I looked at its inlaid fans and delicate traceries, its slender French bracket feet, I was discontented. The trouble was that I had seen exactly the desk I wanted; it had even been offered to me; but the price was prohibitive. I couldn't consider it.

At long intervals a piece of old furniture made its appearance so wholly right, so beautifully intact, that it was unforgettable; and the desk I knew of came within that company. A British officer, hastily leaving Boston during the Revolution, gave it to a supporter of America, and a descendant of his had it in her possession. It had a serpentine front, with great brasses; there were ball-and-claw feet, and its wood, mahogany, had never been stained out of its light, snuff-colored, perfection. I had seen it only once—its owner was selling me some Waterford glass, a pair of decanters, twelve low broad tumblers and twelve sherry glasses—but I carried away a detailed image. I couldn't afford it and I would never find a desk its equal; and then I got a discouraged letter; I could have it at a price I could just manage.

It was in a decorator's store, and I went there at once: it was covered with samples of upholstery, hidden in a confusion of modern varnished furniture; and, with the decorator's assistance, I moved back the sofas and insecure chairs. The man at my elbow said he had been assured that the desk was old. A lot of people had been in to see it, but the price—he made a patronizing gesture. "Too much. I told her she'd never sell it." She had; although I didn't, at that moment, correct him. And the next day I sent George Smith, who did my trucking, for it. The Hepplewhite desk went out, temporarily, to the stable, and the other went into its place.

In the middle of the night I went down to see it; and, absolute in its serenity, in its gathered traditions and the polish of its years, it lent me its remote and dignified mood. If I had lost it, something necessary would have been lacking from my existence; in the Dower House it had found its earned and faultless setting. I didn't make up stories for it, search for passionate letters in secret drawers; I didn't even picture the British officer writing with a quill his last hasty notes there; no, the associations were more valuable than that, and not so definite, not so sentimental. Its beauty came rather from the succession of lives that had passed in front of it, the sum of men each lingering to write down his needs and plans. Men quickly vanishing in a flight more conclusive than that early retreat from the Continental forces.

It wasn't, however, alone in its fineness, unsupported by other appropriate grace; for near it stood a Chippendale sofa so lovely in proportion that it might have been made from the instantaneous commingling of some green swans. Its line flowed with the purity of swans' throats and composed wings. It was Chippendale, for the molded legs were not tapered; and low, with a broad seat, it was as comfortable as the deeply cushioned divan in the front room.

Before I had owned it a walnut chest stood at that wall, carved with the initials M. B.; it had come from Pine Forge, where the greater part of The Three Black Pennys had been laid; but when the sofa arrived I sacrificed the chest, with its paneling and memories, at once. All the trifles on the chest—the pewter inkwell and porringer, the small brass sadiron a gentleman once carried with him for the ruffles of his shirts, the Bristol flower vases, the cigarette box and photographs in silver frames, ornamental and useful bagatelles—were scattered; and we now sat looking through the door into the dining room, into the open fireplace with its copper and brass and iron, its skillets and trivets and pans, the overmantel lined with glittering colored flasks, aquamarine and indigo and claret and dark green.

The flasks on the overmantel had multiplied slowly; here and there I had found another in color and bought it, from Francis Brinton. Mrs. Cookerow, and the indigo Washington and Taylor quart from Arthur Sussel; there was another blue quart, a summer flask, with a delicate tracery of leaves on either side, and a solitary bird on a branch; it was finer even than the Washington and Taylor flask; its color was darker, and the glass, as brilliant as when it had been molded, had the sparkle of clear water. Dorothy had discovered it, and she was specially pleased because blue, which she preferred above any other color, was, in bottles, the most difficult to get, the rarest and the most expensive.

The baron, Henry William Stiegel, had, beyond any doubt, been made famous by his blue glass, probably the most positive, the brightest, that had ever been run. In the small beaufatt, the shell closet, in my dining room there was a flat swirled bottle—it held, perhaps, a quarter pint—of Stiegel's blue, the most perfect in surface and vivid shade I knew of; beside it no blue was blue. I had, as well, diminutive cream pitchers and salts in diamond pattern, like sapphires except for the fact that, where they were thicker, at the foot, there was a distinct purple, and amethyst glass with the repeated motive of an expanded daisy. The South Jersey I owned—sugar and butter bowls and milk mugs—when they were blue, were uniform in shade. It was not so bright as the baron's; but after I was familiar with it I found it to be just as ingratiating. The Jersey glass was earlier, simpler, than Stiegel's, and in that it was more engaging.

The Jersey, in green as well as blue, and the Stiegel in blue and a white as pure as ice, were in a cupboard; they were examples, beautiful and interesting in themselves; but the flasks formed a part of the decoration of the dining room; they gave the white plaster walls, the old surfaces of walnut, a pleasant variation of color. Now, they had been given away with the whisky they held, but that time—all such times, it began to seem—were safely over where I was concerned. Now, colored, they were comparatively dear:

And not for that reason only; there was a historic interest, and a value which came from sheer rarity; but those I ignored. I hadn't a trace of response to associations or mere historical fact. The log-cabin bottle made to commemorate the William Henry

Harrison campaign, I hadn't bought; it was ugly, I thought; and a Jenny Lind flask had no charm for me simply because there was a star above the chimneys of the pictured glass works. I wasn't, it was plain, a true collector. I couldn't afford to be. Every one of the flasks I owned had a definite quality of beauty, in texture or shade or design; and, in addition, they bore a relation to one another and to the dining room.

At present I didn't see how it could be improved; the chairs, the range of tables, the open dresser and hunting board, the sideboard—the sideboard had been there for less than a month. I had had one in walnut—early Hepplewhite with a serpentine front and uncommon legs—and so when Valentine, in Richmond, spoke of a sideboard he was getting I wasn't deeply implicated. I asked a question or two, in the interest of a friend; Valentine said that it might be walnut; and then I forgot it. Later, when I was writing, a photograph came, and I said to myself, "There's Valentine's sideboard." Nothing was on the back of the photograph about its wood; and, returning to my page, once more it went out of my head.

Within a month I was again in Richmond, at Valentine's, and, examining some English rat-tail spoons, I asked politely about his sideboard. "Come upstairs and see it," he replied. "Yes, it sold; immediately after I had concluded you didn't want it." Above, among his cabinetmakers, a feeling of sickness settled over me—the sideboard was walnut, earlier by thirty years than any I had seen of that type; it had a great bottle drawer of sixteen compartments; there were oval panels set in the doors; and—and long conch shells inlaid in apple wood on the narrow spaces over the legs. "Hell," I said to Valentine, "why didn't you tell me it was walnut?" He answered that he had. "Why didn't you acknowledge the photograph?" he demanded. "I was writing," I told him briefly. There was just one room, one house, in the world for that sideboard—my dining room and the Dower House. The situation repeated in every particular but one my position toward the walnut bed Beard had sold; the sideboard I couldn't hope to buy. Not possibly! The best, in his experience, that had been found in Virginia, that phrase of Valentine's returned to me at the Jefferson. Within certain limits it was probably true. I had, in three years, seen, perhaps, three walnut sideboards; the one I owned and two in very bad condition indeed, their legs sawed off, doors missing and drawers spoiled with the different holes of different handles. The sideboard I had just left bore all its original brasses; they were small, and stamped, in a very rare design, with a Greek temple.

That night, at dinner with some friends, I complained bitterly to my hostess. They were building a house, and intended to furnish it in early Americana, and so she fully sympathized with me. She had a very nice feeling for walnut sideboards. However, there was this to be said for my mischance—it would, otherwise, have cost me a great deal of money. The next morning I reminded myself of that fact, and then the telephone rang. It was Valentine. Did I still want the sideboard? he inquired. Because if I did, it might be managed.

A week later Dorothy, in a restrained voice, informed me that there was a very large crate in the stable. "Andrew says it's a sideboard," she continued, "but of course he's wrong; we have a splendid one, and walnut, now." Andrew was right, I admitted; it was a sideboard for—for a friend. She gave me a hasty look. "That's good; we needn't undo it then."

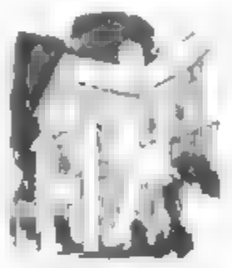
But I objected to that: I ought to find how it carried; if it's as good as I thought. Frances Carey had come for lunch and, while Dorothy was upstairs with her, I had the sideboard uncrated. The setting of the stable, though, was not favorable, and I asked Masterson to help William carry it to the dining room, where, when it arrived, I had ready the place it would take. As hurriedly as possible I put on it the silver and decanters, the coasters and ash trays; and then I walked to the other end of the room and stood in a silent and motionless appreciation.

Dorothy, who entered almost at once, followed my glance. There was an involuntary exclamation of pleasure and then, quite uselessly, she said, "Isn't it a shame it's not going to stay here!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

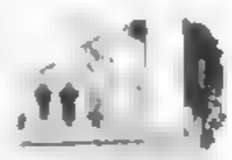
Sea tried

Paint your home, inside and out, with paint that has stood the briny test of the sea—on the decks of ships, drenched with salt sea waves, slashed with cables, exposed to fog and blistering sun—where U. S. N. Deck Paint has been the favorite for 30 years.



for Homes Inside and Out

It will preserve the exterior beauty of your home longer. It creates a surface of tile-like hardness, with enduring lustre—withstands the ravages of rain and sun, sleet and snow—unchanged through changing seasons.



for Porches

No ordinary paint can compare with U. S. N. Deck Paint for floor service. Its resistance to tramping of feet and scraping of shoes is phenomenal. Many a seaside and mountain resort will have no other.

for Floors

For inside walls and woodwork, and for radiators, it provides that artistic, semi-gloss effect which good taste demands. It is easy for anyone to use because it flows with remarkable smoothness and dries hard overnight.

for Walls

Paint your home with U. S. N. Deck Paint and compare it with any ordinary paint job. Like thousands of users, you will then know the real meaning of paint quality and understand why U. S. N. Deck Paint is so economical.

for Furniture

THE BILLINGS CHAPIN CO.

Boston Cleveland New York

U S N DECK PAINT

The Universal Paint

This third story bedroom has a Blabon floor of Printed Linoleum 5262, with small fabric rugs On the bathroom is Printed pattern 5408, and on the hall, pattern 4421 Printed

Why not make more use of the third floor?

Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this new 32-page 8" x 11" booklet prepared by Mabel E. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in color. It explains the correct use of Linoleum materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 15 cents. Write for it now

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a burlap base. In Inlaid and Plain Linoleum the patterns and colors extend clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

No other floor for a child's third floor room can equal a Blabon floor of Linoleum.

Besides the beauty of its pattern and colorings, its crackless surface is sanitary. It is easy to keep clean and bright. Being splinterless it is safe to play upon. And how children do enjoy its smooth surface for their toys! Its resilience makes it bump-proof. Laid over the old floors, it has the warmth of a double floor.

For such purposes Blabon's Printed Linoleum may be used to advantage. A good floor varnish applied once or twice a year helps to preserve the original appearance of the pattern. Fabric rugs may be thrown over Blabon floors, if desired.

Where service demands a heavier type of floor Blabon floors of Inlaid and Plain Linoleum are desirable and last for years. The patterns and colors go through to the burlap back and never wear off while the Linoleum remains. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves their freshness, and mellows their tones.

The modern method of cementing Linoleum down over builders' deadening felt paper, insures water tight seams which are practically invisible, and makes a Blabon floor permanent.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in various standard sizes.

For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label, and ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by good home-furnishing and department stores. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 74 years

Look for the label on the face of all Blabon's Linoleum

BLABON'S Linoleum

FRANCE MENDS HER STOCKING WITH MAGIC THREAD

Continued from Page 5

Turkey and other countries, and could not get them back, so all the more they had to borrow. This was a new experience. They had never borrowed. The credit of France was pledged first in Great Britain and then in the United States for the physical means of war, and but for these additions to their own available resources they could not have survived. They would have been unable, for example, to reproduce elsewhere in France, emergently, a great deal of the industrial equipment destroyed or captured by the Germans.

After the war, it was the restoration. Nearly 1,000,000 buildings; more than 9,000 factories, together with their stocks and equipment; 6,000 bridges. Mines, railroads, canals and 3,000,000 hectares of beautiful agricultural land turned upside down. For all this the Germans should pay. Certainly! So it was foreordained to be written in the Treaty of Peace, and so it was written.

But when and how should the Germans pay? And in the meantime, what? Was all that ruin to lie there until the Germans could be made to pay? Impossible! There was another way. France herself could do it on credit and charge it to the Germans. This she proceeded to do.

In many cases reproducing industrial equipment on postwar credit in the devastated areas meant reproducing it twice once during the war and now a second time. No matter. What had been destroyed, that was to be restored. It was this multiple reproduction largely that turned France in the new direction. It increased her industrial power, augmented her cities, created new urban problems, not the least of which is housing, and put agriculture at a competitive disadvantage.

Three Sources of Credit

The sources of credit for purposes of reconstruction were three—namely, foreign loans, internal loans and inflation.

France continued for two years after the Armistice to get money from the United States Treasury. The amount of her postwar takings was nearly $1,000,000,000. When the United States Treasury stopped lending, she continued to borrow from American investors, through bankers, and that has gone on ever since. She borrowed prodigally and progressively from her own investors—from the ancient *rentier*, or saving class, of France—until now the rate of interest must be usurious to tempt them any further. And she has carried inflation to the point of disaster. Inflation, as now everyone understands, is a method by which the state borrows from its people unawares. It prints the money and spends it first. As other people spend it secondly, thirdly, and all the way down, its value declines; it buys less and less. And if its value is never restored, the result is a permanent confiscation of saved wealth, without interest or compensation. This touches most deeply the people who practice thrift and investment on a small scale. In the United States, they are the savings-bank depositors. In France, they constitute the *rentier* class, a great portion of whose wealth has already been transferred away to those who were immediately benefited by the state's expenditure of inflated currency.

In addition to its own borrowing for reconstruction, the state guaranteed great quantities of bonds issued by groups of private industrialists, by municipalities and cities, all for the same purpose. These bonds also were sold in France and abroad.

New Factories for Old

What you would expect, happened. The application of these colossal sums of credit to works of reconstruction produced in France the greatest building boom Europe had ever seen.

Booms are of several species. An American knows all of them. That is where he lives. And what he doesn't know about a building boom cannot be learned in the world. He knows, no matter how it begins, how it grows, what it eats, what it does to the imagination, and how it stirs the chemistries of speculation. The building boom in France had all the natural characteristics, plus the force of an idea that magnified everything and disarmed the faculty of prudence. The idea was that they were going to get it out of the Germans. Why need anyone else worry? It was not going to cost France anything. New factories for old ones, new equipment, new dwellings, new furniture, new cities whole—and for everything Germany should pay.

A people who had never exploited credit before, their own or anyone else's; a building boom of unimaginable proportions founded upon moral right and economic necessity; an idea that the whole cost was recoverable from the enemy—what was inevitable in these circumstances? Ecstasy, fevers, speculation, splendid illusions. Yet all the time it was the credit of France. She signed the bond.

The general plan was thoughtful. Industry first, and all the means to economic revival; then dwellings; then public structures and monuments; churches last.

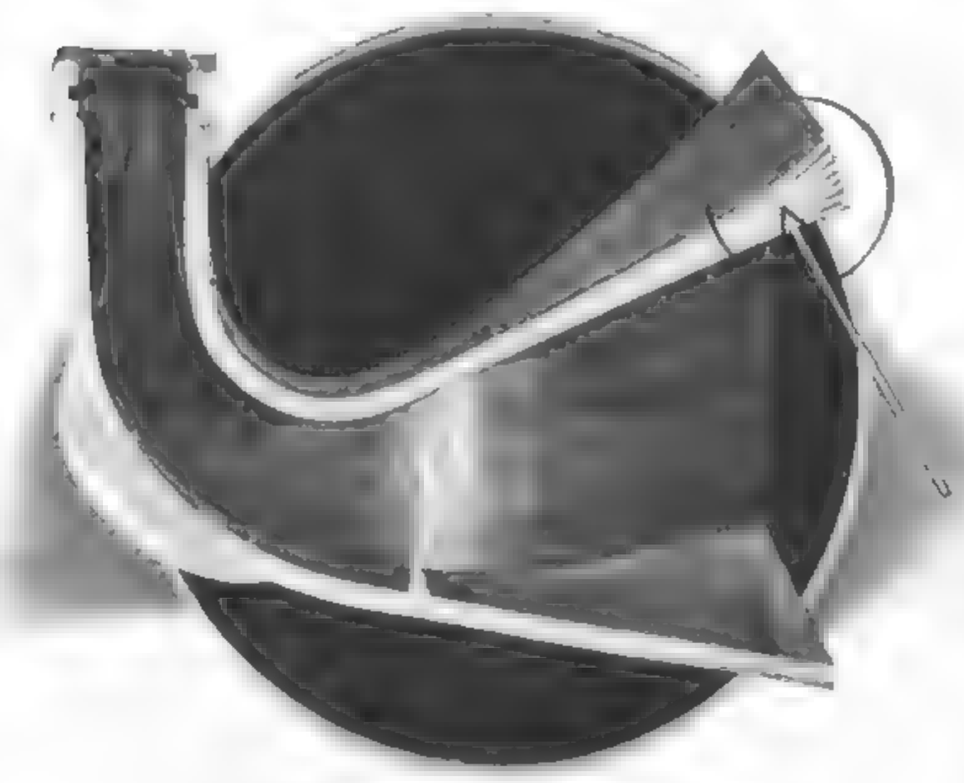
To have restored the industries of the devastated areas only to their prewar power would have meant a considerable increase of the total national equipment, because meanwhile during the war a good deal

(Continued on Page 144)

The Empire, One of the Four New Theatres Opened in Paris Within a Year

The last word in RADIO SPEAKERS. A beautiful cabinet of English Brown mahogany—the famous Sonora built-in, all-wood tone-chamber. Space for batteries inside cabinet. Cord and Plug attached.

Equipped with De Luxe Radio Reproducer, $60
Equipped with Standard Radio Reproducer, $50



A CROSS-SECTION of the Sonora tone chamber—Here is the secret of Sonora's perfect tone. In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thicknesses of wafer-thin seasoned wood laid with alternating grain to neutralize vibration. All harsh overtones are eliminated

THE SONORA RADIO SPEAKER with all-wood tone chamber—No mechanical noise—No harsh overtones. Equipped with cord and plug for attachment to any radio set. No extra batteries needed

De Luxe Model—$30
Standard Model—$20

A marvelous improvement for *every Radio set*

ANNOUNCING a new range of Radio Speakers, Radio Cabinet-Speakers and Radio-Phonographs

Into every one has been built the famous Sonora ALL-WOOD tone chamber

This chamber frees radio from mechanical noise—gives you music in all its original loveliness of tone

THE first great achievements of radio were *volume* and *distance*. But the third quality—*perfect tone*—has been a baffling problem. Ordinary "loud speakers" add discords that mar the beauty of radio

Now Sonora has solved this problem—has given to radio its famous tone-chamber. At last you can have radio free from mechanical noise

This famous Sonora tone-chamber is all *wood*—but not *solid* wood—for solid wood, like solid metal, adds vibrations of its own. Instead, ply upon ply of thin, seasoned wood is moulded around a form as perfect as the science of acoustics can make it. Each wafer-thin layer is set at cross-grain to the next. Between each pair of plies are spread sheer films of gum which function like the quicksilver coating on a mirror reflecting every faintest sound neutralizing vibration.

Not a single tone is added—none taken away. And Sonora has built this perfect tone chamber into a complete range of superb Radio Speakers, Radio Cabinet-Speakers and Radio-Phonographs—to go with any radio set

IF you already have a radio set you will want either the compact Radio Speaker or the new Cabinet-Speaker, a console model, with space for batteries inside.

And for music lovers who want a combined radio and phonograph there are models furnished with a complete Sonora phonograph—some equipped with radio—others with space provided for your own set.

Look over the list of models illustrated on this page. Then drop in at your dealer's and hear them for yourself. In each instrument you will find marvelous beauty of tone built into an exquisite piece of furniture. Sonora Phonograph Co., 279 Broadway, New York City.

SONORADIO MODEL 242—Sonora Radio-Phonograph with Ware Neutrodyne Set built into a beautiful cabinet. This instrument is equipped with the Sonora all-wood tone-chamber for both radio and phonograph.

Price, $235

THE FAMOUS SONORA PHONOGRAPH—has been adapted to accommodate all standard radio sets. The latest model—the Chatham—contains a complete phonograph and space for your own radio set. Price, $125

Other phonograph models range from $35 to $3000—including many exquisite De Luxe period instruments.

Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

National Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

This form, NATIONAL No. 7088-Z, has 30 columns and item space. See it "at"

Why ask many books—when one sheet will answer?

At a glance this form tells the sales of every man on your force—or the shipments—or the pay roll—by departments, by days, weeks or months.

It gives a daily inventory—reveals leaks—tells who and what is making money for you.

Comparative analysis of accounts, vital to every healthy business, is simple when figures are side by side in National Columnar Books and Forms.

How many columns do you need? 6, 8, 12—across a single page? 16 to 30 across two pages? An unlimited number, in cut-leaf form? No need to have them specially ruled. You can buy them now right out of your stationer's stock, bound or in loose leaf, in National Columnar Books and Forms.

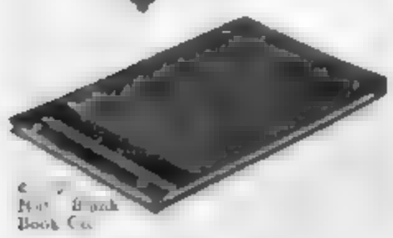
Many National books and forms are of Hammermill, the Business Utility Paper, known everywhere for its good writing qualities.

Your stationer should be able to help you select the National Columnar Form that fits your need. If he can't, write us. Ask for folder "Spotlight your Leaks."

This folder shows columnar pads for every purpose. Mailed free on request

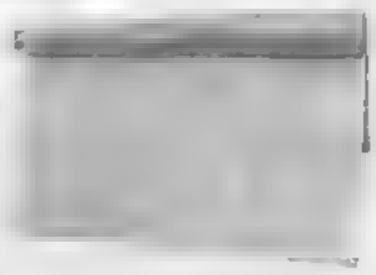
NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY
123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.

Chicago, 620 W. Jackson Blvd. New York, 54 Duane St.
Philadelphia, 1003 Market St. Boston, 163 Devonshire St.



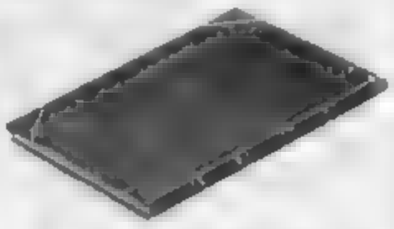
National Loose Leaf Columnar Books

Two to any number of columns, ruled to right or divided. Seven sizes. Sectional post binders for every size. Ask to see National Numbers 70, 8, etc. Outfits of binder and 50 sheets $2.50 up



National Columnar Pads

Two to thirty columns, on white or buff paper. Fifty sheets to pad. Nine sizes. Priced from 25c up. Ask to see National Numbers 4004, etc.



National Bound Columnar Books

Two to thirty-six columns, consecutive or divided form and ruled. Eight sizes, two thicknesses in each. Ask to see National Numbers 780, 782, etc. Prices from $1.50 up.

Continued from Page 142

of this capacity had already been reproduced elsewhere. But in fact the industrial equipment of the devastated areas was restored beyond its former power. This was bound to be the case.

Many of the destroyed factories, of course, were very old. It was an old country. Some of them you would not have restored in replica except as antiques for the museum. There was no point in wishing to restore them so. If you are going to rebuild an industrial plant at all, you are obliged to do it in the modern way. It has to be new. Then, too, many small industrialists saw the benefit of pooling their claims or buying one another out, in order that one large modern plant might rise in place of three or four little old ones, with an increase of total efficiency.

France on a New Basis

In the same way, mines. How would you go about reëquipping a mine with the kind of machinery that had been thirty years old when destroyed? You could not do it. Simply, it was not feasible. Therefore it was natural that the French coal and iron mines wrecked by the Germans should be reëquipped with the latest electrical devices for getting and handling coal; this entailed, of course, the development at the same time of large new power stations. What follows is an increase of industrial productive power in the devastated areas, added to all that capacity emergently created elsewhere in France, some of it very fine, during the war. So, behold! France now is an industrial country, in such a sense as never before, with a great surplus of manufactured goods to sell and a new necessity in foreign trade. It is unlikely she will ever turn back.

Be the consequences what they will be, all the industrial restoration was greatly imagined and heroically achieved. The industrialists knew what they were doing. It is not until you come to the restoration of cities and habitations that you see the boom beginning to function in an uncontrollable manner.

Suppose you have a city to make over again from the ground plan up. Will you say "One as good as the old one will be good enough," or will you say "While we are at it, let's make a much better one"—which? What did we do with San Francisco? Well, so it was with the destroyed cities of France. First, the architects in the government office at Paris made new ground plans, indicating wider streets and straight ones in place of the old ones; they specified that certain monumental and historic styles of architecture should be reproduced; but as to everything outside these monumental areas people were free to do what they liked. The municipal authorities were so governed. In order to widen and straighten their streets it was necessary, as they say, to expropriate the original land proprietors, which means, as we should say, to condemn and buy their property. This increased the cost. But would you have had them reproduce in the new cities the physical defects of the old ones?

Bring it down to the case of the individual entitled to a new house completely furnished in place of his old one, at the Germans' expense. In every case it has to be a new house, for the practical reason that you cannot replace an old house with an old one. The only kind of house you can put in place of an old one is a new one; and since it has to be a new one, it may as well be better.

The procedure was like this: The individual submitted proofs that before the war on a certain spot he owned a certain house, worth 20,000 francs, and all that had been left of it was the spot. The government, upon this proof, issued him a bill of credit, not for 20,000 francs but for 20,000 francs multiplied by five, because, owing to the rise of prices and the fall in the value of money, it would presumably cost 100,000 francs to reproduce a house that had been worth 20,000 before.

Now as to this bill of credit, it is a strange instrument. It is like a draft upon itself which the government has accepted and undertakes to pay when it is due; and it will be due only when, if and as the house in question is actually built. Or you may think of it as an order on the government for the cost of a house; the house has first to be built and then the government will pay for it. This arrangement, you see, makes building imperative. That is what it was meant to do. The individual who is entitled to compensation for a destroyed house may not choose whether to take money or have a new house. It is a house or nothing. He must build the house in order to get his compensation.

Financing New Buildings

So he goes with his bill of credit to one of the many construction companies organized for this purpose expressly and says, "How much of a house will you build me and furnish complete for 100,000 francs?"

The company shows him what it can do for that sum. If he is content, he hands over his bill of credit, the house duly rises; and when it is there, the fact is certified to the government, and the construction company, in exchange for its client's bill of credit, receives government bonds.

It may be that the individual is not content with what he can get for 100,000 francs. He may be a war profiteer who can afford a finer house. In that case he is free to say, "Build me one to cost 150,000. You will get 100,000 from the government on this bill of credit, and I myself will pay the balance of 50,000."

In this way 500,000 houses have been restored in six years; more than 3000 cities, towns and villages have risen new.

Most of the material needed for reconstruction was found in France. She did not have labor enough to shape and raise it. Therefore she imported labor. She did it systematically through a Foreign-Labor Department that negotiated directly with

(Continued on Page 147)

A Bit of Old Verdun Which Will be Cleared Away to Make a New Quay. New Buildings in the Background

"Think your mother could beat this?"

WOMEN who have had years of experience cooking with various stoves can best appreciate the advantages of Oil Ranges equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, because they are easy to light, quick to heat and economical of oil. The clean, blue, intensely hot flame strikes directly against the kettles and pans.

It's so much easier to use a Lorain Burner Oil Stove than to coax a draft in a "cranky" coal or wood stove. No kindling, no ashes and dirt, no wait—just light the Lorain Burners and cook!

The Lorain High Speed Oil Burner is so simply constructed that there is nothing to get out of order. The inner combustion tube is made of "Vesuvius Metal" which is not affected by the intense heat. Read the Guarantee.

Oil Ranges equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners are made in many sizes and styles. Materials and workmanship are of the best. If you do not know where you can see these excellent stoves demonstrated, write us for the name of the Lorain dealer nearest you.

GUARANTEE

Should the inner combustion tube of the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner burn out within 10 years from date of purchase, replacement will be made entirely free of charge.

Many famous makes of Oil Cook Stoves are now equipped with the Lorain High Speed Oil Burner, including:

DIRECT ACTION
National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio

NEW PROCESS
New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

QUICK MEAL
Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.

CLARK JEWEL
George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.

DANGLER
Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

IF GAS is available you'll find no cooking appliance to compare with Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 41 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Look for the RED WHEEL

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator

World's Largest Manufacturers of Cooking Appliances

LORAIN HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

'Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103½

'Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 20815

Belfor Inlaid Pattern No. 71415

The vogue of colorful floors

EVERY time you lay a vivid Chinese or Oriental rug on your hard neutral-tinted wood floor, you're recognizing the importance of color in floors.

Now decorators are going farther—choosing a floor that is itself distinctive and colorful, a floor such as Nairn Inlaid Linoleum, and making it the foundation of the entire room scheme.

Quaint Dutch tiles, block patterns, moiré effects—there's a beautiful Nairn pattern for any period of furniture or interior that will add the modern touch of color and distinction to your floors.

Loveliest of all is the new *Belfor* Inlaid. A new and wonderful process renders each tile in a *Belfor* pattern slightly different in color-blending; the floor looks hand-tinted.

And you get so much besides beauty in *Belfor* and the other Nairn Inlaids: noiselessness, comfort, unmatched durability.

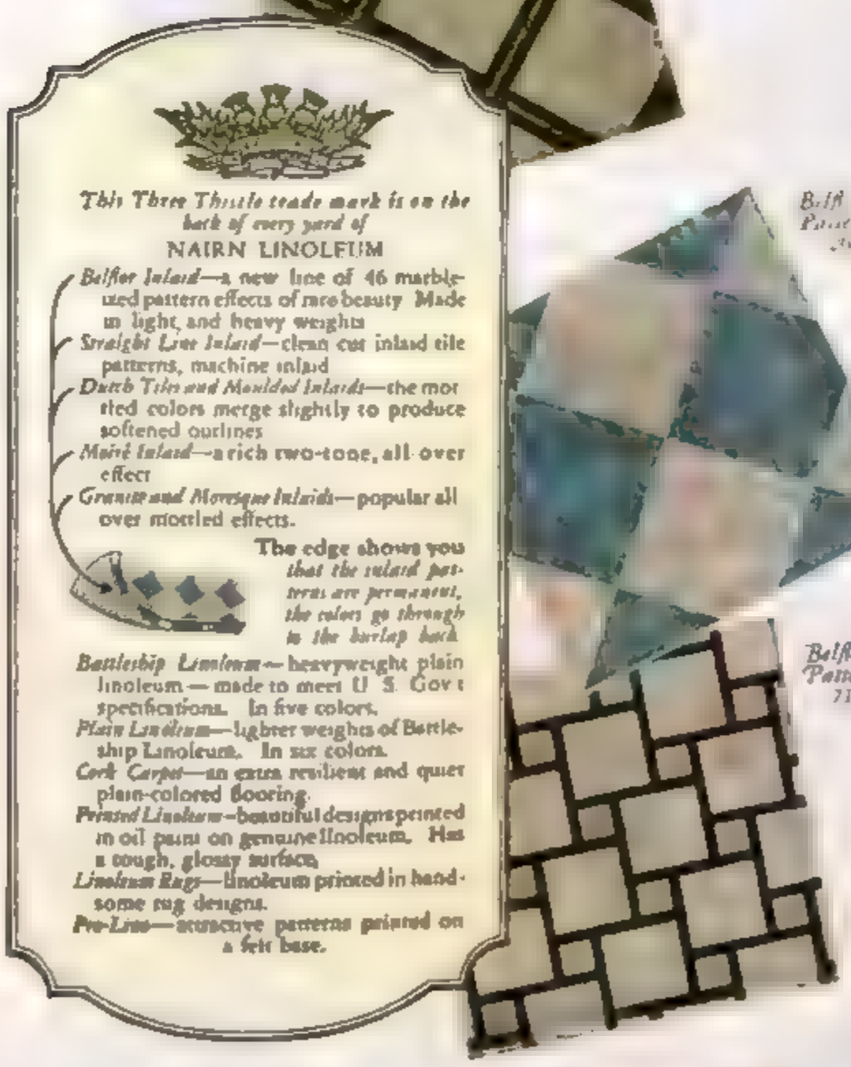
These floors are practically permanent. With an occasional waxing, the soft colors stay fresh indefinitely, for they go clear through to the sturdy burlap back.

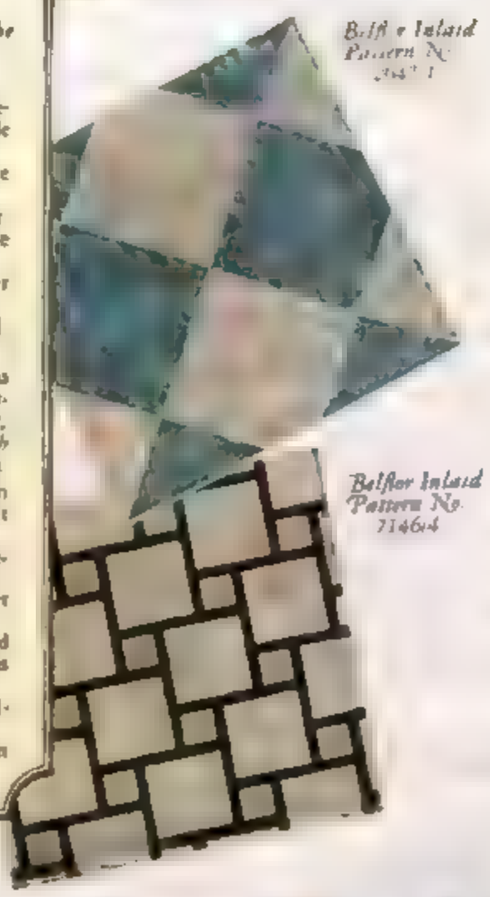
And all this at a price below that of any similar floor-covering.

Why not look into the possibilities of colorful floors for *your* home? Ask your dealer to show you the Nairn patterns and to tell you about *Belfor*. Or write us for folder showing patterns in colors.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia · New York · Boston · Chicago
Kansas City · San Francisco · Atlanta · Minneapolis
Cleveland · Dallas · Pittsburgh · New Orleans


This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM
Belfor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights
Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid
Dutch Tile and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines
Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect
Granite and Mosaique Inlaids—popular all over mottled effects.
The edge shows you that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back
Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.



NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

(Continued from Page 144)

the governments of other countries for recruits, selected as the need was for miners, ironworkers, masons, carpenters and drudges, taking care to see that no immigrant displaced a Frenchman; also at the same time she imported farm hands for agriculture and skilled workers for the factories. In 1922 by this plan 180,000 immigrants were admitted, in 1923 the number was more than 250,000, and in 1924 it rose to 6000 a week. The sources of immigration were mainly Italy, Poland, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, Czecho-Slovakia and Russia. But nearly every country of Europe contributed.

At one time twenty-seven different tongues were spoken on the reconstruction work at Rheims.

Many of these immigrants settle permanently in France, and from this comes a new social problem. At the fundamental point the naturalization law of France is like the American law. Anyone born on French soil is deemed a French citizen, and legally is unless at twenty-one he elects not to be. Thus all the progeny of the immigrants who stay will be French, and the blood of

The Open-Air Natatorium in Paris, Built for the Olympic Task Events in 1924

Field and Tribunes of the Olympic Stadium at Colombes, Near Paris, Built for the 1924 Olympic Games

France will change. The birth rate will probably tend to rise; the immigrants will multiply faster than the native stock, as has been the case in the United States. Thus will occur a biological displacement of the native French root. Also the different industrial trades may become racially tinged, again as happened in the United States. The Italians go into the building trades, the Poles go underground into the mines and the Belgians into the textile mills.

The Building Boom in Rheims

For the largest and most illuminating example of reconstruction, nonindustrial, come to Rheims. No other large city was so systematically destroyed by the Germans. They began with the cathedral, on the ground that its tower was a signal station, and then painstakingly blotted the city out, square by square. Of 14,000 houses, 12,000 were utterly destroyed; only sixty were left habitable. And perhaps because of the extent of reconstruction operations, every weird aspect of the French building boom has its illustration here.

The prewar population was 110,000. The new Rheims was laid out to be the metropolis of 250,000. Its present population is estimated at 80,000. Everything is new from the pavement up, except here and there a surviving ruin. If it is the ruin of a public building, the reason is that public buildings, according to the plan, are the last to be restored; besides which, the work of restoring them is slower, since the original style of architecture must be faithfully reproduced. If the ruin is that of a private dwelling, the explanation is that the owner has not yet made his terms. Perhaps his claim has been disputed. Or more probably, as begins now to be the case, the bonds in which the government finally pays are at such a discount, and building already has been so overdone, that the owner is looking for someone to buy him out.

At such a ruin you will see the sign, Ground for Sale, which means that the owner wishes to sell both the ground and his claims for compensation. Let somebody else build the house. Against this sign may be another, much larger, to this effect: Bring Your Bill of Credit to Us and Get a New House All Furnished and Complete, signed by the construction company.

But there are already too many houses. It is estimated that half the new high-class dwelling space in Rheims is unoccupied. You will walk through street after street, lined on both sides with fine new houses, much better and taller than the old ones, all with steam heat, electric lighting and modern plumbing, where such things were almost unknown before the war—and it will seem that every second or third one is to let. Everywhere you look you see that sign: To Let. You will remember that in Paris and in the industrial centers to the north the proper housing of wage workers is a serious problem, and that the government is voting credits to subsidize the construction of cheap dwellings. Rents at Rheims are high. Workers could not afford to live in these empty apartments.

No American but knows this kind of thing when he sees it. Everywhere is the evidence of speculative building, already carried too far. How did speculation penetrate reconstruction?

One asks and learns. Many of those who left Rheims never returned. Instead, they sold out their ground titles and their compensation claims to speculators, and a great deal of this building came to be done by outsiders, persons not native to Rheims, who rushed there after the war to take part in the boom.

They have overdone it. Now the government is slow and behindhand with its payments on the bills of credit. There are not enough people to fill the houses already built; not enough business to support the new shops, with their plate-glass windows and blazing lights. It will take twenty-five years to restore the cathedral—churches come last and are not assisted by public credit. But the commercial capacity of the city is already greater than before the war.

There is an air of unreality about it. People have not assimilated the new things; they walk about the streets as strangers, as people who never belonged there and would not be much surprised if it turned out to be an illusion.

The hotel capacity is amazing. Standing by the monument to the veterans of 1870, which was about the only thing the Germans missed, one may count six hotels without turning around. The largest is the Grand Hotel of the Lion of Gold. It was built on fifteen tiny parcels of land, collected for that purpose, and resembles in name only the little antique hotel that was destroyed. It has eighty private baths. One may wonder if there were eighty private baths in all the hotels of the devastated regions before the war. For a moment, in the foyer, you might imagine you were in El Paso or Seattle, everything so modern and handy and the electric fixtures so—so—expensive only. There is a switchboard at the desk, telephone to every room, and what no American hotel has ever thought of—a push button at the head of your bed to open and close the door. Room with bath for the night is four dollars; dinner is two dollars.

Newness and Ugliness

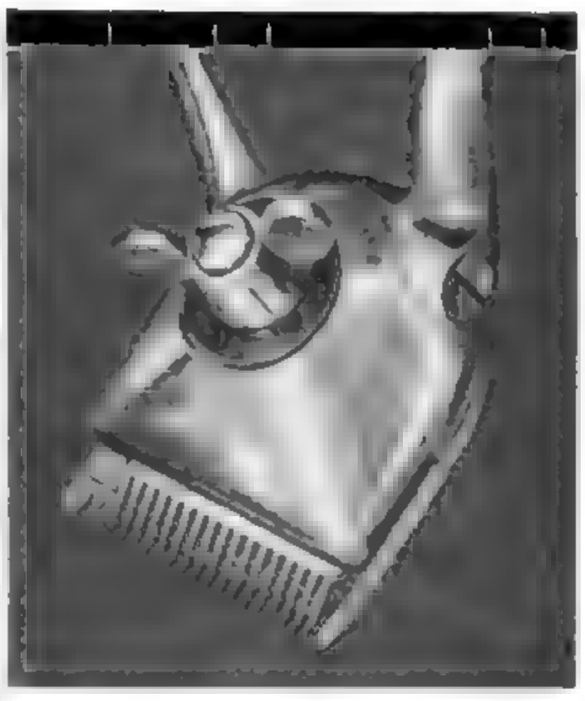
The increase in the hotel capacity of Rheims represents the expectation that the city for many years will have a special fascination for the tourist. That may well be. Of the destroyed cities, it was undoubtedly the most advertised to the imagination of the world. Americans come there in blocks; they pay for the private baths.

Even the Germans come. They keep their voices down in the dining room and then go prowling about outside to see what their guns did to the city and what they are expected to pay for. Will they pay for the push buttons that open and close the doors?

There is one thing more they should pay for, only it has not been included in the bill of damages and is seldom mentioned. Outside the monumental zones where architectural restrictions applied, some of the new Rheims is of an ugliness incredible in France. One would think the builders had been trying to copy the worst examples of American apartment-house construction. When you speak of this to a Frenchman of taste, he makes a gesture of despair. The speculative builders knew no better and there was no way to stop them. They forgot to build sewers. With all that new plumbing, they have only water drains. Well, comfort, like everything else, is relative. In their widened streets they have 150 taxicabs, against only four before the war.

In Rheims it is written large. More or less the tale is repetitious. They had one idea among them. That was to restore France immediately. Their pride was in it; also it was vital. They could not sit staring at the ruins until Germany should pay. If in certain cases their pride was greater than

(Continued on Page 149)



When you use a clipper AT HOME *get a good one*

IF you aren't yet using a pair of hair clippers at home you are passing up a convenience, an economy—in fact an appliance that is proving a necessity in hundreds of thousands of families.

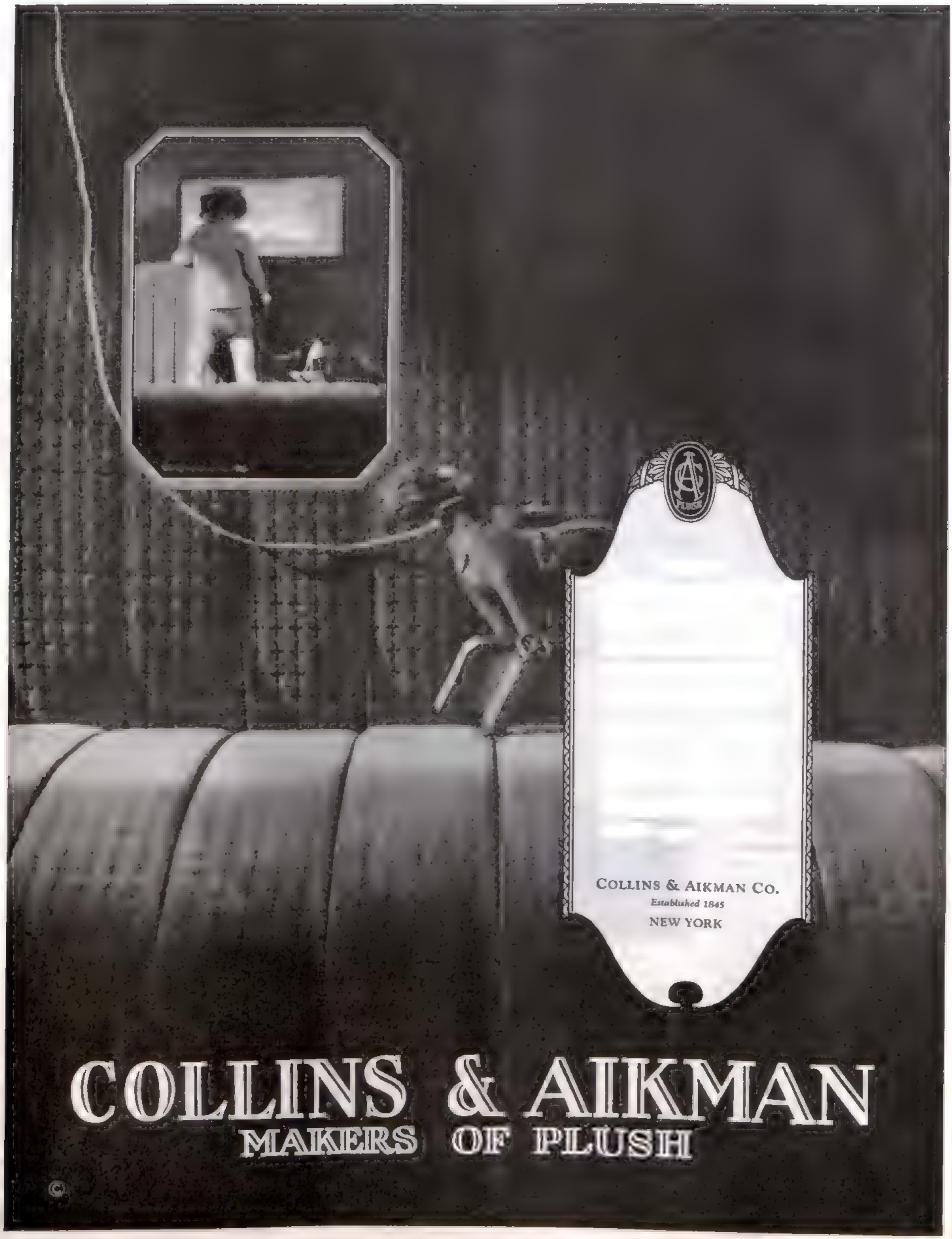
When you do buy a pair of hair clippers get good ones, get the best. You can make sure of this in only one way, by asking for Brown and Sharpe Clippers by name.

The highest possible tribute to Brown and Sharpe Clippers is the fact that over nine hundred out of every thousand barbers use them. They know from the experience of their daily work that the action of Brown and Sharpe Clippers is smooth, that they keep their keen cutting edges for years—and that they are made so well that they last even the busy barber for twenty years or more.

Don't put off getting a pair of Brown and Sharpe Clippers—they will come to be indispensable to every member of the family. Maybe they will first be used to keep the children's bobs trimmed. Before long mother will use them too, and father will find that he no longer has that sort of ragged look during those self-conscious few days before his regular visit to his barber.

At hardware, barber supply and cutlery stores. Brown and Sharpe Clippers are sold in several sizes—NARROW PLATE size 000 is especially recommended for home use. Price $4.50

BROWN & SHARPE Mfg. Co.
Providence, R.I., U.S.A.


COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
NEW YORK
COLLINS & AIKMAN
MAKERS OF PLUSH

(Continued from Page 147)

their economic wisdom, that, too, may be understood. Verdun, for example. Before the war, this was a frontier town, fortified; its military importance gave it something to live on and for. It is no longer a frontier town; its military importance is historic. Yet it has been rebuilt as if it were to have an economic future. Partly, this is explained by the fact that the department in which Verdun has the happiness to exist was politically strong when the allotments of credit were being made at Paris. There are still some ruins in the old town on the hills; but the only trace of war on the plain below, across the river, is the wreck of the barracks. All the rest resembles a very extensive American real-estate development, finished and sold; only the houses are much better made than American houses—of stone, brick and concrete, with red tile roofs.

It is expected that within this year, which is the seventh since the Armistice, the colossal work of reconstruction in all imperative aspects will come to a period. And it is well, for a great deal of it is beginning to swing in a state of perilous credit suspense. At first the government was so anxious to get the work going at high pressure that it advanced cash even before the proofs of damage had been examined. Cash advances presently ceased. The bills of credit were then met with bonds which the builders were obliged to discount at the bank for cash. Then the claims began to be scrutinized more carefully, the bonds were slower to be forthcoming, they were worth less and less at the bank, the figure by which it was permitted to multiply the prewar value of a house in order to determine the postwar equivalent was reduced from five to three; and at last, in 1924, with the prospect of full German payment waning and the credit of the French government in distress, a law was passed requiring that all claims above 500,000 francs, whether they had been settled or not, must be submitted for reëxamination. Thousands of them had been extravagantly padded, of course, as everybody knew. In the beginning, nobody cared. But as it began to be realized that the credit they were using so extravagantly was the credit of France, the point of view changed and the government grew less and less generous. Now the proprietors and the builders are feeling the strain.

Premature Expansion

A case at Nancy is typical. There, 500 houses were destroyed or damaged. They have all been restored. You would not know from an external sign that the war had touched Nancy. Nevertheless, the proprietor of the Hôtel Thiers, whose free concerts fill his brilliantly lighted drinking hall to the last table, is low in his mind. During the war a German shell missed the railroad station and blew up his place instead. He put in a claim for 2,500,000 francs while the claiming was good, and the government allowed it. Then he spent 2,500,000 francs to build a new hotel. It is beautiful, genteel, full of modern plumbing, private bathrooms and all manner of electrical conveniences. He has received from the government bonds to the face value of 1,000,000 francs; these were discounted at the bank at 70 per cent. So he has realized in cash only 700,000 francs; the balance is in suspense between him and the contractor. He himself, as you may have noticed, is not himself. The contractor is worse, much worse. Everybody will go mad but the Germans! And now—do you comprehend?—now his claim for 2,500,000 francs will have to be reëxamined.

From such usage, any ordinary building boom would have cracked. This was no ordinary boom. It was governed by two necessities. One was the sheer economic necessity to build, the other was the individual necessity to build in order to get compensation from the government at all; and there were yet other sustaining factors.

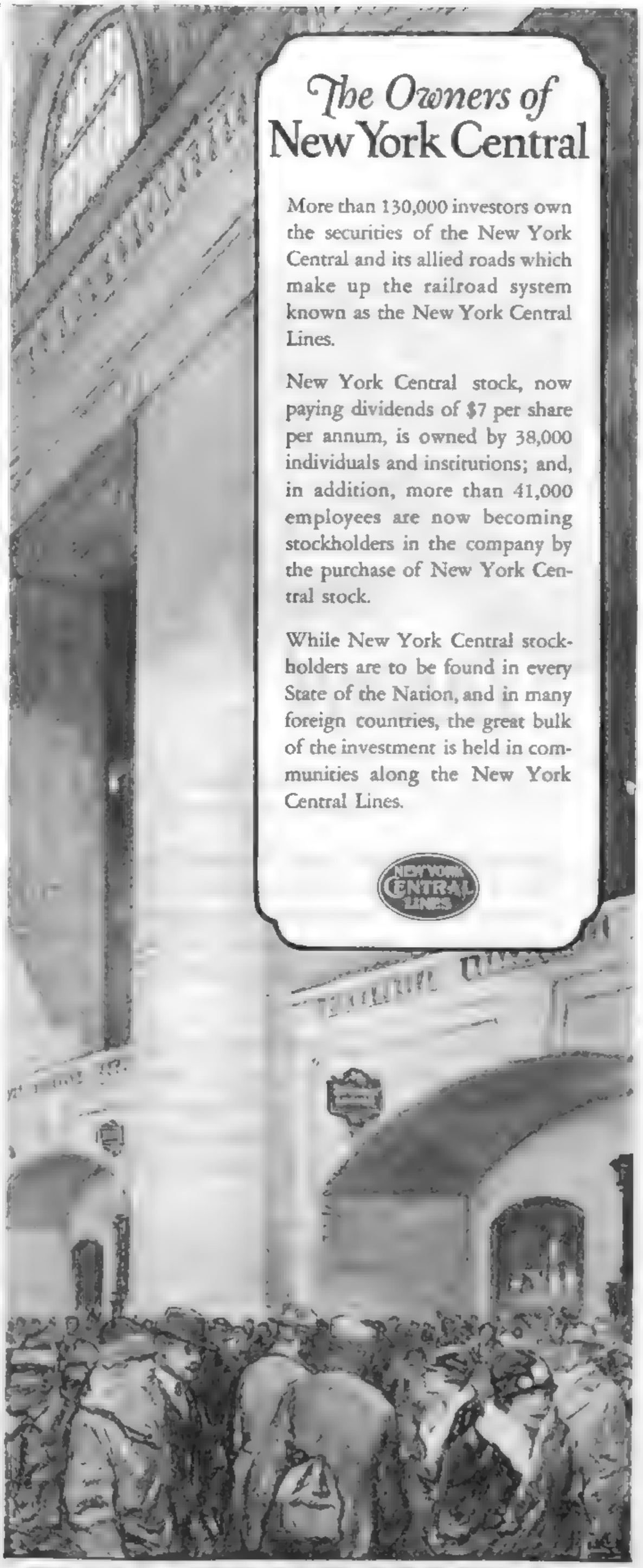
Bids for English Labor

The method of reconstruction produced new and better houses for the rich and middle-class people; it produced also, as at Rheims, a great many speculative apartment houses to be let at high rentals; it did not produce small cheap dwellings for the increasingly articulate and politically powerful proletariat, or wage-earning classes. Therefore it was necessary to employ further enormous sums of credit in state, municipal, social and private housing schemes, in the new industrial centers and in Paris. The government, borrowing money at 5, 6 and 7 per cent, loaned credit through various agencies at 2 and 2.5 per cent to promote these necessary building operations. Private employers of labor, such as railways, mining companies and the great industrial concerns, were obliged to construct whole new villages to house their workers, and there has been competition among them to make housing conditions more attractive, because labor continually expects more comfort and is harder to hold in contentment. One railway-equipment company, wishing to attract skilled workers from England, offered "twenty-two francs a day, each worker to have a newly furnished room with flowing water and electric light at a monthly rental of fifty francs, inclusive; two meals to be provided daily at 2.5 francs apiece without drink; and numerous *douches*, recreation hall, football ground, and so on. But British workers were not much attracted.

A more powerful sustaining circumstance was that the base of the building boom widened. It became very wide. France was as a new country, full of vision, strong with ambition, impatient to develop her resources in a wholesale manner; and she found in her hand a new power to serve that impatience in a fabulous manner. This was the power of her credit, which, you must remember, the French had never before exploited in this dynamic way.

Anything seemed immediately feasible. There was the simultaneous beginning of magnificent plans. They saw clearly for the first time, as new, the possibilities of hydro-electric-power development. Only two countries in the world have greater water-power resources. They are Canada and the United States. The new vision of France contemplates a super-power system covering the entire country; it is calculated that the saving of coal will be 8,000,000 tons for

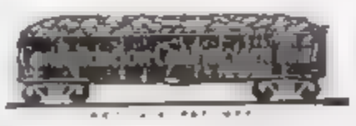
A New Hotel at Verdun


The Owners of
New York Central
More than 130,000 investors own the securities of the New York Central and its allied roads which make up the railroad system known as the New York Central Lines.
New York Central stock, now paying dividends of $7 per share per annum, is owned by 38,000 individuals and institutions; and, in addition, more than 41,000 employees are now becoming stockholders in the company by the purchase of New York Central stock.
While New York Central stockholders are to be found in every State of the Nation, and in many foreign countries, the great bulk of the investment is held in communities along the New York Central Lines.
NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES
BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

The merit of Consolidation Clean Coal is explained by the single word "tested".

Before it is shipped from the mine Consolidation Coal is carefully prepared. Clay, rock and other non-combustible impurities are removed. And in addition it is tested—tested by chemists and engineers for its ash-content and its heat value.

Clean, tested Consolidation Coal is used all over the world by public utilities, railways, steamships and factories because every pound of it contains the highest number of heat units and the least amount of ash and other non-combustibles.



THE CONSOLIDATION COAL COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Munson Building - New York City

DETROIT, MICH. First Nat'l Bank Bldg.
PORTSMOUTH, N. H. 137 Market Street
BALTIMORE, MD. Continental Bldg.
BOSTON, MASS. State Mutual Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Bankers Trust Bldg.
WASHINGTON, D. C. Union Trust Bldg.
CHICAGO, ILL. Illinois Merchants Bank Bldg.
CINCINNATI, OHIO Union Central Bldg.
NORFOLK, VA. Nat'l Bank of Com. Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Rockefeller Bldg.
MILWAUKEE, WIS. 843 South Canal Street

Foreign Offices { LONDON, ENGLAND Billiter Sq. Bldg.
GENOA, ITALY 10-Via Roma

Sales Agents { ST. PAUL, MINN. North Western Fuel Co., Merchants Nat'l Bank Bldg.
MONTREAL, QUEBEC Empire Coal Company, Ltd., Keefer Bldg.
GREEN BAY, WIS. F. Hurlbut Company

© Copyrighted by The Consolidation Coal Company, Inc., 1925

each 1,000,000 horse-power of electric energy developed. In 1923 a law was passed authorizing government subsidies up to 600,000,000 francs for rural electrification. One-third of the total French railway mileage is indicated for electrification, and the work is progressing, notwithstanding the fact that the railways for political reasons operate at a loss and require annually large grants of credit from the state. Parallel to the work of reconstruction, the state undertook also a great deal of original work, such as the development of ports and waterways; not to mention that at the same time it was pushing as never before the national dream of empire in Morocco and lending heavily to its political allies in Europe, especially Poland and Jugo-Slavia. Most of this credit was spent in France for goods.

The Building Boom in Paris

Raising material in three dimensional forms, useful, recreational and decorative, became at length a national passion. You would think the French people with one impulse had been resolved not only to restore what had been destroyed in war but to have besides all the things they might have had if the war had never happened. Paris is full of new work, finished, finishing and beginning. Its character is both public and private. Much of it has either political or economic importance and is therefore self-justified. Tearing down the old ramparts, now obsolete in the military sense, to make room for cheap dwellings is economic. So also is the great architectural layout down both sides of the Seine for the Exposition of Decorative and Industrial Arts, to take place this year. The magnificent Oriental center, with its sacred mysterious Mohammedan temple—heathen forbidden—building on the left bank of the Seine against a background of new elevator apartment houses in the latest Western style, is an impressive political gesture. But costly new stadiums, new swimming pools, new boulevards, are with difficulty regarded in any category of political or economic necessity. In the heart of Paris a mass of old private property has been condemned and swept away in order to cut the Boulevard Haussmann through to a juncture with the Grand Boulevards; and a boulevard twenty miles long and 300 feet wide from Paris to St.-Germain has just been voted.

Four new theaters de luxe have been opened in Paris within twelve months. Several large hotels are building in central Paris. Hotel living is more costly in Paris than in New York. The city is extremely prosperous, excitedly congested. The number of shops has increased. The great department stores have built themselves more spacious housings. And although there is an acute housing problem on the lower plane, requiring public credit to be expended in large amounts, there is a surplus of expensive furnished apartments for people of means. Many speculative builders are in trouble for want of credit, which is very dear; and yet high real-estate values are holding. The reason for this is that when people sell their real estate they do not know what to do with the money. They are afraid to put it in government bonds. Real estate is safer, even at inflated prices.

Through all this pyramid of physical achievement run the seven colors of speculation—inevitably. You cannot have a building boom without speculation. And recall, there has never been in the world before a boom like this. It was impossible that the state, the municipalities and all the great and little proprietors should exploit the use of credit as they have without producing a certain effect upon national ways of thinking and feeling. Everybody has a little credit. What one will do with it is determined not so much by necessity as by example.

Tradition, before the war, was that one waited for what one wanted until one had earned or saved it. Example, since the war, has been that of having the thing first, having it now for purposes of present enjoyment, and paying for it later. And people all the way down the scale have been touched by this contagion. Thrift is still a virtue; precept remembers it; but spending is modern.

Three years ago some Americans came to Paris with a scheme, already highly developed in the United States, for selling automobiles on the installment plan through money-lending or credit companies organized for that purpose. They were surprised to learn that it could not be done. No French law had ever contemplated a transaction of that character. Specifically, the seller of the car could not retain title during the period of payment. The Americans went home in disgust. But now automobiles are sold on the installment plan in France, as they are in the United States, through finance companies; and, also as in the United States, the maker of the French lizzie sells his car direct to the buyer on credit and does the largest business of all. We would not call it a cheap car. It sells for $1000.

Motor Sales in France

They go now even further in France. Credit companies advertise in the newspapers to buy and deliver to you not only any new car you may happen to want but any secondhand car you may wish to possess. As you may suppose, the installment method has wonderfully increased the popular use of automobiles. Before the war, there were fewer than 10,000 motor cars circulating natively in France. The present number is above 400,000, not counting motorcycles and side cars.

Naturally, the keepers of precept are scandalized. The old-fashioned editor of L'Intransigeant writes:

"Economy! We would advertise this word in letters of fire, with luminous signs in the manner of Citroén." Citroén is the name of the popular car that people are buying on credit. "The war," he adds, "was a school of waste."

All the same, no boom, no sudden progress in wealth and power, without extravagance and waste. Who should know this better than Americans? Wanting is stimulated. People are moved by wanting

(Continued on Page 153)

A Street in Verdun

THERE'S a Grinnell Pipe Hanger for every purpose—every structural condition. They can now be bought by anyone. Our [illegible] page Pipe Hanger Catalog puts 40 years' practical experience into usable shape for you. Send for it today

GRINNELL
Adjustable
PIPE HANGERS

McLaughlin's Key Question

THE Leviathan was twenty-four hours out of Southampton. Dawson ran his eye over the wireless news. One item caused him to start: "It is McLaughlin," he exclaimed, handing the printed sheet to his companion, a well-known consulting engineer.

"*The report was confirmed today that Edward McLaughlin, who is returning from Europe on the Leviathan, has resigned as President of the Amico Emulsion Company. Announcement of his future plans will be made on his arrival Thursday.*"

"If," said Dawson, with kindling eyes, "if we could only get him to head *our* Company, now that we've clinched the rights to the improved French process, we would surely turn the tables on his old concern and give them a taste of the competition that has driven us hard for ten years."

"Right! McLaughlin was the brains of your competition," replied the Consulting Engineer. "Why don't you get hold of him tonight? Lay everything before him. Offer him the presidency and *you* take the Chairmanship of the Board."

* * * * *

IN a sheltered corner of the main deck, after an hour's earnest discussion, McLaughlin gave Dawson his answer.

"With all due respect, Dawson, if you had ten French processes we couldn't work together. There's a basic difference in our business principles—a difference simple enough to explain but hard for men of your training to grasp. In that portfolio of plans for your new building I could find a dozen samples of what I call costly economy."

"You mean my plans and specifications are open to criticism?" gasped the Consulting Engineer.

"Perhaps so—perhaps not. But let me ask you one question—the key question I always ask myself. It is this—'Mack, would you buy this same thing if you had to make your living selling its performance against the performance of anything else on the market?'"

"Why, that bars you from ever buying anything on price," exclaimed Dawson.

"Most certainly it does," McLaughlin exploded. "But let's stop generalizing. Open that portfolio and 10-to-1 I'll show you from your blueprints how you plan to cheat your company and your stockholders!"

Dawson's eyes snapped. "Show him the heating system. Show him your engineering layout that saved us $4,000."

"No," demurred the Consulting Engineer, "you insisted on steam heat when I proposed to use hot water. Let's take power."

McLaughlin: "For a reason I'll tell you about in a minute, I would like to prove my point with Mr. Dawson's heating system. There you are," he exclaimed, stretching out the first blueprint. "Two stories, 140 x 400; no need to go any further. If you were selling heat to this plant instead of making your own heat, and were in competition with me and a hot water system, you wouldn't have a Chinaman's chance.

"I could give you better heat for $1,000 less per year and still make a bigger profit than you could with your low *first-cost* steam system. To save $4,000 on first cost you saddle your company with $1,000 extra expense a year forever."

"Why, that's plain as a pikestaff," laughed Dawson, turning to his Consulting Engineer. "Why didn't you illustrate it to me by a 'Buying-heat,' 'selling-heat example' instead of all that stuff about 'heat losses,' 'flexibility,' 'frictional resistances' and 'B. T. U's'?"

Consulting Engineer: "Because I'm not McLaughlin. That faculty of making other people see what he sees is what makes McLaughlin McLaughlin."

McLaughlin: "That's a mighty fine compliment, but I'd never have succeeded so easily if I had taken as my example power, machines or building construction, although the point is true just the same."

President (ruminating): "Always buy a thing as if you were going to sell its performance—it's a new idea."

McLaughlin: "To a great many men, yes, and that's why I am launching a company to sell heat on the largest scale ever undertaken in America. Even in Wall Street they were interested. I showed them how the Heat Utilization Committee of the National District Heating Association reported at the last meeting in Atlantic City that by actual comparison hot water heating saves 20 to 50% in fuel as against steam."

Consulting Engineer: "It does if you get the right system put in right."

McLaughlin: "I've got that licked. I've found one firm that sells as I buy—on performance. That's Grinnell Company."

* * * * *

FOR further information write today to Grinnell Company, Inc., 302 W. Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

Automatic Sprinkler Systems | Steam & Hot Water Heating Equipment | Humidifying and Drying Equipment | Fittings, Hangers and Valves | Pipe Bending, Welding, etc. | Power and Process Piping

If it's Industrial Piping, take it up with us

Live Where You Want To!

Build your home where you like. It makes no difference where the gas mains end.

For science has developed remarkable new oil stoves which give suburban and country homes the cooking convenience enjoyed in the city.

These finer stoves—the Perfection Oil Ranges—cook with the speed of gas. Their instant heat, their cleanliness and dependability are setting an entirely new standard of oil stove cooking.

They combine the best ideas in modern stove construction—durable enamel top—straight leg, substantial design—roomy shelves—beauty and convenience.

The Perfection is so completely satisfactory, the year around, that the burden of cooking with coal or wood need no longer keep your family from the enjoyment of suburban life.

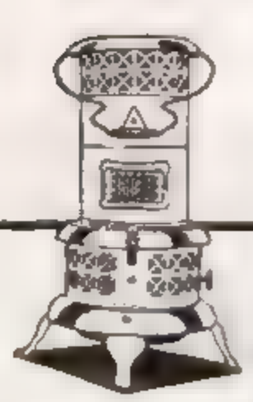
Let your dealer demonstrate Perfection's gas-like cooking service.

THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO., *7300 Platt Ave. Cleveland, Ohio*

In Canada, the Perfection Stove Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario

PERFECTION

Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens



For quick warmth, whenever and wherever needed—the Perfection Oil Heater.

For abundant hot water in homes without gas—the Perfection Kerosene Water Heater.

For best results use Perfection Ovens on Perfection Stoves. All styles, sizes and prices.

(Continued from Page 150)

to exert their minds. From greater exertion of mind comes more of having.

True, there may be a financial collapse. If the French boom is spared this experience, it will be unique in one more respect. What of it? We, who know booms, know something the French have yet to learn The financial collapse is a passing catastrophe, never a final disaster. The worst that can happen is that fanciful expectations of profit will be disappointed. A great deal of speculative, illusory, fictitious capital may be lost. The ecstasy will be ironed out. None of this is fundamentally serious. People will talk of going back to their old shoes; everybody will exhort everyone else to do it; in fact nobody will. Why? Because they have learned to want more. The means to greater wealth—the mills, the industries, the methods, the improved mechanical equipment—it is all there. It will not be idle. It will only be worked harder than before. In a little while the catastrophe is forgotten. In a little while the actual production of wealth is greater than the sum of all disappointed expectations. Have we not seen it again and again?

All this now is and will be true of France. Her power in wealth is multiplied. Her resources are even greater than she can imagine. In the modern sense, she is a new country, ripe for development. The contrasts are theatrical. You see high-power transmission lines criss-crossing the country on concrete poles—the beginning of national electrification—and under these new copper wires peasants still plowing with oxen. From oxen to electrically equipped agriculture at one step!

How the Bond Reads

There is already too much in this picture. You may get from it certain broad impressions. The point not to be lost is that all this experience has been original in France. The people had no tradition to guide them. Immemorially, they were the people who saved, who did without in order to save more, who loaned their money at interest to the reckless people of the world. They had always this tremendous power of credit, only they had never turned it upon themselves. Once they did, to serve their own impatience, they were immeasurably amazed. They know, of course, that borrowing for the present supposes payment from the future. But the idea at first was that all the consequences should be German. They carried their enormous reconstruction expenditures in a separate account, as recoverable—recoverable from the Germans. It was not their debt at all. It was Germany's debt.

Nevertheless, it is the credit of France that has been pledged. It is the future earning power of France that has been mortgaged. Her bond does not read, "Payable only provided Germany pays us." It reads, "France will pay." No conditions stipulated. Germany may never pay up. It is demonstrated that a nation cannot by any means be made to pay more than it is willing upon honor to pay—not even by force. In any event, what she will pay, as now seems very clear, must be less than the sum of those "recoverable" expenditures.

Now France begins to see the light of reality. She sees it in the disesteemed state of the franc, which is worth only about one fourth of its former gold value and is treated by the world as a debased unit of money, whereas the British pound sterling is back almost to its full prewar gold value, and Germany—even Germany—has a gold currency. The French franc at a discount as against the German mark. Fancy this!

She sees it in the fact that her credit in foreign countries compares unfavorably with that of Finland. It is worth in New York or London about what Turkish credit was worth in Paris before the war.

She sees it in the fact that her own investors are willing to lend her their savings only at a pawnbroker's rate of interest. Many of her investors would sooner send their savings to foreign countries if they could.

A Cavern of Temptation

And seeing all this, France is dazed. She speaks without minding the sense. She keeps saying, "France will pay. Her bond shall not be dishonored. She will pay every sou she owes." She means this. At the same time she cannot imagine paying. She never has paid. Always she has been the lender, the one to receive payment; now she is the borrower, the one to make payment, and it is altogether strange. She looks at her debt and her mind veers. The figures are astral. Four-hundred and-fifty billion francs! Is it supposed that a people can pay 450,000,000,000 francs? She says again, "France will pay." Having just looked at the debt, with that dizzy pattern of figures in her eye, she adds, "France will pay every sou she owes, but ——"

It is a little word—"but." In English three letters; in French only four. And what a powerful thought seed it is! It has produced in the French mind a cavern of temptation, in the darkness of which is a word beginning with *r* that no one quite dares to utter. It has produced a great malady of feeling, a diplomatic and public literature on the subject of international debt, and a tempest of French eloquence that comes to a climax in the Chamber of Deputies when someone says that since everybody else has forgotten what the war was about and thinks only of money, France, too, will speak of sacred things in terms of money. She will estimate the economic value of her dead at so much per head and set that against the debt she owes to her former Allies and associates in war.

It would be a blunder to take any of this at its literal value. When their minds are disturbed they make a furious sound. That is how they think, and you cannot tell from the sound they make how they will shape the conclusion.

What we are to understand is that their collective mind has not yet achieved the idea of paying. That will be a new feat. At one extreme they are so fascinated by the spectacle of credit calling industries and cities back out of the void that they forget the liability; going suddenly to the other extreme, they are aghast at the liability

A Building for the Agricultural Fair at Paris

MIDNIGHT . . .
and locked out!

Daily a hundred things crowd into your memory. Everyone forgets SOMETHING—*don't let it be your keys!*

THIS
will remember them

Every key you own ready for instant use—and doubly protected!

FLAT in your pocket—compact—flexible—a Keytainer never forgets your keys.

Filed away on its swivel hooks the key you want is always at your finger tips.

And you get—besides comfort and convenience—a new sense of security.

Also, every Keytainer pocket carries a numbered card. It offers a reward for return to Buxton Headquarters, where a similar card is always on file—filled out with your name and address. Only Buxton knows to whom those keys belong! When a lost Keytainer is sent in Buxton looks up the owner's number, forwards his missing keys, and mails the finder his reward—all free of cost.

* * *

You can get Buxton Keytainers in dozens of types and leathers. 2, 4, 6, and 8 hooks—and each hook holds two keys. Combination sets, too—one large and one small Keytainer. A wide assortment at one dollar—others less and more.

Jewelers, department stores, leather goods, stationery, haberdashery, hardware and drug stores carry Buxton Keytainers. Drop in and examine them—or let us send you the Book of Buxton Keytainers—free.

BUXTON Inc., 161 Chestnut St., Springfield, Mass., or 844 Marbridge Bldg., New York, N. Y.

BUXTON KEY·TAINER

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

Stainless!

No more tedious scouring and polishing

UNIVERSAL

Resistain Steel Cutlery

LIGHTENS your kitchen work because it will not rust, stain or tarnish. To keep clean and bright only soap and water are necessary.

Special Introductory Offer

To give everyone an opportunity of realizing the merits of this most important discovery in the manufacture of high grade cutlery, we will mail upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover postage and handling charge one 25 cent Resistain Steel Paring Knife.

UNIVERSAL Table and Kitchen Cutlery for all purposes can now be had in Resistain Steel.

Knife and Fork Set No. V7220 $9.00 Ivory Handles

Knife and Fork Set No. V7500 $15.00 Ivory Handles

Insist upon this Trade Mark

STAINLESS UNIVERSAL RESISTAIN STEEL

It is Your Protection

Border shows many other UNIVERSAL Household Helps Sold by all Good Dealers

Write Dept No. 28

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK
NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Manufacturers of the Famous Universal Home Needs for over Half a Century

3 Piece Carving Set No. 06410 $9.00 Others $6.00 to $15.00 Ivory and Stag Handles

Household Shear No. 3540 $1.25 each

Grape Fruit Knife No. 3670 50c each

Cake Turner No. 3630 $1.25 each

and forget the assets Thus their mind swings to and fro. When it has the courage to fix itself upon the idea of making payment, everything else will come clear and all this sound will be unremembered

Most of that 450,000,000,000 francs France owes to herself. She borrowed it from her own people. This is the internal debt. What she does with it is her own affair. She may compound it, postpone it, or forgive herself of it, as Germany did, and as has happened historically even in France. A nation does not get rich by paying or poor by not paying what it owes to itself. This question is moral and private. It is not the internal debt that worries France so much. She knows that what it represents is wealth here instead of there, but all within the circle

What she is really worried about, what she makes all that sound about, is the debt she owes abroad, to Great Britain and the United States. The amount of it is, roughly, $7,000,000,000. That happens to be approximately the sum of what the United States owed to Europe at the beginning of the war. It never worried us. The nation was unaware of that debt's existence. Outside of Wall Street, there were perhaps not a thousand persons who knew what our debt to Europe was, or cared. The reason was that we kept it good. We paid it, principal and interest, as it came due, and borrowed more.

Paying and Owing

Since they were hitherto great lenders, the French ought to know this paradox—that the will to pay is what satisfies the creditor. If you pay, your credit is kept good; if your credit is kept good, you borrow more—more actually than you pay, so that in fact you do not pay at all. It is the suddenness of their change from the mentality of creditor to that of debtor that prevents them from seeing this; the alternative is to suppose they see it and pretend otherwise, thinking to make a better settlement.

But, for example, if the French debt to the United States Government were funded on the same terms as those on which the British debt has been funded, the annual payment of interest and principal would amount approximately to $150,000,000 a year. Well, even now, though French credit is suffering from the fact that she has made no settlement with the United States Treasury she annually borrows from the United States that much money or more. In the year 1924 the French loans publicly floated in Wall Street—only those publicly announced—amounted to $159,000,000. That is to say, more new American capital was sent to France in that year than France would have sent to the United States on account of her debt to the American Treasury—if she had been paying it.

Obviously, there is no crushing burden in prospect for France in a settlement with the United States Treasury. If she were paying her debt to the American Government, her credit would be better in Wall Street, and she could borrow American capital on easier terms.

All that is needed is for France to get the idea of paying. The strain is mental Actually she will not have to send shiploads of gold to the United States. The movement is much more likely to be the other way.

She will borrow more than she pays. She is doing it even now.

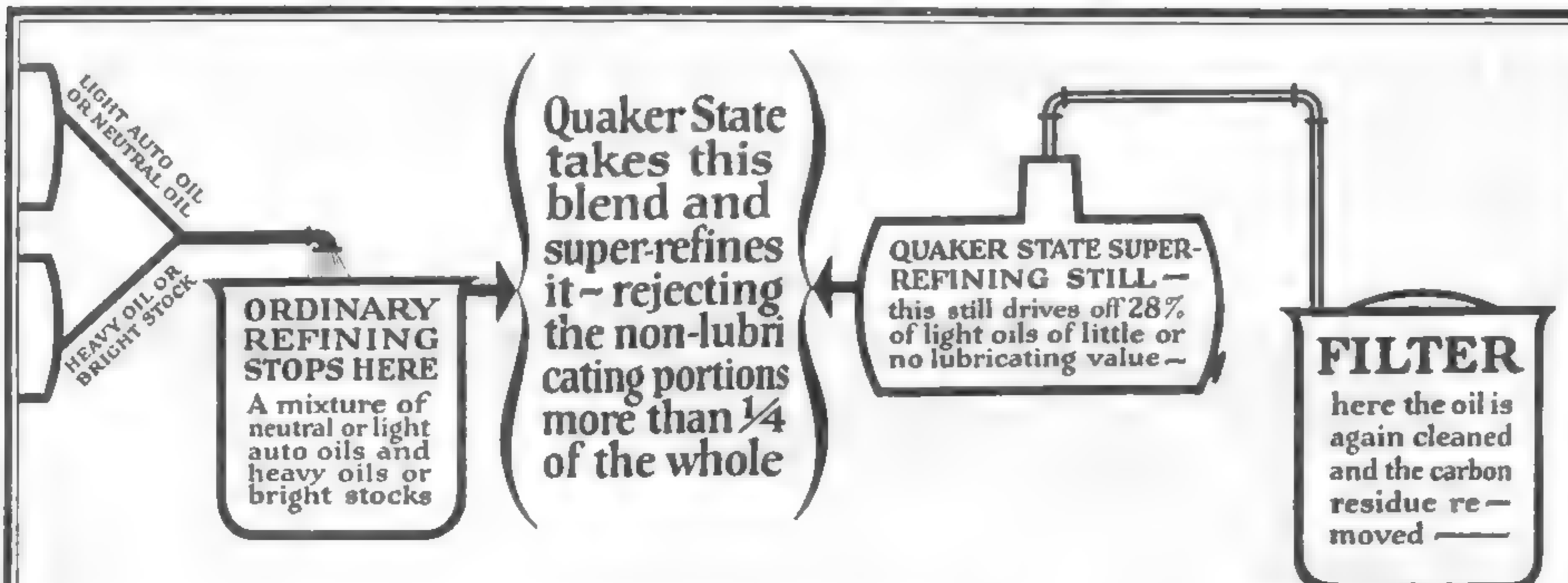
The Influx of Spenders

Out of one industry alone—the highest profit industry she has and one that is not mentioned in her table of resources—the debt to the United States Treasury might be discharged. That is the industry of entertainment. The constant American population in France is officially estimated at 36,000 These are spenders That is why they come -to spend their money They fill the hotels and cafés. Ketchup, which is supposed to be their favorite condiment, has been introduced on the restaurant sideboards. "W" has been added to the French alphabet for their special happiness. There is more English spoken in France than in some New England states.

These Americans spend annually in France, frivolously, a sum of money more than enough to pay the principal and interest of the French debt to the United States Treasury. It is probably not less than $200,000,000.

To their own country many of them are a political liability, and to the French a source of confusion. They become so charmed with French hospitality that they feel constrained to speak of the debt, saying largely, "Don't worry about that. We don't want it, really. Forget it." The French, wishing to believe this, very easily do. They thought it was so last December when they instructed their ambassador to appear before the American Debt-Funding Commission at Washington with certain proposals which they had been led to believe would be acceptable. They were not. They were in fact so extremely unacceptable that one member of the Debt-Funding Commission almost said the word that begins with r and lies in the darkness of the cavern of French temptation. The ambassador was astonished and hurt, and couldn't believe his senses until he had made the further mistake of appealing publicly from the hard-heartedness of the Debt-Funding Commission to what he supposed was American sentiment. Then he found out. And the French Government said it was all his fault. Nevertheless, Americans are still telling the French Government what it is wistful to believe.

A Scene Along the Custer Battlefield Highway, South Dakota


LIGHT AUTO OIL OR NEUTRAL OIL
HEAVY OIL OR BRIGHT STOCK
ORDINARY REFINING STOPS HERE
A mixture of neutral or light auto oils and heavy oils or bright stocks
Quaker State takes this blend and super-refines it – rejecting the non-lubricating portions more than ¼ of the whole
QUAKER STATE SUPER-REFINING STILL – this still drives off 28% of light oils of little or no lubricating value –
FILTER
here the oil is again cleaned and the carbon residue removed

Are You Satisfied With ¾ When You Might Have It All?

Ordinary motor oil is a mixture. Oil refiners speak of it as "a blend of neutral oils and bright stocks." About a quarter of this mixture is of little value as a motor lubricant.

Quaker State Motor Oil is refined by a different and exclusive process—*super-refined*. Where the makers of ordinary oils call it a day and quit—that's where Quaker State's *super-refining* starts. And it doesn't stop until it has gotten rid of the non-lubricating portion, more than a quarter of the whole. This is a sweeping statement—but easily proved by a visit to any one of our refineries. Or, since most of you live a long way off, let us send you a chart—part of which is reproduced above—which shows how Quaker State's exclusive *super-refining* starts where ordinary oils stop. This chart lays the facts before you clearly and simply—you can then choose your motor oil with your eyes open.

Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant. It contains neither the light, non-lubricating fraction—ordinarily classed as non-viscous in character—nor the heavy, residual portion which clogs oil passages and burns to flint-hard carbon in the cylinders.

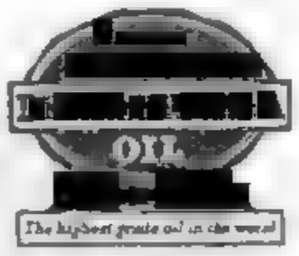
Quaker State Motor Oil is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude—everywhere recognized as the best for motor oils. Quaker State's exclusive *super-refining* process utilizes only the *cream of the crude*—a barrel of crude producing only 2½ gallons of Quaker State Motor Oil. Naturally, Quaker State Motor Oil is higher priced by the gallon than inferior oils, but measured in car miles run it is the cheapest oil you can use.

Bearing in mind the fact that Quaker State Motor Oil is *all* lubricant, it is easy to see why it has set such remarkable mileage records. And why, for ten years, it has been recommended by makers of fine cars—among others, Wills Sainte Claire, Franklin, and Rolls-Royce.

leaving a finished product which is Quaker State Medium Motor Oil —

THE CREAM OF THE CRUDE

QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES



QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

SUCCESSORS TO PHINNY BROTHERS CO. AND THE EASTERN REFINING CO.

OIL CITY, PA.

Let us send you the complete chart—a portion of which appears above—showing clearly the ordinary refining methods—and how Quaker State *super-refining* starts where ordinary oils stop. Just fill in your name and address, and mail to Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

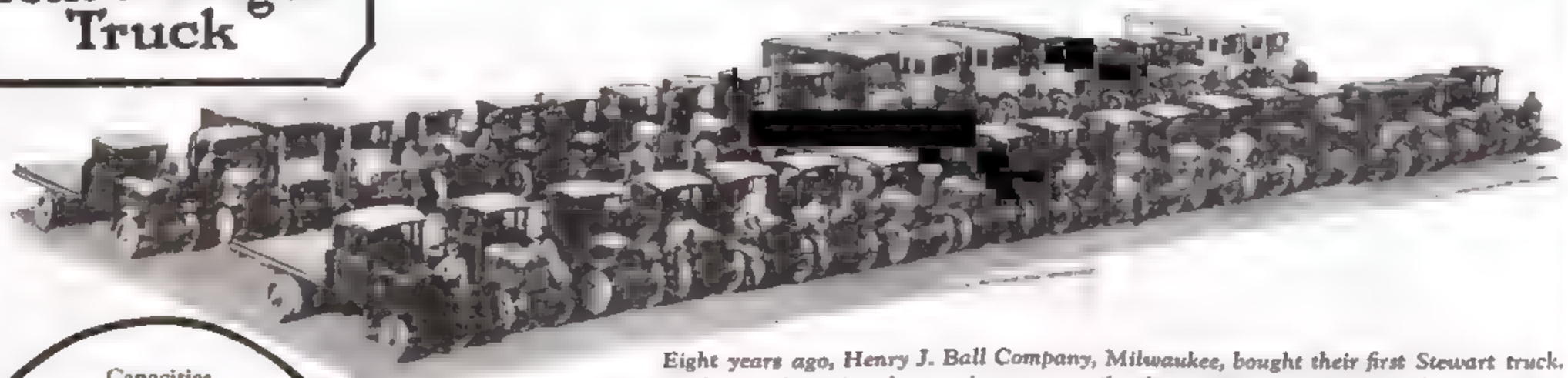
NAME _____

STREET _____

TOWN _____

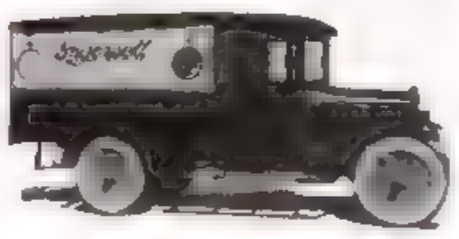
STATE _____

Hundreds of Stewart fleets have grown from a single Truck



Eight years ago, Henry J. Ball Company, Milwaukee, bought their first Stewart truck. Each year thereafter the number grew until today 49 Stewarts comprise the Ball Fleet.

Capacities
One to Four Ton



1 TON SPEED TRUCK—5 bearing crank shaft—motor 3⅝" x 5" force feed oil—140" wheelbase—sturdy, bevel gear truck axle.

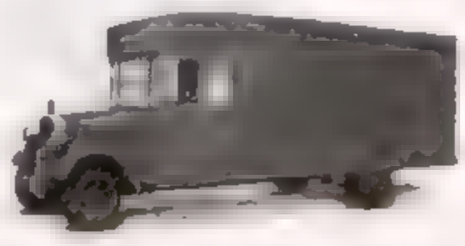
$1195 chassis

1½ TON SPEED TRUCK—5 bearing crank shaft—motor 4" x 5" force feed oil—145" wheelbase—sturdy bevel gear truck axle.

$1595 chassis

STEWART BUS CHASSIS—6 cylinder motor—108" wheelbase—frame 22½" from ground—force feed oil—sturdy bevel gear live axle—66" tread

$3950 chassis



THE STEWART SIX CYLINDER 198" WHEELBASE BUS CHASSIS is ideally suited for city work, long distance hauling, fire equipment and oil tanks

All Prices F. O. B. Buffalo, Plus tax

To Dealers

More trucks will be sold in 1925 than in any previous year. If Stewarts are not represented in your locality, write or wire us for details of the liberal Stewart Franchise.

Why do Fleets Grow from a Single Stewart Truck?

Is it Long Life?

Throughout the world many 4, 6, 8, 10 and even 12 year old Stewarts are still running.

Is it Economy?

We can show you a list of owners, taken at random, who have driven their Model 16 Stewarts 483,835 miles at an average of 14.9 miles per gallon of gasoline and $12.63 yearly repair cost per truck.

Is it High Value?

Stewart trucks are not "cheap", although their prices are low—made possible by up-to-date factory and production methods. Point for point, they are designed to outlive and outwork ordinary trucks—to give the most truck value for the least money.

Is it Steady Service?

Stewart trucks are noted for staying on the road and out of the repair shop. Repair bills are exceptionally low, due to Stewart modern, simple design.

Is it a Responsible Maker?

Stewart trucks have been built for 12 years in a modern, well equipped plant, by a financially sound company. Stewarts have always been good trucks; they are better today than ever before. Stewarts will never be "orphans".

Is it Service?

The Stewart sales and service organization covers not only the United States and Canada but forty-one foreign countries.

These are facts which tell you why hundreds of Stewart fleets have grown from a single truck. Owners and drivers everywhere say that Stewarts are "America's Greatest Truck Value."

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Export Branch—90 West Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

THE GRAY SPELL

(Continued from Page 19)

With the acceptance of the fact that here was a situation he could not dominate, Ethan seemed to change somewhat, as if his strong ego had been shaken. He had for a long time exerted the strength of three men, and now he was tired. He was not quite so sure of his own rightness, a trifle less domineering. He had got badly into debt during his wild plunging into a cure for Alvira's mysterious malady, and he had now to pinch and toil to get out again. Though he was not yet forty he began to look fully that age. The office of district attorney had been allowed to go to someone else during his preoccupation with Alvira's illness, and he did not seem to mind greatly.

The household had in the meantime been gradually readjusting itself. It was as if it had reshaped itself to accommodate a bed. No matter which way the currents of that household were minded to flow, they had to flow around or against the fact of that bed, so that naturally the center of the household became Alvira.

Her bed had been placed in what was known as the parlor bedroom, which opened off the general living room of the little house. At Alvira's right hand was a window through which she could look out to the street and the square. Thus she could oversee the passing, as her neighbors said. The door from the bedroom to the sitting room had been widened, so that the interior of her house lay open to her. It was said of Alvira that she could see and hear more from her bed than most folks could on their feet, and that she had more control over her family than any well woman in town.

It was certainly true that the lives of her family were directed and controlled quite remarkably by the invalid. Not only her children but Ethan himself came under the power of that voice from the bed. For as she lay there month after month, year after year, Alvira's personality grew into a definite force, as if lying there she drew to herself something from everyone who sent out to her thoughts of pity or of forbearance.

She was by no means an idle woman. She heard her children's lessons, corrected their manners, made their clothes, watched from her window how they deported themselves in public. And lying there, she gradually came to direct—by ear, so to speak—every detail of life within that small house.

There were still, of course, a good many persons who believed that Alvira could leave her bed if she chose. But one day something happened that awed and convinced even her critics.

The youngest child, little Ethan, was of an adventurous and roving disposition, and one day he disappeared. He had asked his mother if he might go next door, and she had heard his voice during the afternoon in the adjoining yard. But at suppertime he did not appear. The neighbor's children had not seen him since three; no one in town, it developed, had seen him; he had mysteriously vanished. The house was searched, the street was combed, and finally the whole town was aroused by the ringing of the fire bell.

And now friends and doubters alike began to say, "If Alvira Pell can get out of bed she'll do so now," regardless of the fact that she could do no good if she did by a miracle arise. For now they were searching the river bank with lanterns, and riding off after a tramp who had passed through town that afternoon. "What mother would lie still and helpless at such a time," they said, "if she could arise?"

But in her bed Alvira remained, although her face was strained with suffering. The evening wore on toward midnight, and by this time even the women were searching the fields and the creek. Doctor Will had just come riding in from a case up the valley when one of Alvira's next-door neighbors came running out to the barn, where he was unhitching his horse. She was in a state of high alarm over Alvira. It seemed that she had been told off to remain with Alvira, but had gone for a few moments to her own house to fetch some hot soup. When she came back she found Alvira in a deep faint. She had not been able to revive her. The doctor and the neighbor woman hurried to the house and found Alvira unconscious.

When the doctor had applied restoratives Alvira opened her eyes, seemed dazed for a second, and then cried, "I have seen my boy!"

"How? Where?" exclaimed the neighbor.

"In a vision, a vision," Alvira told them, trembling and wild. "He is in that little attic over the kitchen. He is in a hole behind the kitchen chimney. Hurry, hurry!"

They groped, bent over, through the attic, which was no more than an air space above the kitchen, and found the boy in a stupefied sleep behind the warm chimney. Alvira at once had hysterics. The searchers came in from the highways and fields and crowded the house with their awe and rejoicing.

After a few minutes the doctor turned everyone out of Alvira's room and sat himself down for a soothing talk with her. He did not think it good for his patient to look upon herself as the recipient of an authentic vision. He suggested to her that she had had an ordinary dream.

"Didn't you know that little Ethan knew about the attic and the hole behind the chimney?"

"Well, yes. He told me once that he had played there, and I scolded him."

"Quite so. You see, you'd been going over in your mind every place the boy was in the habit of visiting, and when you dropped asleep for a moment you naturally dreamed of the attic."

"Perhaps," she murmured, dropping her defensive eyelids.

"Well, anyhow, he's safe, so now you must settle down and forget it. How's the pulse?"

He drew her hand from under the coverlet. And with his finger on her pulse he saw something that greatly interested him. He tipped the lampshade to give him a better light and said quietly, "Alvira, how did you get all those slivers in your palm?"

Her eyes flew open sharply, the pupils widening. She drew away her hand without replying. Then suddenly he pulled the blanket and sheet up from the bottom of the bed, to which she protested sharply, "What are you doing?"

"I only want to see if you have slivers in your knees too," he replied grimly.

When he had replaced the covers and sat down again, he looked at her sternly. "Now, Alvira, how did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Get up to that attic and back again without help?"

She gazed at him without a word for a moment, and then she said with slow emphasis, "I don't know what you are talking about."

Their eyes met. He knew he was up against an unbeatable will; she would never admit anything that did not suit her purpose, whatever that was. He rose and picked up his medicine case.

"Well, Alvira, I don't know what you are up to. It is plain enough to me that you are a fraud. If you can crawl you can walk. But I wash my hands of you from now on."

All she said to this was, "What are you going to say to Ethan?"

He thought this over in a fine quandary. He of course knew, from the evidence of her hands and knees, that she had crawled and dragged herself to the attic when the neighbor woman was absent. He could imagine that lying in her bed, alone for the moment, she had suddenly remembered the hole behind the chimney. It had been intolerable to her to lie there, thinking that perhaps the child might have fallen into it, might be ill or suffocated. And scarcely knowing what she did, she had got herself up those stairs. It was a feat, but he had known stranger things to happen under stress of great emotion. But it would be a difficult thing to explain to Ethan, especially since she had claimed a vision.

And if he went out of that room now and admitted to Ethan that in his opinion his wife had been humbugging him all these years their lives would crash about them. For Ethan believed in Alvira. If he were disillusioned what would happen to his proud and irascible nature? On the other hand, if Ethan knew, could he force her to get up and walk?

Gazing down at Alvira's face, which to his mind at that moment resembled one of the gray rocks in local pastures, the doctor had his doubts about anyone's forcing Alvira to do anything she did not choose to do. For some reason obscure to him she had taken up a line, and that line it was

All Yours
for a few cents a day!

200 gals. per hour capacity
It's Automatic

Prices

120 gallons per hour capacity pump 60-cycle motor 8-gallon galvanized tank complete $84.75

200 gallons per hour capacity pump 60-cycle motor 15-gal long galvanized tank complete $115.00

Also larger sizes, for engine or electric drive, correspondingly low priced.

Prices, cash f. o. b. factory

WATER under PRESSURE
means modern comforts in your home

WATER under pressure is one of the greatest modern factors of health and sanitation in the home. Even if you do not live along city water mains, you can have plenty of water under pressure in bath, kitchen, laundry, barn, watering trough, garage—*anywhere*. *At very low cost* you, too, can have this greater aid to health—this modern, scientific development that brings with it immeasurable comfort and removes the daily drudgery of carrying water.

The comfort and convenience of a sanitary indoor toilet are alone well worth the slight cost. And think what it means to the health of the children to have plenty of fresh, running water always at your command. If you are engaged in farming you know that a good supply of water is necessary in maintaining a healthy condition among your stock.

The operation of the electric outfit illustrated is automatic—self-starting, self-oiling, self-priming. Attaches to any electric light circuit. There is a plant for drawing water from any source—cistern, spring, lake, river, shallow well or deep well. Whether you live on a farm, country estate, in town or at a summer resort, the plant is quickly and easily installed. If your town does not furnish soft water, you will find this plant ideal for supplying rain water under pressure.

If electric current is not available we furnish a gasoline or kerosene power outfit which is equally serviceable.

See the authorized Fairbanks-Morse dealer in your community.

Send for free Water Service Library

The subject of water under pressure is fully covered in these interesting, valuable booklets. Following are a few of the chapter headings: "The Cheapest Servant You Can Hire"—"Health and Happiness in Your Home"—"Adding to Property Value"—"Increasing Farm Profits"—"Reducing Fire Risk"—"Protecting Baby's Health"—and many more. Fill in and mail the coupon.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago, U.S.A.
Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every Line a Leader"

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Dept. L-3
900 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me your free Water Service Book. My source of water supply is ☐ Lake ☐ Spring ☐ Stream ☐ Deep Well ☐ Shallow Well ☐ Cistern

Name

Address R. F. D.

Town State

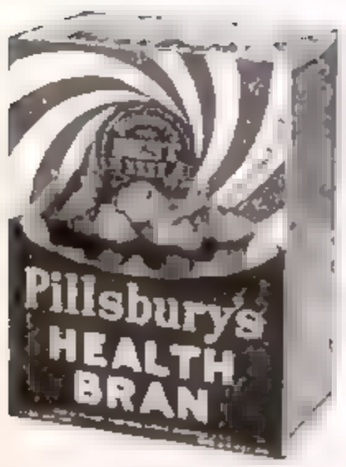
everyone likes these Pillsbury **bran muffins**

HERE is the popular way to eat bran! In Pillsbury bran muffins! These are not ordinary bran muffins. They are *Pillsbury* muffins —unusually delicious.

You can't match their flavor, their lightness, their tempting golden-brown color unless you make them exactly as these were made. Follow the special Pillsbury recipe on the Pillsbury package. And be sure you use Pillsbury's Health Bran. No other recipe and no other bran will give the same result.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is natural wheat bran—uncooked, unchanged, unadulterated. The large, coarse, crisp Pillsbury bran flakes reach you just as Nature grew them. We sterilize and pack them air-tight. They're brimful of health—Nature's own food laxative, an unequalled safeguard against faulty elimination.

Because it is *natural* bran, Pillsbury's Health Bran may be eaten in a wide variety of appetizing ways; you'll never tire of it. Twenty suggestions for serving are given in our Health Bran book, sent free on request. Write today. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.



Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour • Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour • Health Bran
Wheat Cereal • Rye Flour • Graham Flour • Farina

Pillsbury's Health Bran

One of the family

plain she would stick to until —— Until when?

That was what he could not see, any more than he could make out the hidden springs of her actions. And it seemed to him, being by that time experienced in human vagaries, that he had small right to meddle with a situation he did not fully understand, especially when the situation involved husband and wife. He had learned to be wary of that boomerang.

So it was with a sense of defeat and some bewilderment that he exclaimed, "The Lord help you, Alvira! You're a stone wall of a woman. Who am I that I should butt my head against you?"

"Who indeed?" retorted Alvira with a faint sound halfway between a snort and a chuckle. Then she turned her face to the wall, and the incident was closed.

At least it was closed so far as the doctor was concerned, but Alvira reaped from it quite a harvest of respect, tinged with awe, as was due a woman who can see visions. Time slipped past. Occasionally a harried housewife, especially in canning and housecleaning seasons, remarked that she guessed she'd take to her bed—Alvira Pell seemed to have a pretty good time of it, what with people always calling on her, and a husband who was as good a housekeeper as anyone could wish for.

"Yes, and see what he's come to!" the man addressed would often answer. "Used to be the smartest young lawyer in the county. They ta ked of him for district attorney once. But he's kind of lost his grip, somehow. That comes of doing woman's work."

It was true that Ethan had aged and grown milder, as if having to temper his whole life to a woman who could always close her eyelids and become limp upon her pillows had taken the spirit out of him. He became by the time he was forty-five rather like an elderly horse that in a fiery colthood had been too heavily ridden.

His children, as they grew older, somewhat, as the neighbors said, put upon him. Perhaps this was because all their lives they had seen him in a gingham apron. His theories of training and education had long since been abandoned. It was Alvira who wielded the real authority over the children.

The fact was that Alvira Pell, apparently an inert body, shut in by four walls, had grown to be the very core, the controlling personality in that house. And Ethan in attending her had been obliged to clip his own wings.

Doctor Will sometimes asked himself how much longer he ought to let Alvira keep it up. But being not quite sure in his own mind what it was she was keeping up, and perceiving as he grew older more and more sides to all human relationships, he left the situation to time. And time produced finally Mrs. Moffat.

It was spring. With the first crocus, house cleaning, like a spring madness, broke out in the town. When the doctor turned in at the gate for a neighborly call on Alvira Pell he saw that even a masculine housekeeper must succumb to the blight. Ethan Pell was just dodging into the closet under the stairs with two feather pillows and a large bag of new feathers in his arms. He grinned at the doctor somewhat shamefacedly, for he wore a voluminous feminine garment.

"I told him to take those pillows under the stairs to refill them," said Alvira. "You know how feathers fly. I told him to put my old Mother Hubbard over his clothes. Did he have it on?"

The doctor assured her that Ethan did, and they chatted, all unaware that a remarkable crisis hovered over that house. The sound of carpets being beaten came in through the open windows, along with the odor of burning leaves in the side yard. Occasionally a muffled malediction crackled from under the stairs where Ethan wrestled with his feathers, but this sound was not unpeaceful. And next door Mrs. Moffat sunned blankets in her back yard.

Now this Mrs. Moffat had an intense and long-harbored grudge against Ethan Pell because of a lawsuit which he had won against her. She was a hard woman with a noted tongue, but from some lingering fear of Ethan she had not directly attacked him.

But what she had done was worse than words. She had laughed at him. She always did it silently, in pantomime. The two houses were divided only by narrow side yards, and Mrs. Moffat had ample opportunity to exercise her histrionic gift for derision. Did Ethan step out to hang up dish towels, Mrs. Moffat was on her back porch and saw him. She would clap her hand over her mouth and go teetering into the house, as if the ridiculous sight was too much for her. When he shook a rug or cleaned the carpet sweeper or washed the windows, she stared silently with curling mouth. When he kneaded bread he had to close the kitchen door to keep out her disdainful smile.

Alvira, who knew nothing of this phase of the feud, asked him why he swept the sitting room with the shades drawn. He evaded the question with some temper, for Mrs. Moffat and her laughter had begun to get under his skin.

Thus stood affairs between him and Mrs. Moffat on this spring day when Ethan, coming out from under the stairs for a breath, saw from the kitchen window that the bonfire he had made had crept into the dried stubble of a flower bed and was merrily eating away at a fence post. Completely forgetting his feminine garment, he dashed out with a pail of water.

There was a certain excuse for Mrs. Moffat. Exceedingly comical was Ethan in a yellow Mother Hubbard and with his hair full of feathers. But of course if Mrs. Moffat had had an ounce of decency she would not have stood at the top of her kitchen steps and laughed aloud.

The sound of that thin laughter curdled the sweetness of the spring morning. It was like the flick of a lash on an old wound. Ethan, at the first note of it, stopped, dropped his pail and looked up, crimson in the face.

"You shut up!" he roared. "You—you harridan!"

With that Mrs. Moffat came down to the fence. She clutched the top rail with vicious fingers.

"And what are you?" she shrilled. "You poor little henpecked poodle! Just a tame house cat, that's what you are! Washing dishes and making beds and bossed around by a woman that pretends she can't get out o' bed. Ho! She snaps the whip and you come running, all right. And you ain't got sense enough to know that she's fooling you. Ha, ha! It's funny to see the way she ——"

"Be quiet, woman!" Ethan recovered himself sufficiently to roar.

But Mrs. Moffat was intoxicated by her rage and by this splendid opportunity. She merely leaned farther over the fence and loosened her infamous tongue. She pointed out to Ethan in words of no uncertain meaning how completely emasculated he was, how he was the laughingstock of the town—which was a cruel exaggeration—and how she herself looked down upon one who called himself a man and yet was ruled by a woman, a bedridden woman at that. And how she despised a man who had no more spirit than to do womanish tasks and wear a woman's clothes, a man who was such a fool that every day of his life his wife pulled the wool over his eyes.

Her concluding shot was to the effect that Ethan ought to go and look at himself in the mirror, for now he was dressed as he really should be, in his wife's clothes. And she added with deplorable crudity that, as everybody knew, Alvira had long worn the trousers in that family.

In Alvira's bedroom the side window was open. This window gave directly upon the narrow strip of yard between her house and Mrs. Moffat's. Every word that Ethan and Mrs. Moffat said winged its way into the still room. Doctor Will had started to close the window when the fracas began, but Alvira had lifted her hand to forbid him. She lay propped up on her pillows, listening, with a strange expression in her face.

Doctor Will, shocked and yet amused by the situation, looked at the face of Ethan's wife. What she was thinking he could not make out, although it seemed to him that there was a certain expectancy and an enigmatic hopefulness stirring beneath the pale mask

Her eyes remained half closed until a pause came in the flow of Mrs. Moffat's vituperation, and then her eyelids lifted. She seemed to wait, listening keenly. There was silence from without.

"What's Ethan doing?" she at last whispered.

Doctor Will gazed out. There was the retreating triumphant back of Mrs. Moffat. And there was Ethan moving toward his own kitchen door, the yellow Mother Hubbard flapping about him. What he saw on Ethan's face was incredible. He leaned closer to the window.

(Continued on Page 161)

"61"
FLOOR VARNISH

Painted by Cushman Parker

Copyright 1925, P & L

When you stop to think how durable and waterproof "61" Floor Varnish is on floors and linoleum, you just begin to realize what an ideal finish it is for furniture and odd jobs around the house. Hot or cold water and other liquids *can not turn "61" Floor Varnish white.* Made in Clear and seven beautiful colors.

Color Card and Sample Panel, with names of P&L dealers will gladly be sent on request.

Save the surface and you save all

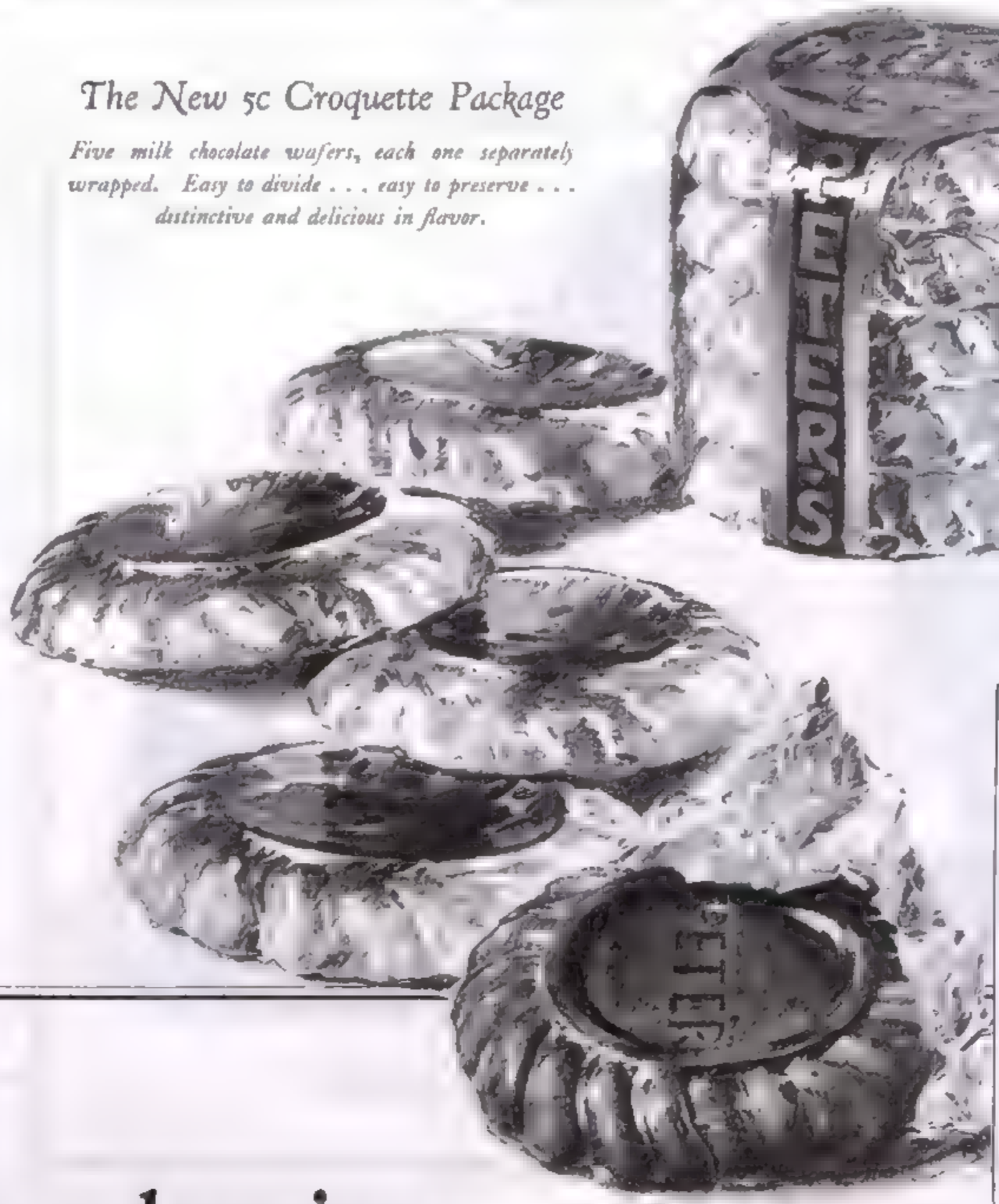
P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects, and sold by dealers everywhere.

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

The New 5c Croquette Package

Five milk chocolate wafers, each one separately wrapped. Easy to divide . . . easy to preserve . . . distinctive and delicious in flavor.



FIVE luscious between-meal morsels

—in each the fine rare PETER'S blend

TEMPTING—convenient—delicious—that is the new Peter's five cent croquette package.

Five wafers of rich milk chocolate—each one sealed in silver foil, kept absolutely fresh and pure until you are ready to eat it.

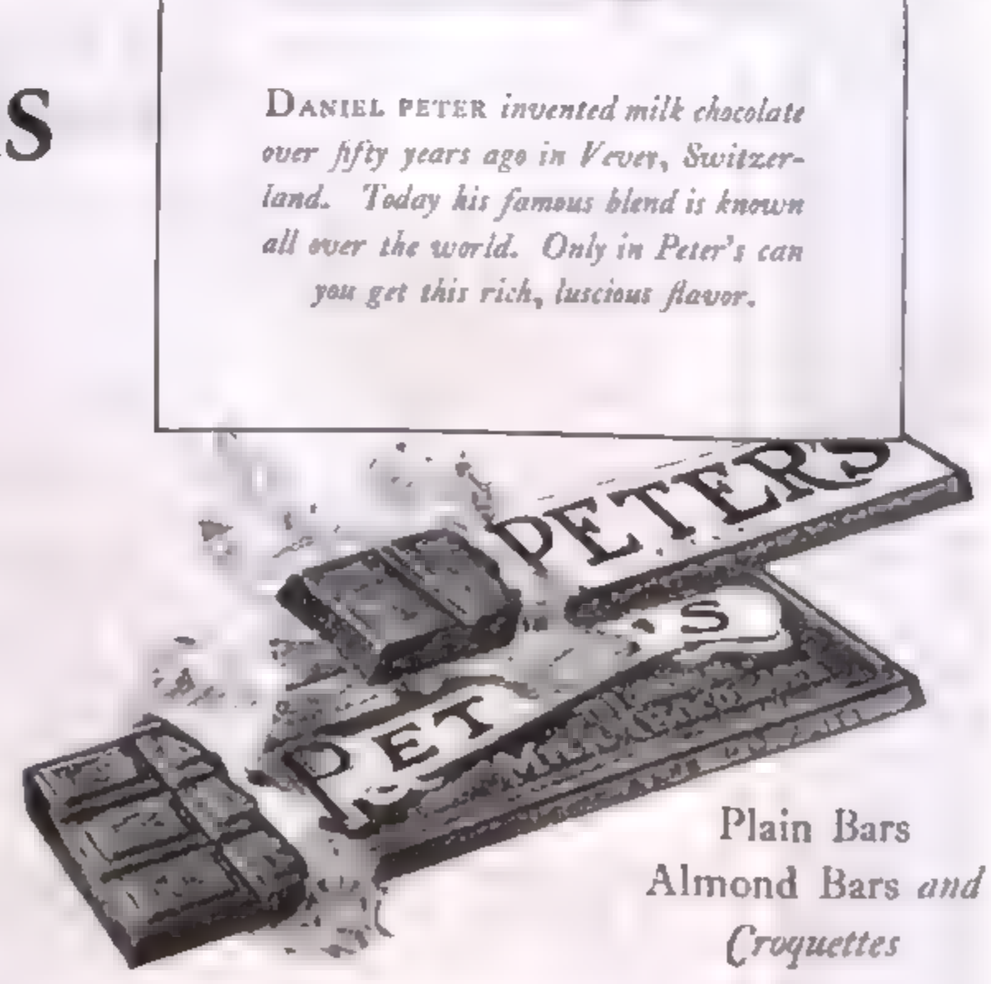
Each one of these is made with the Peter's blend—invented by Daniel Peter over fifty years ago at Vevey, Switzerland.

Today this same blend is yours in all its original perfection. Rich creamy milk and the six choicest varieties of cocoa beans are mixed together according to Daniel Peter's perfect formula.

This famous formula is still a secret—only trained experts in the Peter's factory know it. That is why only in Peter's can you find that distinctive luscious flavor.

You can buy Peter's in three forms—delicious plain bars, crisp almond bars, or the popular new five cent croquette package. Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate. Try Peter's today—the fine rare flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson Street, New York.

DANIEL PETER *invented milk chocolate over fifty years ago in Vevey, Switzerland. Today his famous blend is known all over the world. Only in Peter's can you get this rich, luscious flavor.*



Plain Bars
Almond Bars *and*
Croquettes

PETER'S MILK CHOCOLATE

(Continued from Page 158)

Alvira spoke again, impatiently, "What's he doing, I say?"

For an instant Doctor Will hesitated. The habit of sparing Alvira had grown, even upon him. Then he decided to let her have it.

"All right, Alvira, if you want to know," he cried angrily, "I'll tell you what he's doing—he's crying."

For the space of a long moment Alvira lay back upon her pillows, staring. Her face was stunned. But as if the blow had shattered a mask, presently her lips quivered. Then this curious stirring passed, and a grim color, a sort of healthy human rage suffused her whole countenance. Even her limp hands appeared to feel the angry blood flowing through them, for life came into them, they stiffened and pushed at the bedclothes.

"Help me. I'm going to get up," she exclaimed, glaring at the doctor.

She had actually thrown off the coverings before he could reach her side and lay a restraining hand on her arm. "Easy now, easy, Alvira. Remember you've been on your back a long time."

"Too long," she returned grimly. "See what I've done to Ethan. I'm going to get out of this bed. I'm going to show that Moffat woman who wears the Mother Hubbard in this house."

She would have thrown herself out of bed had not the doctor restrained her. He heard the kitchen door open and knew Ethan was coming.

"Think, Alvira—better go at this thing slowly. Don't let Ethan know you could have done it long ago."

"You are right. Shut that window. Ethan mustn't know."

She had resumed again her recumbent position, and her eyes were veiled when Ethan appeared in the door and inquired what she would like for dinner. He had brushed the feathers out of his hair and his face was composed.

Alvira looked up at him. "Ethan, I haven't said anything about it to you because I wasn't sure myself, but I've had such queer sensations in my legs lately, as if they sort of stretched themselves and weren't so dead-feeling. And today Doctor Will says I am certainly much stronger. He thinks it won't do any harm if I try sitting up in a chair a little every day. You tell him, doctor."

Under her compelling eyes Doctor Will cleared his throat and drove the dazed expression out of his face. "You see, it's like this, Ethan: There has been a certain condition of congestion, a sort of stoppage of the—er—motor impulses, due to—er—some hidden cause, which is now undoubtedly clearing up. It may not progress sufficiently to amount to anything, but on the other hand it—er—may. I should say that the best way would be to let Alvira go by her own feelings in the matter. Don't—don't cross her in anything she may want to do, I mean."

"Cross her? Has anybody crossed her in ten years?" A faint flash of his old ironic spirit came into Ethan's face.

Then to the astonishment of both men, Alvira suddenly burst into weeping. The tears coursed down her face, as a desert storm sends the water down a dry arroyo. It seemed to Doctor Will that he could see these tears driving ahead of them all the accumulated twisted rubbish of the married life of Ethan and Alvira. He felt hastily for his hat.

When he tiptoed softly out of the room, Alvira was clinging to Ethan and sobbing, "Oh, I believe I am going to walk again, if you will help me, Ethan. You will be patient with me and help me, won't you? You are so strong, so kind and good to me, Ethan."

And Ethan, astonished, but expanding ever so little, was patting her shoulder and saying, "Why, of course, I'll help you, Ally." He had gone back to her girlhood name. "You just leave it to me and I'll have you on your feet in no time. There, there, Ally, don't you cry, you just leave it to me."

"And did she?" I asked as the doctor came to a pause, took off his old felt hat and gazed musingly up at the night sky

"Eh? Oh, yes. Yes, she did. She encouraged Ethan to take all the credit of her recovery, I'll say that for her."

"And do you mean that at any time during those ten years she could have walked, had she chosen to? And do you mean to say that she took to her bed to get the best of Ethan?"

"To get peace and her own way, I figure it out," he replied. "But as to her being able to leave her bed, I'm not so sure. You see, she tried a very dangerous game; she played with suggestion. First, she saw the advantages of invalidism, then she experimented by telling herself she could not walk. That set up a certain picture of herself. Then along came Ethan and told her she could walk, and she had a sort of contra-suggestive explosion. After that she painted the picture in a little deeper. Then one day when she really wanted to get up and walk, she found that she could not. She was a person caught in a spell of her own weaving."

"But she broke that spell by crawling up the attic stairs."

"Ah, yes, but by that time she liked it. Or maybe Ethan wasn't quite tame enough yet."

"She was horrible!" I burst forth. "A selfish grub of a woman!"

He peered at me mildly. "I wouldn't say that. We all want our own way. Anyway, they had both learned something. Alvira had learned that when you break a man of all his obnoxious habits you may break his spirit too. And Ethan had learned to mind his own affairs. They moved to another town presently, and Ethan built up a good law practice. Alvira left the soap in the dishwater as long as she pleased, and the last time I saw them they were a thoroughly contented couple."

Oranges and Snow, California

Through Actual Use Value is Proved —

In the insurance field with its widely varying sizes of records, the many methods of compilation and extremely hard usage, "Kalamazoo" loose leaf equipment has won an enviable position. From this broad and comprehensive line the exactly right loose leaf device for each purpose can always be obtained.

The Home Insurance Company, The Hartford Fire Insurance, The Aetna and many others have found "Kalamazoo" to be not only practical, convenient, and durable, but also economical in use.

The booklets just published, covering a few of the fields where "Kalamazoo" has proved its worthiness, are available for the asking. They are listed below, just check the ones you want, sign the coupon and mail.

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER CO.
Factories at Kalamazoo, Mich., and Los Angeles, Calif.
Sales Offices in Principal Cities

KALAMAZOO
LOOSE-LEAF-DEVICES-AND ACCOUNTING-SYSTEMS

KALAMAZOO LOOSE LEAF BINDER CO.
Kalamazoo, Mich

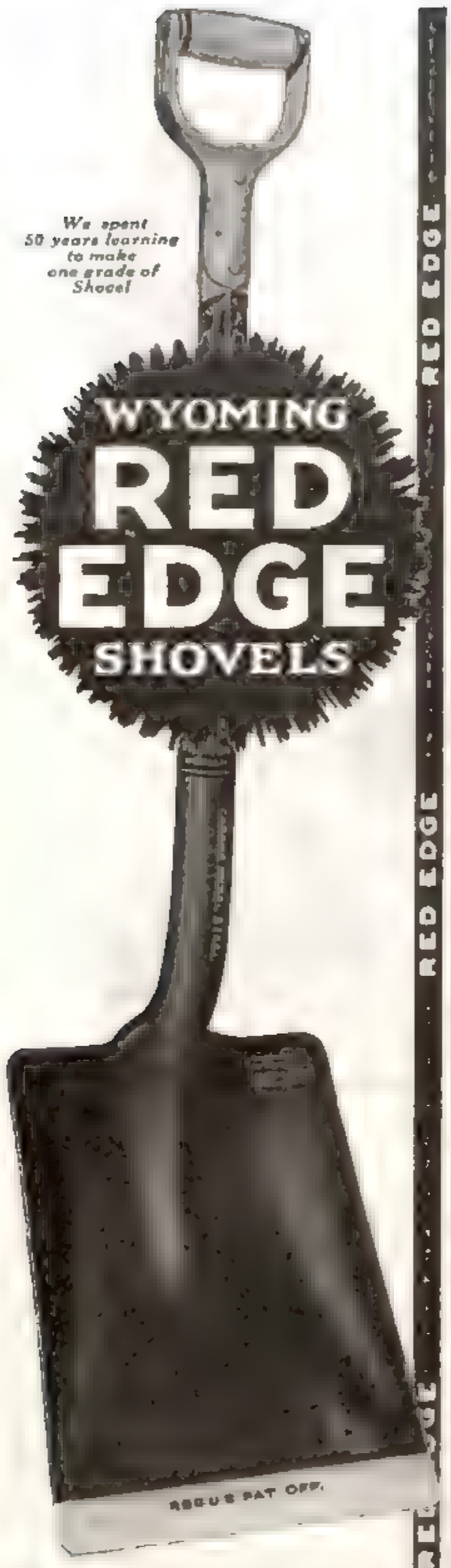
Please send me the catalog of better record keeping checked below:

☐ General Catalog
☐ INSURANCE record keeping equipment
☐ TRANSPORTATION record keeping equipment
☐ DEPARTMENT STORE accounting equipment
☐ Catalogs that sell catalog covers!
☐ Kalamazoo Record Keeping Equipment for BANKS
☐ Kalamazoo PUBLIC UTILITY accounting equipment

Name

Address

Attach to letterhead and mail



"We Aren't Buying Any RED EDGE This Year!"

LAST year J. H. Welch, our Buffalo distributor, had sold The Ellwood Construction Co. a big order of Red Edge Shovels and was rubbing his hands in anticipation of a bigger one this season.

"How many Red Edges can I put you down for?" says friend Welch.

"Just precisely none," was the reply.

"None! Why, aren't they good enough for you? They're the best—"

"That's just the point," the shovel buyer answered.

"Heretofore we have had to put in a big supply of shovels every season. But those Red Edges wore so well that we still have 500 of them in first class condition. If you expect to sell me a big lot of shovels every year they will have to be poorer quality than Red Edge. And just you try selling me any other shovel!"

How about Red Edge for that job of yours?

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PENNA.

SPEED COP

(Continued from Page 11)

loss of limb, mental disintegration or any other of the ills to which aging human flesh is heir. Really to promote highway safety a driver's licensing law must have several good sharp teeth. The cuspids, the canine teeth, in any effective law to license drivers are: Authority to deny the license, to suspend it, to revoke it, to take the car of the serious offender off the highway and to hold the owner jointly liable with the driver. Those states which fail to make the punishment follow the car have a faulty firing range on human nature.

Persistent and willful offenders against highway safety—those who are able to pay a heavy fine as flippantly as they would buy a bottle of hooch—can be reached only by the authority which is able to rule them off the highway entirely.

Practical experience outweighs precept and argument about ten to one any day in the week. Knowledge of the experience of traffic authorities in the states of New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Maryland, where the fight for highway safety has been pushed to the front line, will do more to sell the idea of aggressive traffic laws to lawmakers and voters of hesitant agricultural states than will any amount of theory. These states have blazed the safety trail for the nation, and their pioneering carries conviction to any open-minded man.

The driver and owner of a car in which I happened to be riding in New Jersey passed a street car which had just come to a stop. The policeman's whistle which brought him to a sudden halt gave me my first contact with the operation of a driver's license law with teeth in it. Coming from a state having no such law, it seemed to me that he had driven very carefully. But the two traffic officers who came to the side of the car did not share this opinion. Silently my friend took from his pocket his driving license card and surrendered it. Under the reiterated refrain, "What does the law say about ——" the officer gave the offending motorist an examination which would have admitted him to practice at the bar, as a specialist in highway law, in some Western states. Finally the officer returned the card and said, "Next time you lose your license. Remember that."

New Jersey Traffic Laws

As we continued our journey my friend remarked, "Close call! It sure threw a scare into me. They have you foul in this state, where they can rule you and your car off the highway altogether. That's what puts the fear of God into the hearts of drivers here. A small fine wouldn't have given me an extra heartbeat, but I have to drive this state constantly, following my profession. Even a suspension of my license for a few weeks would be a mighty serious matter to me. But anyhow, I'm for the law. I hate to think what driving here would be like without it. Certainly it holds the speeders down, and even through-line truck drivers watch their step when they hit the New Jersey highways. They know they'll get real punishment if they overstep the bounds. The commissioner of motor vehicles in this state makes Pooh-Bah, in The Mikado, look like a piker when it comes to offices and authority. By virtue of being justice of the peace at large, as well as commissioner of motor vehicles, he is both prosecutor and court. He examines and licenses you, revokes your license, puts your car off the highway, fines you, and then puts you in the way to go behind the bars—all, of course, if your offense merits such punishment."

Among the men who are doing valiant service for better street and highway safety, Commissioner Dill, of New Jersey, is known as one of the foremost two-fisted traffic-law enforcement officers of the country. He has been on the enforcement job for more than sixteen years and is a seasoned specialist in the things that put speed cops and speed courts on the map. When the registration of cars and the licensing of drivers became a fact in New Jersey, in 1909, his department did not do so much business in one year as it did in the closing day of December, 1923.

"The necessity," declares Commissioner Dill, "of a driver's licensing law with real teeth in it, such as we have, is indicated by the fact that in a year we have rejected 15,000 applicants as being incompetent, and have revoked 1700 licenses. Every applicant rejected and every person whose license was revoked was either a potential or an actual menace to human life on the highways. Here we have a fixed policy as to the revocation of licenses. Driving while intoxicated, willfully reckless driving, bootlegging and social immorality on the highway are the outstanding offenses which bring this penalty. Dodging responsibility for an accident is another.

"Laws for the regulation of motor vehicles should never be considered from the angle of how much revenue they will produce. Public safety should be the only consideration. This viewpoint is the only one which will create that respect for the law necessary to take the drawing power out of the political pull. Just so long as those involved in the enforcement of a traffic law have in mind the revenue which it will produce, the political pull will be an active pest."

Weakening Political Pull

"There are many communities in this country where speed-law enforcement is a going industry operated for fattening local treasuries. In such communities enforcement is frequently operated under a working agreement between the speed cop and the local magistrate for their mutual gain. Speed-law enforcement for local public revenue naturally breeds enforcement for private graft. The community which commits itself to using traffic laws as a blackjack to bring in local revenue must regard its speed cop and its magistrate as decidedly stupid if they do not carry this line of reasoning a step further and apply it personally to their own finances.

"When the element of highway safety becomes paramount in the mind of a community or an individual, political pull begins to lose something of its power. The mayor of a certain small New Jersey city came to me, repeatedly, to intercede for drivers whose licenses had been revoked for driving when intoxicated. His viewpoint then was that the driver had been fined, the state had his money—why not be a good fellow and restore his license?

"One St. Valentine's Day, later, when this man was no longer mayor, his little grandson, about nine years of age, stopped at the post office, and there received several valentines. As he walked across the street he dropped one of these treasures and stopped abruptly to pick it up. He was instantly killed by an automobile. The coroner's jury promptly exonerated the driver, and the grandfather appealed to the prosecutor of the pleas to present the case to the grand jury. The accident had completely changed his viewpoint. Public safety became the only consideration in his mind, and his personal grief made him incapable of exercising reason and judgment. This man, who had previously appealed to me to restore the licenses of persons convicted of driving while intoxicated, came to me and demanded that the prosecutor be impeached for failing to do his duty!

"Not long since, a public prosecutor asked me to soft-pedal a certain case when it came before me for a hearing. The attitude of that prosecutor was absolutely wrong; if his own son had been the offender he should not have made such a request. The political pull is one of the worst handicaps to honest and effective enforcement of law in existence. The best means we have found in this state to weaken its strength is to remove the enforcement of traffic-safety laws as far as possible from revenue considerations. Human life cannot and should not be measured in terms of dollars.

"New Jersey people now realize that the purpose of all traffic-violation penalties is solely to promote public safety by punishing offenders to an extent calculated to make them safe drivers in the future, if their licenses are eventually restored, and—what is even more important—to reduce the groups of offenders to which they belong. Here in New Jersey we do not permit towns to retain traffic fines. This does away with the incentive, on the part of local communities, to impose fines for the purpose of swelling town funds. In short, this state is as vigilant in protecting the motorist from persecution, under the guise of prosecution, as it is to protect the entire public from unsafe drivers. This provision that fines must be passed up to the state serves another important purpose. It permits the commissioner of motor vehicles to audit the books of all magistrates, thus bringing to light indications of collusion between the patrolman and the magistrate."

Legislatures of states not having this law, please copy! Incidentally, it will undoubtedly soothe many an irritated motor club to learn that a reliable specific for crooked speed traps, operated for local revenue and graft only, has been discovered and thoroughly tested. New Jersey has another law which legislators of other states cannot afford to overlook. Any local ordinance passed by a village, town or city bearing upon the regulation of highways, must be approved by the state highway authorities and certified by them as conforming with the state highway and traffic laws before it can go into effect.

In the opinion of Commissioner Dill, annual renewal of all drivers' licenses should be required, and issued only to applicants who appear in person and are examined for physical infirmities which may have come upon them since their previous examination. Some very able commissioners of motor vehicles in other Eastern states hold that reëxamination every third year affords sufficient protection on this score. Commissioner Dill also declares that the power to remove the license plate from a car, thereby driving the car off the highway, is one of the most salutary powers which the laws of any state can give to its commissioner of motor vehicles. He has found that the fear of the exercise of this power holds many a potentially reckless driver within reason when nothing else would do so.

New Jersey's commissioner is certainly entitled to speak on the subject of the grade-crossing peril, as there are 3200 such crossings in his state. In his opinion, carelessness of the motorist is usually back of grade-crossing accidents; however, he is unable to give the railroad a clean bill of health as to the average efficiency of men given the great responsibility of protecting the public at its crossings. These men should be alert in mind and body, their vision good, their judgment sound, and their minds and bodies quick to act. Railroad companies using their crossing jobs as convenient old-age pensions are not doing their share in safety work. Neither the crossing-gate tower nor the flagman's box is a proper asylum for the man who has grown old and sluggish in railroad service.

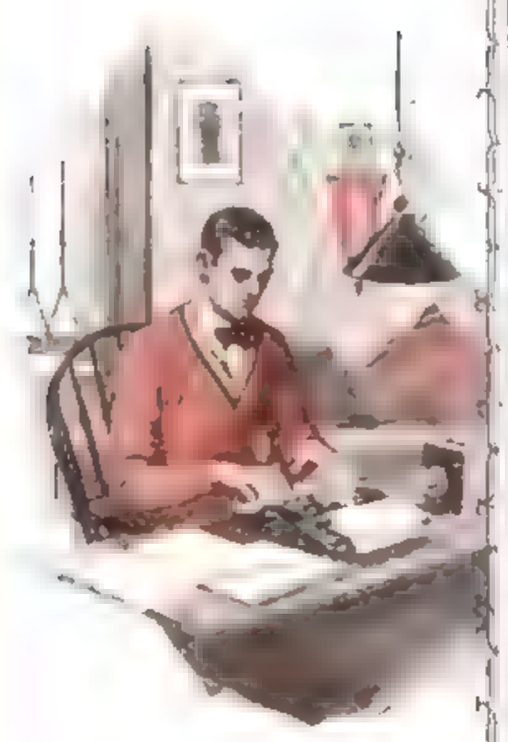
College Speed Boys

Speaking to the point of the cause of accidents, Commissioner Dill remarked: "There is one very common cause of accidents which no spot map will reveal; it takes a hearing in court, and often a coroner's inquest to bring out this fertile cause of accidents. I refer to lack of parental judgment and restraint in relation to boys and girls of school and college age. The presidents of Princeton, Yale and Harvard have found it necessary to serve requests upon the parents of their students not to furnish them with high-powered cars! A Princeton student made this remark to me: 'I'm not a squealer, but there is a certain man in my set who is a menace to public safety. He has almost unlimited spending money and admits that his motor-car repair and damage bills and operation expenses run a thousand dollars a month! Once, when I was riding with him, he exclaimed, "What's the matter with this old boat, anyhow? I can't get but sixty-five an hour out of her."'

"Another university student, when he came to apply for a driver's license, saw a very speedy, high-powered car belonging to one of our inspectors. Within three days from the time he received his license he had bought one of these cars and with it had killed three persons. One of the most amazing things I have encountered in my official experience is the fact that parents—many of them—will falsify birth certificates in order to secure driving licenses for boys and girls under the age required by law.

"In one year in this state 135 persons under fifteen years of age were killed by automobiles. Almost all of them were pedestrians. Only a few of these accidents were caused by reckless or careless driving. Most of these children lost their lives because they were not under parental restraint. Their own parents, not the drivers

(Continued on Page 165)



In fairness to your family and yourself

OF course you want your family to enjoy all of the advantages of modern living. But, have you provided them with the modern way of writing?

Have you considered what a wonderful help a Remington Portable will be to that boy of yours, and what an invaluable training it will give him for his life's work—whatever it may be? Do you realize the many precious hours it will save for everybody in the home?

Wouldn't it be worth a great deal to you to have this always ready helper on hand to take care of your personal writing?

Countless homes now find the Remington Portable indispensable, and we are sure that yours is no exception.

The Remington Portable is the choice of most people the world over, because it has every feature common to the big machines, is easy to operate, does beautiful work always, is compact, and carries its table on its back.

Sold everywhere. Easy payment terms, if desired. Write today for illustrated "For You, For Everybody."

Address Department 126
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
374 Broadway, New York

We believe we make the best typewriter ribbon in the world—and its name is PARAGON

Remington Portable

THE RECOGNIZED LEADER IN SALES AND POPULARITY

Introducing A guild devoted to extending the life of *your* clothes

SUITS, coats, hats, furs—other items of outer apparel—cost the average family several hundreds of dollars a year.

If the life of these articles could be extended just ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent—wouldn't it be a real benefit to family budgets?

To help secure such added life for your clothes is one of the reasons for the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners. This great organization, whose members are modern cleaners and dyers located in almost every city in America, is engaged in an important program of clothes conservation.

Part of this work consists in finding the reasons why clothes wear out.

Most of us imagine, for instance, that clothes wear because of contact with *outside* things. Actually, most wear is traceable to grit and grime within the cloth—*between the fibres*.

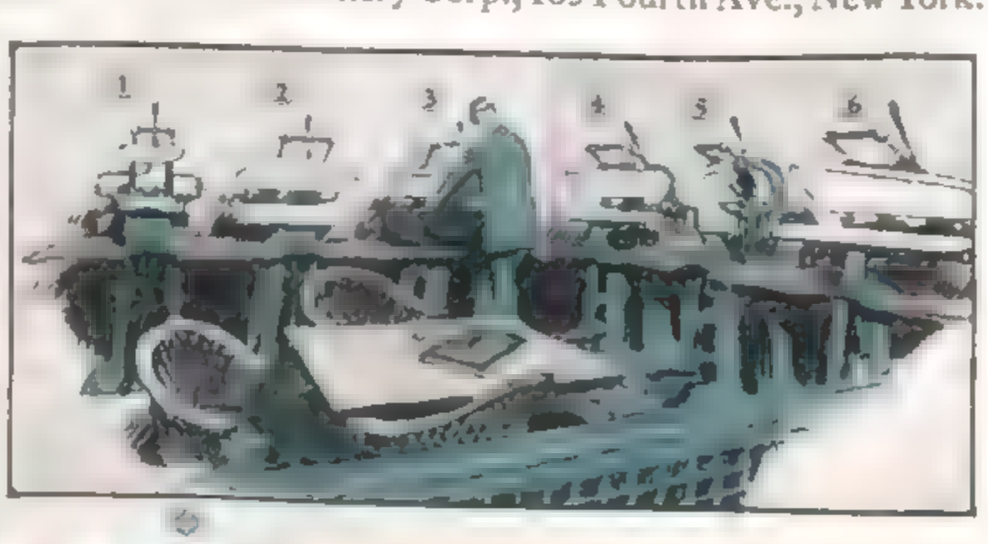
Here is a simple illustration of the reason for this: If we rub together two smooth steel wires, they will wear a long time without breaking. However, if we place a few grains of sand between these wires, as they are rubbed, they wear through very quickly.

So with the fibres of cotton, wool, and silk that compose our clothes—minute grains of dust and grit get between the fibres, and wear is hastened.

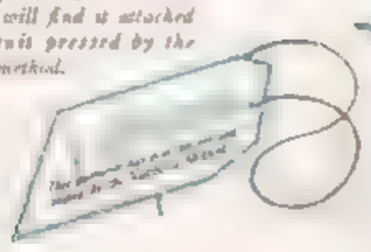
There is a double reason, therefore, why it is wise to give clothing frequent trips to the dry-cleaner. The first is a sanitary reason. The second is the fact that through removal of dust and dirt the life of clothes is lengthened.

There are also other reasons. One of the most important is Valeteria Pressing. With this pressing your clothes, in addition to being pressed, are shaped just as was done when they were made. ① The collar of your coat is pressed and *shaped* on a Valeteria collar press; ②③ the graceful curves of chest and waist are restored by left and right front forming presses; ④ trousers are pressed and *shaped* on a Valeteria trousers press; ⑤ the shoulders are restored by pressing and shaping on a Valeteria shoulder press; ⑥ skirts are pressed, and shaped where necessary, on a special Valeteria skirt press—every part pressed as the maker pressed it, and formed to fit the body.

Send your clothes frequently to one of these modern cleaners and dyers and ask for Valeteria service—your pocketbook and personal appearance will both benefit. United States Hoffman Machinery Corp., 105 Fourth Ave., New York.



Only owners of Valeteria equipment are permitted to use this tag. You will find it attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria method.



Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES
GIVEN BY HOFF-MAN PRESSES

Copyright 1925
United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation.

(Continued from Page 162)

involved, were responsible for their deaths. Highway regulation must be extended to the pedestrian. Traffic officers should have the same authority to bring the reckless jaywalker into court that they have to bring in the reckless driver. More than one driver has lost his life and many have been hurt trying to avoid injuring the reckless, careless pedestrian.

"There is scarcely any place which offers more opportunities for acts of good citizenship than the highway. For example, a case of milk bottles fell from a truck and the fragments of broken glass were scattered over a wide area of the pavement. The driver heard the crash—for he was seen to slow down, stick his head out of the truck cab and take a look at the mess. Instead of getting out and cleaning it up he put on speed and left the glass to wreck the tires of other motorists. When the driver who observed the occurrence came up to the wreckage, he stopped, cleared it away and then chased the truck twelve miles, secured its number and reported it to the authorities. I call that an act of good citizenship. Motorists who have the same regard for the comfort and safety of others which this man showed will find many and varied opportunities of contributing to street and highway safety. The motor clubs of the country do good service in aiding the enforcement of highway safety laws and regulations."

In the wake of Commissioner Dill's comments, a little further consideration of the pedestrian, as a part of the highway safety problem, is pertinent.

The bull ring has its picadors, who badger the bull into a rage; the automobile highway has its hickadors, who hold the conceit that baiting the motorist is a grand and almost heroic out-of-doors sport. As a method of registering zero in intelligence this modern sport is ideal. It also offers a perfect medium for expressing a wanton disregard of consequences, in terms of human suffering, both for themselves and others. As a means of demonstrating an essentially boorish, uncivilized trait of mind, the sport of the hickador is unrivaled.

Neither age nor sex is a bar to admission to its ranks. All may enter who are willing to take a chance that every driver is sure to observe Mr. Hoover's golden rule of the road that "the motorist has a responsibility to conduct himself as if everything else on the road was born foolish." Of course the hickador has the satisfaction of realizing that if a driver failed, at the critical moment, to observe Mr. Hoover's injunction, that driver would probably pay the penalty for manslaughter and spend the remainder of his life haunted by the thought that he had killed a human being. It seems not to have occurred to the caste of hickadors that there is an inconvenient offset to this sporting satisfaction in that it can, so far as known, be enjoyed only in anticipation. A dead hickador realizes either nothing or that he has played the superfool.

A Middle-of-the-Road Patriarch

The motorist who has not met the hickador is fortunate and must frequent only highways in communities where human intelligence is universal. However, he is entitled to know how this modern highway sport is conducted. Let me illustrate its methods from a personal experience on the Lincoln Highway where it passes through the south edge of Batavia, Illinois, leading on to Aurora.

In Illinois auto lights are supposed to be dimmed in meeting traffic. Suddenly, as I had dimmed to accommodate approaching motorists, my seat mate exclaimed, "Look out! Something ahead!" The warning was in time for me to apply the brakes and sound the horn. Stretching nearly halfway across the highway was a line of young girls holding hands. Their answer to my warning was a volley of verbal gibes, squeals and giggles. They had scored a goal in the game of traffic teasing by bringing a motor to a virtual stop! And they had played in perfect form because they walked with the traffic instead of against it, and thus had taken every risk that intelligence forbids. But the adolescent flapper has no monopoly of this modern sport. Here is the attitude of the pedestrian old enough to know better, as sketched by Reuben, our home-town speed cop:

"On the crowded river highway I saw an old man plodding along in the middle of the street. There was a good sidewalk. Stopping my iron mule alongside the reckless old hiker I asked: 'Dad, why not take the sidewalk? This is a busy traffic highway and you're likely to get bumped off by a car if you do your daily dozen out here.' He came back at me, quick and snappy, with: 'Say, son, I was here a long time before they was any automobiles. I'm nigh to ninety. That's old enough to die, anyhow. The middle of the street always suited me right down to the ground, and that's where I'm going to do my walkin', automobiles or no automobiles. Let the fellers that drive 'em hit me if they dare.'

"Now can you beat that?" demanded the speed cop. "They say there's a fool born every minute. Take it from me, it's true—but it takes a main-trunk highway to bring 'em out into the sunshine where they can be counted and hit. What can you do? The law won't let you pinch 'em—not now, anyhow. If it ever does while I'm on this job a lot of fool jaywalkers are goin' t' tell it to the judge."

The Jaywalking Nuisance

If the traffic teaser wishes to commit suicide, common decency suggests that it be done without endangering others and without making it likely that a helpless driver will have to go to prison for the accident.

A capable speed cop hands me this pertinent comment: "When a driver bumps a pedestrian on a highway I don't take it for granted that he was either drunk or reckless. Not any more! There are about as many nitwits wearing out shoe leather on the paved highways as there are reckless drivers behind steering wheels, and a speed cop can't tell 'em a thing. They're like a horse—can't think of but one thing at a time; that thing is: 'This highway belongs to me as much as it does to the automobile.' Why, you can't even get 'em to walk toward the traffic instead of with it. You might just as well try to reason with a hen about traffic dangers."

Traffic experience shows that the sudden congestion resulting from one accident is likely to occasion another. No matter how lightly the pedestrian may hold his own life, he has no right to imperil the lives of others—as he certainly does when he walks recklessly.

Any jaywalker, for example, who crosses diagonally the intersection of two automobile traffic highways should be as promptly subjected to discipline as a reckless driver would be.

Only a few years ago the average pedestrian felt like throwing a brick at the automobile that gave him a warning blast from its horn or crowded him into a quicker pace at a crossing. Then the automobile was a class institution. It was quite as natural then to assume that the owner of an automobile belonged to the privileged class as it was in the days of the French Revolution to take it for granted that the person riding in a carriage was an aristocrat and therefore entitled to the guillotine. Today, however, labor drives to its work in its own cars and the artisan who does not own an automobile is considered by his fellows as a back number. Even the village washerwoman quite generally collects and delivers her washings on her own wheels and gas. Mere ownership of an automobile no longer confers class distinction; the pedestrian is a person who, presumably for the moment, is not using his or her car. Any other assumption is socially unsafe.

Lawmakers now need have little fear of offending the common people by passing measures which will give the police some degree of authority to discipline willfully reckless walkers as well as reckless drivers. Most automobile manufacturers, garages and gas stations would go out of business if the daily toilers were eliminated from their customer lists.

Education, as Mr. Hoover's safety conference asserts, is now the main means of reaching the pedestrian violator of safety rules. True—but this is the day of compulsory education; why not put a little compulsion into the tutelage of the reckless walker?

That the hit-me-if-you-dare confidence of the hickador and the jaywalker is generally well founded was recently illustrated in a novel way. Truck traffic is especially heavy at five o'clock in the mornings on Monroe Street, near La Salle, in Chicago. But it was suddenly jammed for a block, at that hour, by a five-tonner about to turn into Chicago's Wall Street. Its burly driver leaped from its cab, flattened himself upon the paving and crawled under the truck. By the time he had wriggled partially out, a group of pilots and freight footmen had collected, and with one voice were demanding: "What th' ——"

They received their answer from the grinning, half-sheepish driver when he emerged into the clear, arose and held out to them, in his cupped hands, a half-feathered squab with the remark: "Pigeon. Just a baby. Can't take care of itself. Guess I'll leave it on Charlie Dawes' doorstep." With this he walked across the street and left the foundling in the doorway of the Central Trust Company. Traffic for nearly two blocks had been held up to effect this rescue.

Those who hold the trustful idea that the knowledge of his own physical defect will prevent a man, through considerations of self-protection, from driving a car, have only to take a census of their own immediate communities—if they live in a state which does not require an operator's license, based upon a rigid examination and test—to have their faith shattered. The highways of such states are sprinkled with maimed Pollyannas driving cars, who are strong in the faith that nothing unpleasant can happen to them. At the bottom of this attitude is the belief that they are so clever that they can outwit their own physical handicaps. They do so in many ways—why not as drivers of motor cars?

In my own town, for example, until recently a familiar figure behind the wheel was a man having no use whatever of his legs. His car was of special construction, with clutch, brakes and starter operated entirely by hand levers. On a platform at its back his wheel chair was carried wherever he went. His own mental attitude was revealed by the fact that he was accompanied by a husky footman who knew how to drive, but was not allowed to do so. Another driver regularly seen on our home-town streets is an elderly man wearing an ear phone and driving a closed car. The chauffeur who handles one of the most expensive motor cars in our town is minus most of his left leg. The driver of a light truck has had both legs amputated below the knees. A man so shortsighted that he cannot read the stop-and-go signs drives a closed car, and a farmer with only one arm drives a milk truck into town every morning. An artisan whose deafness is so pronounced that he relies on the vibration of his car to tell him that his motor is turning is his own driver and does not use an ear phone or any aid to hearing. This is only the beginning of the list of physical defectives who are familiar figures as auto pilots in the traffic of one Illinois town of about 3000 inhabitants.

Why He Played Safe

If you will leave it to any one of them, a safer driver than himself does not use the highways. But let them tell it to Herbert Hoover—whose inspiration for the recent safety conference came from having a friend killed by a car driven by a driver with a wooden leg. This attitude of complacent self-confidence is not confined to those unfortunates having physical defects which would bar them from driving licenses in states requiring examinations. It is difficult to find an intoxicated man who will admit that he is too drunk to drive with safety.

"The nearest I ever came," declares Commissioner Stoeckel, of Connecticut, "to locating that kind of a drunk was when one of our patrolmen brought in a man whose car pulled off the highway and came to a dead stop whenever another car was approaching. Within five miles seven such stops were made.

"When the patrolman asked the driver what was the trouble he was told: 'You fool, I'm drunk! I never drive this careful when I'm sober.'"

In surveying his own community for a check on incompetent drivers the thoughtful citizen who wishes to help the safety movement will do well to recall the familiar highway warning at the approaches to public schools and remember the children. Well, let's remember a few of them! Our town has a boy of about seven who drives the family car whenever he thinks he can dodge the speed cop. Another boy of nine acts as chauffeur for a proud father whose bearing proclaims, "Just watch him handle it!" That father, however, does not trust his precocious child to run his business or his family finances—on the ground of undeveloped judgment! Every community has its quota of physical deficients and its child

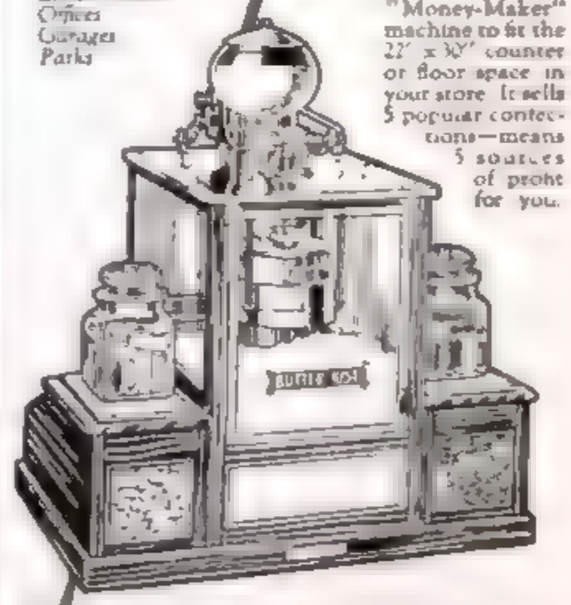
Mr. Retailer:

WANT MORE PROFIT? THEN FOLLOW THIS ROUTE

1. If you have a retail store and want to increase your profits easily.
2. All you have to do is to find in your store 22"x30" of floor or counter space.
3. S. L. WOLCUTT last year made over $7,500.00 in clear profit by the utilizing of this waste space in his store.
4. There are thousands of retailers—large and small—each taking advantage of this small amount of counter or door space and each making amazing profits, many as much as Wolcutt, some even more. Many of these thousands of retailers have exactly the same kind and size business as yours.
5. When people learn what you have placed in your 22"x30" of space they are sure to come to your store to buy.
6. The product you sell in this small space will net you a clear profit of 65 cents on every dollar. The product is BUTTER-KIST Popcorn, the delicious, crispy and crackling confection—wholesome for everyone and purchased liberally everywhere.
7. The sale of BUTTER-KIST Popcorn will stimulate sales of other products in your store. Not only this, but the machine itself displays and sells four other products besides BUTTER-KIST Popcorn. As a trade-drawer and business-getter it will surprise you.
8. In fact it will give you 5 new sources of profits.
9. No special wiring is required—you merely hook up the "Money-Maker" to an electric light socket, turn the switch—and you're on your way to quick profits.
10. The price is within the reach of any retailer—no matter what size store or where it is located.
11. The terms of payment are very easy—in fact you can quickly pay for the machine out of the daily earnings it brings in.
12. The "Money-Maker" pays BIG in any of these 20 locations:

Soft Drink Establishments
Office Bldg. Lobbies
5 and 10 cent Stores
Pool and Billiard Halls
Drug Stores
Theatres
Fruit Stores
Hotel Lobbies
Filling Stations
Lunch Rooms
Offices
Garages
Parks
Bowling Alleys
News Stands
Cigar Stores
R. R. Stations
Confectioneries
Factories
General Stores

13. This is the "Money-Maker" machine to fit the 22" x 30" counter or floor space in your store. It sells 5 popular confections—means 5 sources of profit for you.

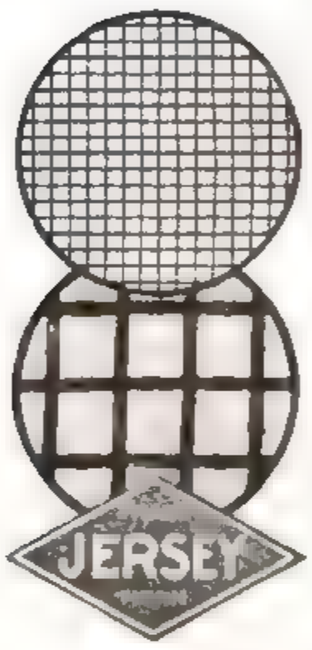


14. This will bring you the complete story. It will tell you how you, too, can follow the route to quick and regular profits. Fill in and mail today.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO.
3202 Van Buren Street
Indianapolis, Indiana

Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
3202 Van Buren Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
I want to know more about your quick route to easy profits. At no obligation send me interesting data about your Butter-Kist Money Maker Machine.
Name_____
Street_____
City_____
State_____

An Extra Room



In the upper circle is shown an unretouched photograph, actual size, of Copper Screen Cloth (heavy grade) made by The New Jersey Wire Cloth Company, which has been subjected to the action of salt air for more than twelve years

In the circle below is the same Copper Screen Cloth enlarged 4 diameters.

Add another room to your house this summer. Turn your porch into an out-door living room. Screen it properly and there will be no flies to disturb a luncheon or afternoon tea—no mosquitoes to drive you indoors on a hot evening.

By using Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, sixteen mesh, you obtain a maximum of protection from annoying disease-carrying insects. This is a true insect screen cloth for it bars not only flies but mosquitoes and other small trouble-makers.

Jersey not only gives you a maximum of protection but also a maximum of service. It is made of copper 99.8% pure which, due to a special Roebling process, has a stiffness and tensile strength comparable to that of steel. As a result it lasts for years and years.

You can buy Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, 16 mesh, in the regular bright finish or in a *dark finish* which has the advantage of being nearly invisible and of going through no preliminary weathering process.

Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth can be obtained from many of the better hardware dealers and custom-made screen manufacturers. If you cannot readily locate a dealer who carries it, write us. We will tell you where you can get it and send you a booklet "A Matter of Health and Comfort," which you will find worth reading.

THE NEW JERSEY WIRE CLOTH COMPANY
638 South Broad Street
Trenton New Jersey

All Grades of Wire Cloth made of All Kinds of Wire

TRADE JERSEY MARK

Copper Screen Cloth

Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

wonders at steering wheels, save in the states where rigid examination rules them out

Under the microscope of modern traffic analysis the generously berated speeder makes a most interesting exhibit. In the past there has evidently been considerable coarse mental fumbling on the part of lawmakers and traffic experts as to the speed peril. This has put speed into speed cop and produced the general impression that speeding is the cardinal sin of the highway decalogue and that strict enforcement of restrictive speed laws would make the streets and highways safe playgrounds for children, quiet lovers' lanes for lontering spooners, and safe promenades for the hesitant and fickle hen.

All leaders in the movement to achieve a higher degree of traffic safety have agreed that altogether too much emphasis has been placed on speeding in the thought of law-enforcement officials and the public. Already Massachusetts and Connecticut have virtually abolished their maximum speed laws, and these states rank high in the successful handling of a vast volume of motor-car traffic. Safety is really the target at which all speed-cop effort is aimed; it is the fundamental reason for the existence of the speed cop. With the men directly responsible for the safety of the highways in the various states, the emphasis of law enforcement is shifting from speeding to reckless driving.

When all agencies of law enforcement are tuned and trained to the idea that driving a car faster than a prescribed speed is the outstanding peril of the highway, it naturally follows that many other sins against highway safety are overlooked in the thrilling chase of the speeder. Speed cops are quite human, and so long as they have it drummed into them by their superiors, by the laws and the regulations of the road, and by public sentiment that driving faster than the maximum rate permitted by law is the big peril, they are humanly bound to lose sight of everything else, at least at the moment, and step on the gas in the wake of the speeder. This, in spite of the fact that driving at fifty miles an hour under certain traffic and highway conditions is quite as safe as driving at a third that speed under other conditions.

Not a Question of Speed

The whole question is whether or not the speeding car is being driven safely or recklessly; whether it is sufficiently under control, at the high rate of speed, to allow for all traffic emergencies at the time and place of the speeding. However, the Hoover conference soundly advises that state laws stipulate that driving above thirty-five miles an hour is to be accepted, in case of accident, as presumptive evidence of reckless driving. This puts it up to the speeder to prove that his pace was not reckless.

The antithesis of the speeder is the cement crawler. Night crawlers have been in fashion ever since this jumbo earthworm was discovered by some early angler searching for tempting bait; the cement crawler is a creature of hard-surfaced highways. Whether the loitering and uncertain car of this species is inhabited by lovers or merely nature lovers makes no difference to the exasperated line of drivers gathered in the wake of this highway pest, which is as generously detested by alert motorists as the piecework speed cop who counts his income by the pinch.

There is a growing conviction among traffic authorities that cement crawlers are almost as great a menace to safety on main-traveled highways as are speeders, and that a minimum speed limit is quite as necessary as a maximum one. The cement crawler is perhaps the most insidious temptation to reckless driving to which motorists of the reasonable and law-abiding type are subjected. When traffic on a trunk line approaches a normal flow the cement crawler quickly accumulates a queue of vehicles, and every driver in the delayed line is exasperated and eager to pass those ahead of him.

The Use of Spot Maps

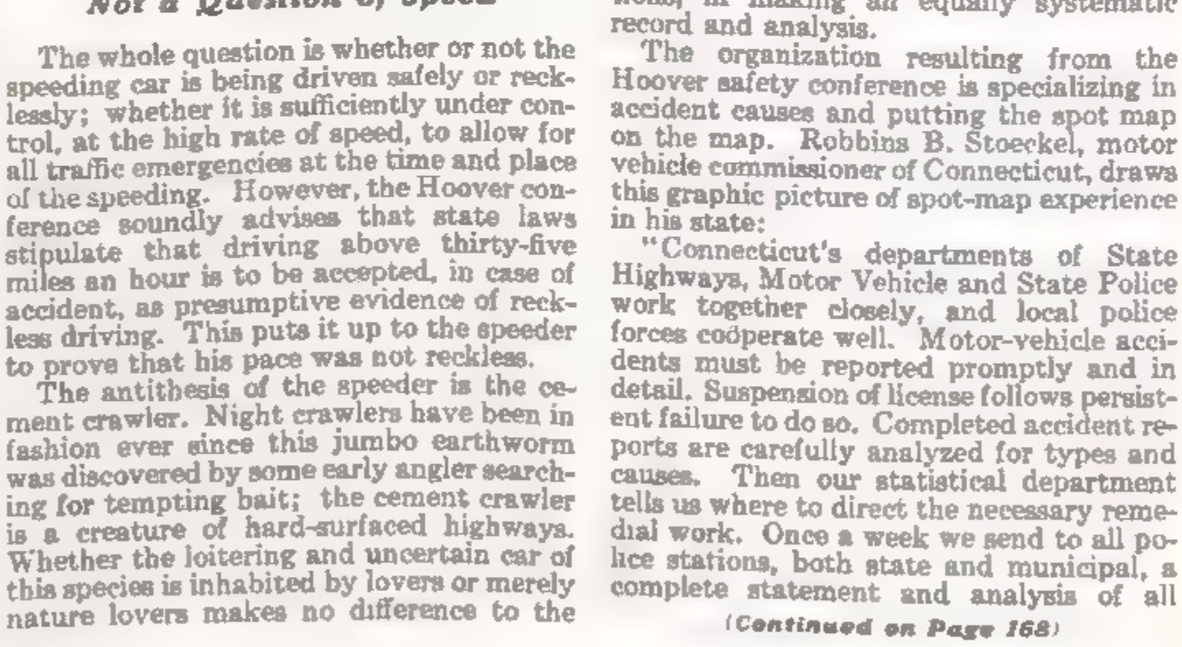
Cautious drivers are crowded into taking a chance by a sense of unjust delay. When perhaps a dozen drivers massed in a close line all yield to this impulse at the same moment—which often happens an accident is almost certain to follow. The motor car is a legitimate boon to both lovers and nature lovers, but picking either wayside kisses or daisies when moving in traffic on a main highway is an unsafe pastime. Bittersweet spotting and general scenic woolgathering in which the driver plays a part are poor sports for the trunk-line highway. There is no more room on the main-traveled line for the jaywalker on wheels than for the jaywalker on foot.

Thomas H. MacDonald, Uncle Sam's able chief of the Bureau of Public Roads, once made the shrewd remark, "The trouble with most of the things we know about roads is that they are not so." It is probably safe to apply this observation in double strength to what is now known about traffic and highway safety. Here is where Mr. Hoover and his conference have started something. Several Eastern states—notably Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Maryland—have for some years made consistent efforts to get at the cause of all their accidents. But their excellent pioneering has not produced the volume of knowledge sufficient to warrant other states, with differing highway and traffic conditions, in making an equally systematic record and analysis.

The organization resulting from the Hoover safety conference is specializing in accident causes and putting the spot map on the map. Robbins B. Stoeckel, motor vehicle commissioner of Connecticut, draws this graphic picture of spot-map experience in his state:

"Connecticut's departments of State Highways, Motor Vehicle and State Police work together closely, and local police forces coöperate well. Motor-vehicle accidents must be reported promptly and in detail. Suspension of license follows persistent failure to do so. Completed accident reports are carefully analyzed for types and causes. Then our statistical department tells us where to direct the necessary remedial work. Once a week we send to all police stations, both state and municipal, a complete statement and analysis of all

(Continued on Page 168)



Heavy Traffic on the Boston Post Road, Connecticut

You would not try to build your own watch or motor car

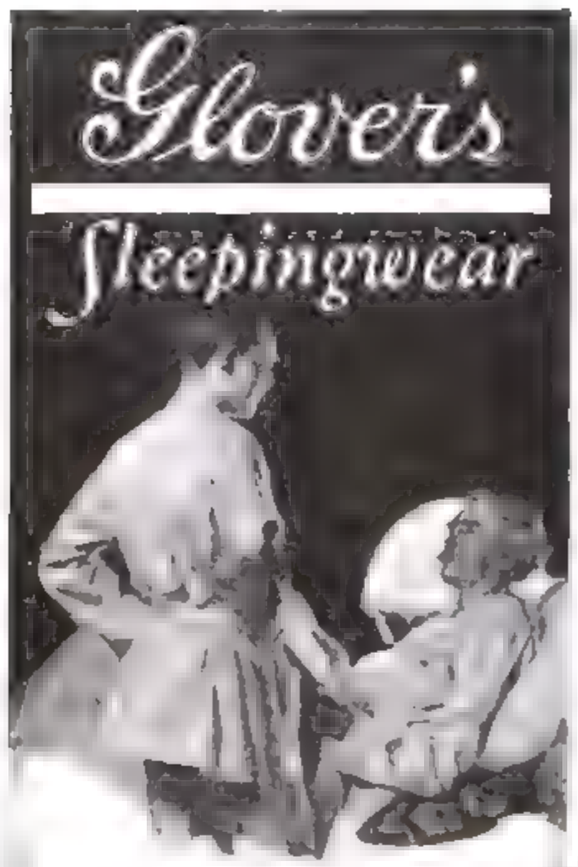
You must of necessity leave that important work in the hands of experts who are properly equipped. Then mark this—*no collection of cupboards, however skillfully built, is a substitute for a kitchen cabinet.* This highly developed and scientifically worked out laboratory for the household culinary department is a modern necessity, as well as a thing of prideful beauty. A thoroughly sanitary labor saver, for none other than your own family use. Private! And a really fine example of superior craftsmanship.

Time's wise teachings are crystallized in this better cabinet

Every woman who would be highly skilled in the fine art of home-making needs all the "15 famous features" that make up the bone and sinew of Sellers leadership. All these and more now identify Sellers as the most wanted cabinet in the world. You will be interested in the many time-saving advantages described in booklet P-3, gladly sent by G. I. Sellers & Sons Company, Elwood, Indiana. Canadian branch, Brantford, Ontario. See this surpassing cabinet at the better shops everywhere. Convenient terms.

SELLERS

KITCHEN CABINETS



Comfort First—
But Don't Overlook Style!

IN Glover's Brighton-Carlabad, you'll find the most comfortable pajamas made. Generously sized! Distinctive comfort features such-ties, for instance, instead of draw-string at waist! But more than that! Glover has shown how you can be as well dressed in your nightwear as in your day clothes. Pajamas so smartly cut and expertly tailored you'd vow they were custom made—yet attractively priced! Ask to see them at your favorite store.

If you don't find just the st[yle] or material you want, write us. A[ddress] [illegible] "Sleepingwear Comfort and Style"

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 21 • Dubuque, Iowa

BILL

Movies	25¢
Soda	10¢
Ball Game	50¢
Top	10¢

Boys'
Fun Bill
Paid
By Us!

SPENDING money you need for real boys' fun—we'll pay you that every week as commission for selling *The Saturday Evening Post*. In addition, you can get valuable prizes *without cost*. We'll help any boy (in U. S.) who mails this coupon—TODAY!

To Get the Bill Paid—MAIL THIS

The Curtis Publishing Company, *Sales Division*
461 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

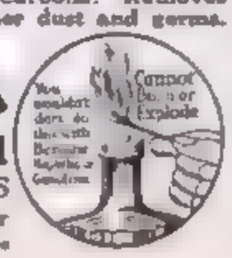
You can start paying my fun bills RIGHT NOW (dad says so, too). Help me start selling *The Post!*

Your Name Here _____

Street Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

Cleans Carpets and Rugs
They can be made to look like new by going over the entire surface with Carbona. Removes all Grease Spots, which gather dust and germs.
For Safety's Sake—demand
CARBONA
UNBURNABLE
Cleaning Fluid
REMOVES GREASE SPOTS
Without Injury to Fabric or Color
20c 30c 60c & $1 Size Bottles at all Drug Stores



(Continued from Page 166)

accidents of the preceding week. For example, when Hartford's chief of police gets this report covering Hartford, he takes the spot map of his city and sticks in a red pin for each accident at the precise point where it occurred. When he has five pins at one point he uses a black one, which calls for immediate action.

"The city engineer of streets and highways is notified and goes to the danger spot to determine if any physical defect has caused the accidents at this point. If so, it is at once remedied; if not, the conclusion follows that the trouble is purely of a traffic nature. Then the engineer studies traffic volume at this point, with a special reference to the days of the week and the hour of the day indicated by the accidents as being the most dangerous. A new traffic plan to meet the situation is drawn and put in force. In the state section the State Police investigate, and the Highway and Motor Vehicle departments make the necessary highway and traffic control changes to reduce the danger. This system is working well; it has proved itself highly practicable. It is materially reducing the volume of accidents in the face of an increasing number of vehicles in traffic."

The speed cop's iron mule is no mount for a Chesterfield, and few Sir Walter Raleighs are found in the uniform of the flying patrolman. As a rule, perhaps, speed cops belong to the treat-'em-rough and tell-'em-plenty school. But there are shining exceptions, many of them. The chief of highways in a certain state made this confession:

"I had to go into the Commonwealth of the peaceable William Penn to learn that the Prussian approach for speed cops is out of style and that, ordinarily, the iron hand is a poor promoter of highway safety. I was on an open highway and I'll admit that I stepped on the gas and let my conscience be my guide. But not for long! Suddenly a speed cop shot alongside and greeted me with, 'Hey, buddy, where's the fire?' Before I could answer he gave me a genial grin and picked up his monologue, 'You know there ain't no fire. But mebby you don't know that our speed limit is thirty miles an hour. Come over into Pennsylvania and stay as long as you like, but keep her down to thirty.'

"'You bet I will,' I answered. 'I like the way you tell it to me. If you'd bawled me out, pinched me and fined me you wouldn't have done half as much to make me a strictly law-abiding driver as you have with your grin and your fire joke. How did you get that way?'

State Highway Patrol

"'Our chief,' he answered, 'is strong on the soft-pedal approach. Of course we don't salute the driver of a rowdy car before we take the steering wheel away from him; but it's drilled into us that a friendly caution will get a lot more coöperation out of the average motorist than a threat. We're trained not to pull any rough stuff unless it's necessary. Then, it's the real thing!' They know how to train police cops in Pennsylvania. Better look into their system."

I did. Many state administrations are facing the necessity of taking their highway-patrol systems out of politics and making them really efficient. Such states may learn much from Pennsylvania. This organization is built on the military model. The ranking captain of the state police, Wilson C. Price, was borrowed for this job and is still the commanding officer of State Highway Patrol. He was given two months to get an organization together and start patroling the highways. The chief executive officer of the patrol system is B. G. Eynon, registrar of motor vehicles. Within two weeks after it became known that positions on this new state force were open, more than 2500 applications were received. Even elderly mountaineers who were strangers to motorcycles were just as anxious to enlist as youthful correspondence-school detectives.

Most of the seventy men accepted as the nucleus of the present force were World War veterans. Captain Price has spent eighteen years in state-police work and has served in three wars; consequently he knows a thing or two about training men, discipline and law enforcement. The speed-cop training school at Hershey, fifteen miles from Harrisburg, is a permanent institution. At first it was conducted by men borrowed from the state police force, but now it runs on its own power. It's hard to get into, but harder to get out of—by the front door! The course is eight weeks of intensive grilling in state motor laws, criminal procedure, practical first aid, automobile mechanics, adjustment of headlights and the examination of applicants for automobile operators' licenses. The rookies are sent out afternoons and evenings with experienced men to observe and to be observed.

The Pennsylvania State Highway Patrol now numbers nearly 200 men, who cover 10,000 miles of state highways. Its lieutenants receive $140 per month, sergeants $115, corporals $100, and patrolmen $90, in addition to their board and lodging and all necessary supplies. Careful engineering and traffic surveys have dictated the location of patrol stations and substations. There are fifty of these and they are placed with excellent strategy. The substation usually has only two or three men.

The Headlight Menace

Examining 250,000 applicants for drivers' licenses is a huge task—especially when the examination is real, not a mere gesture. This cannot be done as an incident to patrolling; it is a job in itself and requires trained specialists. There are eighty-six examining points in the state, having a schedule ranging from one examining day a month to twenty-six. About sixty men do this work, usually in squads of five. Their itineraries are tightly arranged and they are fast workers.

"It's high-pressure stuff—this examining," declares one of the detail. "Every man on the highway force has had it drilled into him that the licensed motorists of the state—there are now 2,000,000 of them—are the persons who really pay his salary. This viewpoint induces courtesy and patience. Examining those who fill your pay envelope is a good training in diplomacy. But often there's a smile in the day's work. For example, I asked one husky applicant if he had any physical infirmities. 'Yes,' was his prompt answer; 'a wife and five children.'

"For some time the examiners in the central part of the state, where the Pennsylvania Dutch settlements are, had a fierce time of it. That dialect is an odd dish of succotash made up of Holland Dutch, German and English. The people themselves are transparently honest and simple—but their lingo is highly deceptive. You think you have the hang of it and are making yourself understood when the applicant isn't getting you at all. The examiners in those sections were constantly in hot water until we combed our force for good patrolmen who were born Pennsylvania Dutch and had spoken that dialect from childhood. These men were then trained as examiners and detailed to the localities where this speech prevails."

There are two other special details—the motorcycle inspectors and the headlight squads—men especially trained for these tasks. Keeping 150 well-abused motorcycles in good repair is an important matter. Twelve sergeants cover the state on this task. They determine what should be done to a disabled iron mule and also if the disability is due to the carelessness or neglect of the patrolman using it. If the answer is yes, the state holds patrolmen responsible.

The light brigade is a difficult detail. Fundamentally, its purpose is to educate patrolmen to educate drivers in the matter of safe and reasonable headlights. Admittedly, the entire subject of automobile headlights is a dark one—shot through with glaring inconsistencies. The automobile industry frankly admits that the headlight is the feature of the motor car which, from the highway-safety viewpoint, affords the least satisfaction and the greatest anxiety and confusion. One authority told me: "Dimming is criminal because the human eye is unable to adjust itself to the sudden change quickly enough to meet a sudden emergency. That's science. But, all the same, I'm grateful to the approaching motorist who is considerate enough to dim for me."

The light brigade of Pennsylvania works on the principle that proper focusing will do more to mitigate the glare of existing headlights than any other means. It also works to eliminate lenses which are not of the legal type and give the approaching motorist the full strength of the glare. On being told that he would have to get new lenses one thrifty Pennsylvanian inquired, "Will I have to pay for 'em, captain?"

The light squad carries a collapsible focusing screen and green lanterns for slowing down traffic when tests are to be made. As a certain car with bright glaring lights approached the testing outfit, one night, the driver did not slow up and the captain blew the stop whistle—with startling results. The motorist instantly stepped on the gas and crashed through the screen at full speed. When overtaken he offered the explanation that he thought it was a new kind of holdup and he didn't propose to be robbed. Considering the various fines assessed against him, he may still consider that his alibi was well founded.

In theory the State Highway Patrol is concerned only with the problems of highway safety and service; actually it is drawn into many other police functions as matters of emergency. Patrolmen are pressed into service to track murderers, highwaymen, automobile thieves and other criminals. One patrolman recovered two stolen cars and arrested the thieves in the first week of his service. Two patrolmen, out on their beat, noticed flames coming from the roof of a farmhouse. The farmer and his family were saved, together with much of his property. In doing this emergency work one of the patrolmen was rather severely injured. To traveling crooks the speed cop is a policeman—on fast wheels. This means that the speed cop is worth something to the community aside from his traffic-handling value.

A Matter of Education

The State Highway Patrol does consistent and valuable service in discouraging village and municipal speed traps operated for revenue only. In short, the Pennsylvania state speed cop is a very fair exhibit of what the speed cop should be. Many other states may study his habits with profit. Speed-cop schools like the one at Hershey, a military organization like that of the Pennsylvania Highway Patrol, and the mental attitude of that organization toward the driving public would be large assets to a lot of states which I will not name.

Highway safety is purely a matter of education. The willful and persistent offenders against it do not constitute, at most, more than ten per cent of the driving public. The only educator whose language this criminal contingent understand is swift, sure and unrelenting punishment in the form of forfeited licenses, impounded cars and unremitted jail and prison sentences. As a shrewd speed cop puts it: "You've got to give those birds both barrels at once. Nothing else will stop the wantonly reckless." The speed cop can do quite as much for the education of the other ninety per cent as for those who demand stern punishment. With these he can accomplish far more by good-natured, courteous advice and warning than by threats and roughneck stuff.

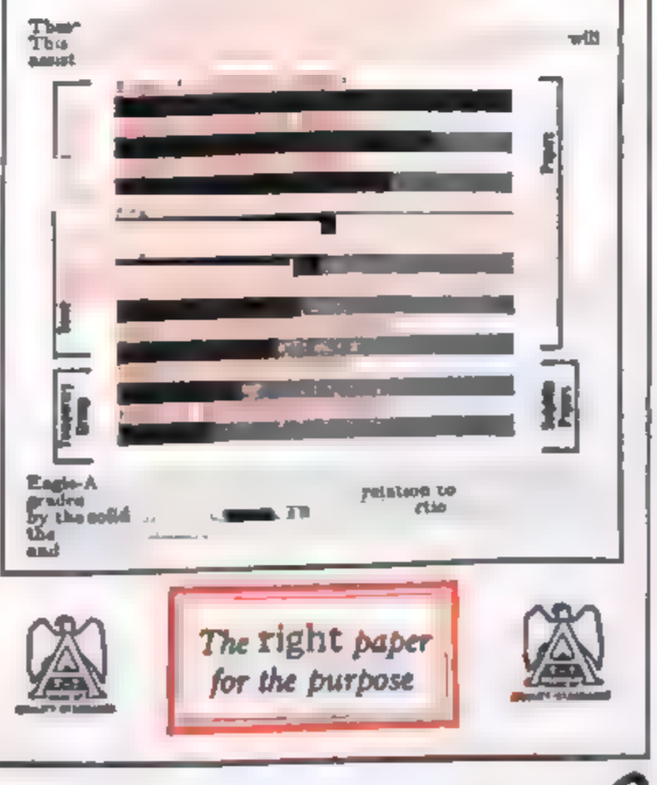
The Hoover Highway Safety Conference, the Highway Education Board, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the American Automobile Association, the National Safety Council, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and many other organizations are doing excellent work in pushing the safety education of school children and the general public. But no educator can do more than the intelligent and courteous speed cop to make our streets and highways relatively safe. As a whole, the fraternity of speed cops has a high morale. They have a rough job and they do it well, as a rule. Good scouts! There are few states and few cities which have enough of them. Wherever their number is increased, accidents immediately decrease. Of course they cost money—but the taxpaying public which insists upon more automobiles must pay—for the accident thermometer must not be permitted to rise. It is already too high.

Accepted by the NATION

THE
Specification Chart
of
BOND PAPER USES
which will enable you to select the *right* paper for the purpose.

Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a volume basis, with all the resulting economy in manufacture and distribution.	The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers								
	Rag Content Papers							Sulphite Papers	
Chief uses of paper in modern business									Telephone Bond
Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3		
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept. Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists				1		1	2	3	
Mortgages	1	2	2	3					
Deeds	1								
Stock Certificates	1	2	3						
Policies	1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
M'f'g. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Reference Booklets						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART
1—First Choice 2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice.
*Recommended for Offset Lithography
Four factors are considered in the above classifications (a) Appearance, b Long Life, (c) Printing qualities, (d) Probable handling in office, in mail and at destination. First choice provides maximum protection, others a slight sacrifice on one or more of the factors, as indicated in Grade Chart below.



as the Paper Buying Guide

ONE of the country's largest buyers of paper writes—"I think the simplification of sizes, weights and grades of bond paper is one of the most important subjects before the Manufacturer of paper, the Printer, and the Public. Every intelligent effort, like the one the American Writing Paper Company is making, to reduce the multiplicity of sizes, weights and grades to a practicable minimum is worthy of commendation and has our endorsement and support. It has a vital bearing on the printer's costs, and on the charge that must be borne by the ultimate consumer."

Purchasing Agents in large industries, individual Paper Buyers, Printers and Lithographers throughout the nation have accepted the Specification Chart as their paper buying guide. It assures them in each case *the right paper for the purpose —at the right price.*

The Specification Chart, the Sample Portfolio of Eagle-A Bond Papers, and a copy of "The Correct Use of Bond Papers" will gladly be sent upon request.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Bonds, Linens, Ledgers, Covers, Book Papers and Announcements
Holyoke, Massachusetts

EAGLE-A *Bond* PAPERS

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS
This watermark identifies Eagle-A Bonds

Entire Contents © 1925, A. W. P. Co.

Motor Car Bodies *Entirely* Steel

Beauty and Safety

NO wood is used anywhere. The frame of wood which in all other cars supports the steel outer body shell, is *entirely* omitted.

The steel frame which takes its place makes Budd All-Steel Bodies completely fireproof. An enamel finish can be baked on hard under high heat insuring permanent lustre and high re-sale value.

The strong steel frame, while avoiding the bulk a wood frame must have for strength, withstands shocks that would crush a frame of wood. The thin steel corner posts do away with dangerous blind corners in the driver's vision—making motoring safer.

When all advantages of All-Steel Motor Car Bodies are known, All Motor Car Bodies will be All-Steel.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUDD
ALL-STEEL
MOTOR CAR BODIES

All Steel—
SKY LINE OF NEW YORK, A CITY OF TOWERING BUILDINGS OF STEEL CONSTRUCTION

All Wood—
VIEW OF THE LAST ROW OF WOODEN BUILDINGS TO SURVIVE IN MANHATTAN SHOWING THE LIMITATIONS OF WOOD CONSTRUCTION

THE ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 13)

"We'll get ours nearer camp," he explained.

For the most part, no word was spoken, and Gender, submitting to the hypnotic spell of the canoe's surge and pause, surge and pause, fell half asleep, his eyes almost closed, his whole body absorbing the quiet peace and the rich strength of the wilderness. He became unconscious of the passage of time, till the canoe swerved in to the bank and Domes stepped out upon a log which lay half in the water and held the canoe for Gender also to alight. Burgin built a fire and cooked their lunch, while Domes and Gender, Domes commanding, unloaded the canoe and lifted it to stow it on the bank above the water.

After they had eaten, they took up their apportioned burdens and set out along the long way to the cabin. Burgin, in the lead, followed a trail to Gender's eyes hardly perceptible; Gender came second, and Domes brought up the rear. They wound through a cedar swamp, climbed to follow a hardwood ridge, dipped through another valley and up the higher ground beyond; they walked at times for minutes on end among tall spruce trees towering to the sky; and at other times they fought through cedar thickets where Burgin, half a dozen paces ahead, was invisible. On the hardwood ridges they had easiest going. Gender, unaccustomed to a pack, tired quickly; but when he perceived that Domes was impatient at each halt, he forced himself to keep the pace Burgin set at terrific cost of aching muscles and straining lungs.

They arrived a little before dusk at the cabin; and Domes and Burgin set about making it ready for the night, while Gender helped where he could. Dark fell before they were done with this task. They sat down to a heaping table, and Gender ate more than he remembered having eaten in his life; and a little afterward, in bunks at either side, Gender and Domes crawled between their blankets. Burgin was still busy, cleaning up the supper dishes, when Gender fell into deep and dreamless slumber.

That first day, while Burgin went out to pack in the rest of their luggage, Gender and Domes hunted together.

"I want you to get the lay of the land," Domes explained.

Gender found that the cabin was built on the southern end of a long narrow ridge called the Spine. A spring flowed from beneath a bowlder just below the cabin, and there was hardwood all about. They had come from the south, and Domes reminded the other that the latter part of their way had lain through heavy black growth.

"So we hunt north," he explained, "along the hardwood ridges."

There were a number of these within a four-mile radius. To the west and north of the cabin, one eminence, roughly circular in shape, rose to a considerable height. Domes pointed out an old wood road which led toward it and crossed one shoulder of the hill.

He spoke of the hill as the Knob, and explained that there was swampy land all about its base.

"A good place," he told Gender. "Deer like the swamp to lie up in, and they come up, night and morning, to feed."

They went north also, along the Spine, and Domes pointed out that on the west of the Spine a number of little brooks flowed together to make a considerable stream. At the northern end of the Spine he showed Gender an old windfall.

"I've killed three deer, just sitting in there," he explained, "waiting for them to come out in the hardwood down below to feed. You can see a good two hundred yards, right down to the brook, when the leaves are off this way." There were other ridges to the east. "But we'll get all the hunting we want along the Spine and over on the Knob," he added. "That's a thick hole to the east. We keep out of it." He urged Gender to get the land fairly in his mind's eye. "And if you lose your bearings," he explained, "anywhere around the Knob, you can strike the wood road back to the cabin, or you can follow any of the streams down till you come to the north end of the Spine."

They saw no deer that day. The leaves were thick and dry, announcing their movements, and the air was very still. The next day they again hunted together, again without success.

But on the third, at breakfast, Domes said, "I guess we can split today. You know the game now. Have you shot a rifle lately?"

"I went to one of the officers' training camps during the war," Gender replied.

"That's good enough. The shooting isn't hard if you keep your head. I guess you won't get excited."

Burgin, setting a platter of fried bacon before them, said dryly, "Don't pay to get excited much at this game."

Gender had come to like Burgin. He smiled at this and asked, "Shoot the wrong thing?"

The guide shook his head.

"That don't often happen. But you've got to keep pretty steady to hit a deer, even when he's standing still."

Domes shot a small buck that day, packing it back to camp from the hardwoods north of the Spine. Gender had hunted around the Knob, had started one deer, but got no shot at the creature.

"I thought I saw him before he moved," he explained. "But I waited to be sure."

Domes laughed.

"You don't often see a deer right out in the open, you know," he told Gender. "This little buck, all I could see was his horns and his nose. I guessed at the rest."

"I should think there'd be danger of shooting a person," Gender urged.

"That's why we wear these red coats," Domes assured him, chuckling. "If you see anything that looks like a deer and it hasn't a red coat on, shoot it. Deer don't wear red much this season."

Gender saw Burgin look up at this remark, and thought the guide was about to protest; but Domes went on before Burgin could speak.

"You hear of a lot of shooting accidents," he said. "But they happen where the woods are full of hunters, or where someone plays the fool with a gun. There's nobody hunting around here but you and me. As long as we keep to the territory we decide on in the morning, we're not going to run into each other. And if we did, you'd see the red. Don't be afraid to shoot. That's what your rifle is for."

Gender smiled apologetically.

"I expect it's my newness at the game," he remarked. "But I can't help being afraid of an accident."

The guide said slowly, "It ain't the accidents. They come from mishandling a gun. Most of the trouble happens from seeing a deer and shooting it, and then have it turn out to be a man."

Domes said harshly, "Burgin's as timid as an old woman, Gender. The main thing is, keep in your own territory. Then if you see anything to shoot, up with your rifle and pull."

They hunted again that day and the next, separating, taking a certain definite locality and beating it thoroughly. Gender had no success, but Domes shot another deer, a year-old fawn. He began to deride Gender in a good-humored way for his nonsuccess. Gender had not yet pulled trigger at all, and he had enough of the competitive spirit to be distressed by his failure. As the days passed, he became more and more nervously alert, more and more anxious to succeed. Now and then he started deer, but always they were gone before he could catch them along his sights. He began to be conscious of a distinct tension, an eagerness hard to control, so that once and then again he was on the point of shooting at a stump or a fallen log which assumed deerlike color or contour.

On the eighth day of their stay at camp, at breakfast in the morning, Domes was a little more pointed than usual in his derision.

"We'll be starting out of here in three days now," he reminded Gender.

"You haven't been too successful yourself lately," Gender told him, something like an edge to his tones.

"Plenty of chances," Domes retorted. "I passed up two yesterday—a small buck and a doe. I'd like to pick up a good head; but short of that, I only want to kill enough for us to eat. I've done that. You've got a family; you want to take something home to Mrs. Gender."

Gender looked at him attentively. More than once, these latter days, he had thought there was in the other's tone, when he spoke of Mrs. Gender, a curious and indefinably disturbing quality. He saw that Burgin, by the stove, was also watching the other man; but after a moment he put the matter out of his thoughts.

Domes was saying, "You take the Knob again today. There's a wind. You've a better chance to get up on them before they hear you, with a wind blowing to kill the noise of the leaves. Keep heading into the wind all you can, and go slow."

"Where will you be?" Gender asked.

"I'm going up the Spine and take a turn off to the east," Domes told him. "You stick to the Knob, work around on the west side of it. You'll hit the wood road. Come back that way. Don't hurry now, old man; slow does the trick."

Gender nodded.

"I'll remember," he said a little curtly. There was a suggestion of patronage in the other's tone which he resented.

So, after breakfast, they started out, going north along the Spine together for a half mile to the point where Gender would turn aside to cross to the Knob. Burgin, as usual, was left at the cabin behind them.

But when they came to the parting place, Domes said in a tone carefully casual, "You know, I've been thinking, Gender, old man. I believe we'll change the plan today. I think your best chance is to go on up to that windfall at the end of the Spine and get in there and keep your eyes open. The deer will be moving. You ought to get a shot, if you keep still. Just sit there all day and watch and listen."

Gender hesitated.

"I know you like hunting the Knob," he agreed, "and sitting still does appeal to me. There are a lot of interesting things going on in the woods—if you watch for them."

Domes slapped him on the shoulder cordially.

"Right you are," he exclaimed. "We'll do that then. You go on up the Spine. May get a shot going up. If you don't, just get in that windfall and stay there. I showed you where I always sit. I'll give the Knob a scouring."

Gender nodded. They were about to separate when Domes turned back.

"You ought to have a pillow," he suggested. "I always take one if I'm going to sit and wait for them. Makes it easier to keep still."

"I'll find a comfortable place," Gender replied.

"If your seat gets hard, fold up your coat and sit on it," Domes advised. "I won't be up that way, so you won't need it. And the deer can see it, anyway, just as easily as we can. That red shows up a long way."

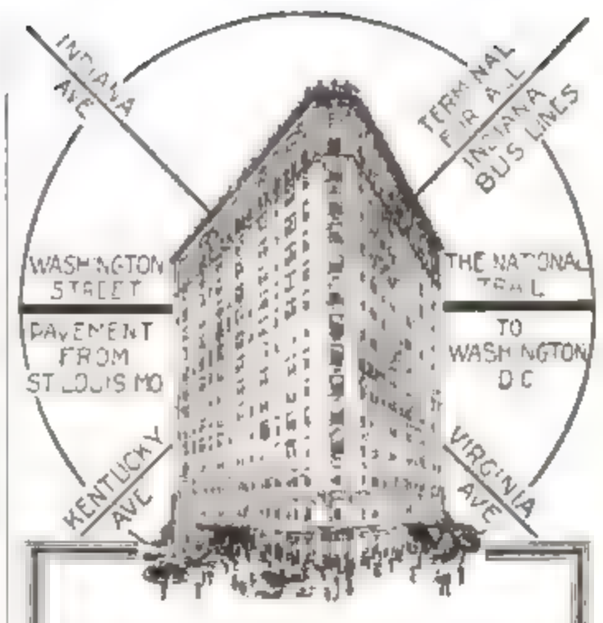
"I'll be quite all right," Gender assured him; and Domes lifted his hand and plunged down the slope on the way toward the Knob.

Gender went upon his way along the Spine. He walked carefully and slowly, rifle ready to shoot, his eyes searching the hardwood growth ahead. His thoughts were for a little while busy with Domes; he tried to analyze and define that curious quality which he had more than once detected in the other man since their arrival here. But, by and by, a deer broke through the thicket in the valley below him, and he was too late for the shot and blamed his own absorption, and thereafter he concentrated all his faculties upon the way before him and went cautiously on.

Late in the forenoon he came to the windfall and chose a seat on a low stub, where he was half hidden by the great trunk of the old tree. Thus bestowed, he gave all his attention to the multifarious tiny sounds that came from the forest about him. And now and then he saw or heard a squirrel, and once he caught a flash of brown when a mink worked down the brook side in the vale below him, and once a partridge stalked cautiously among the leaves below a great beech tree at the foot of the ridge, scratching there for nuts. The day was warm, his seat was hard, and by and by he remembered Domes' advice and removed his red coat and used it as a pillow. His vigilance was unrelaxing, but for a long time he saw no deer.

When Domes left Gender, he went openly down the side of the Spine and into the cedar thicket below and began to work his way toward the Knob. But when he was satisfied the other must by this time be out of hearing, he stopped, and he sat down on

(Continued on Page 173)



THE HUB
of Indiana
and a Trading Area of
1½ Million People

HOTEL LINCOLN
Indianapolis

WITHIN a 75-mile radius, 1¼ million people do their buying. On 13 interurban lines alone, 18,000 people enter the city daily. The central point of 17 railroads. The most modern motorbus system radiates from the hotel doors.

Washington Street
at Kentucky Avenue

Management
R. L. MEYER

Write or Wire for Reservations

The Chemical Foundation, Inc.

To "Advance Chemical and Allied Science and Industry in the United States"
and to disseminate authoritative facts on the Chemical and Associated Industries,

Offers these five invaluable books:

Creative Chemistry—By Edwin E. Slosson
Discovery, The Spirit and Service of Science—By R. A. Gregory
The Future Independence and Progress of American Made men in the Age of Chemistry—By A Committee of American Scientists
The Life of Pasteur—By R. Vallery Radot
The Riddle of the Rhine—By Victor Leleburc

Price $2.50

Send $2.50 in Check, Money Order or Currency Form to

Dept. 20
The Chemical Foundation, Inc.
85 Beaver Street . New York

NEW VEST POCKET ADDING MACHINE

$2.95

Counts Up to 999,999,999

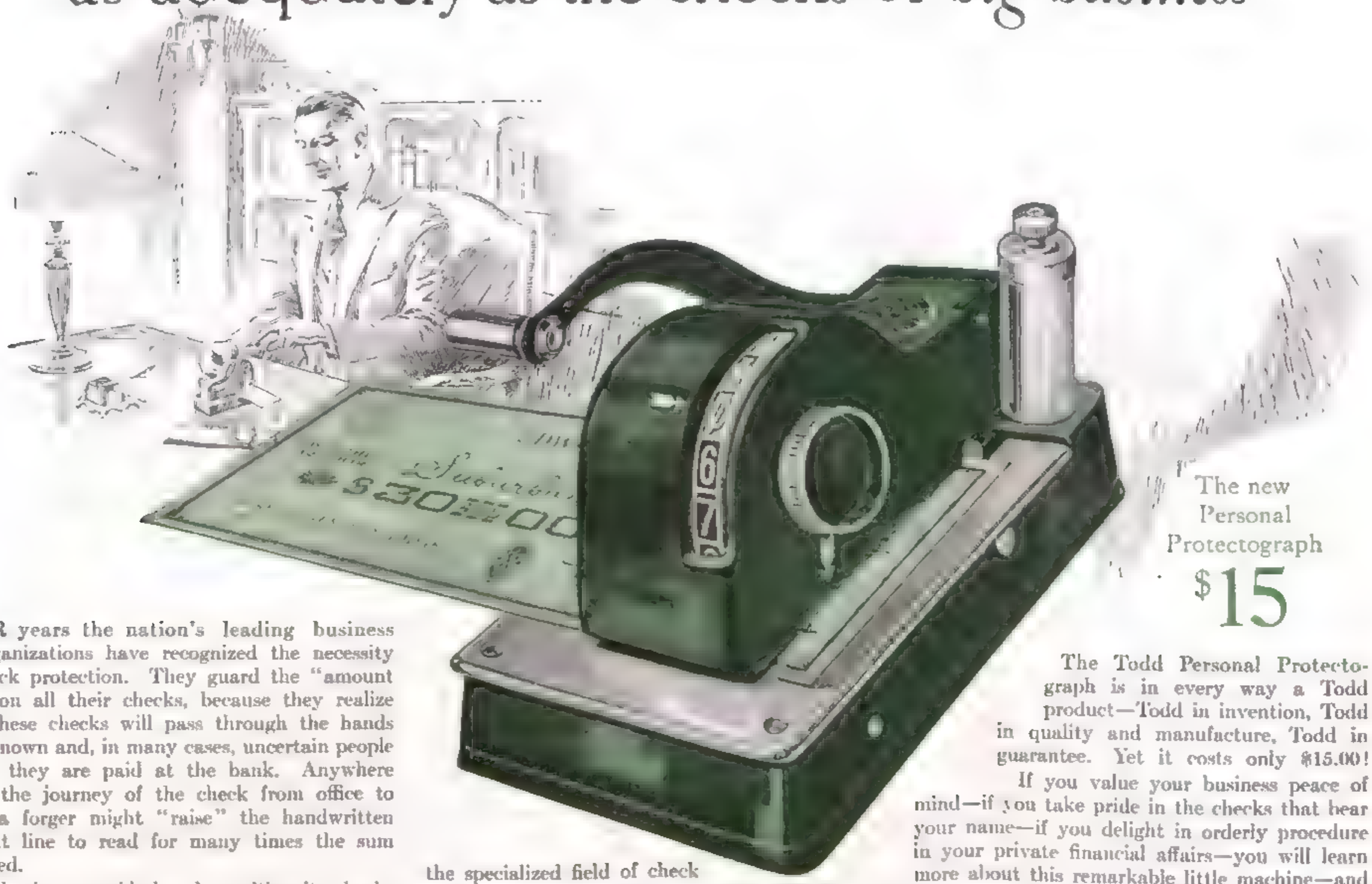
10 Days' Trial Send no money

Reliable Adding Mach. Corp. Dept. 52
170 W. Washington St. Chicago Ill.

Here's a money maker. Everybody wants one. Splendid profit. Write for special offer.

AGENTS

Your own personal checks may now be protected as adequately as the checks of *big business*



The new Personal Protectograph $15

FOR years the nation's leading business organizations have recognized the necessity of check protection. They guard the "amount line" on all their checks, because they realize that these checks will pass through the hands of unknown and, in many cases, uncertain people before they are paid at the bank. Anywhere along the journey of the check from office to bank a forger might "raise" the handwritten amount line to read for many times the sum intended.

Big business avoids loss by writing its checks on the Protectograph. Thus it guards the amount line—the very heart of its checks. Thus it avoids paying the forger, whose annual loot upon unprotected checks has been estimated by the American Institute of Accountants at one hundred million dollars!

The new Todd Personal Protectograph has been designed to guard the amount line on your personal checks

Big business with its vast resources could afford check-fraud losses better than you, a writer of personal checks. Yet it is a constant user of check protection. How much more important for you to guard your limited bank account!

By the investment of only $15.00 it is now possible for you to protect every personal check you write. Twenty-five years of leadership in the specialized field of check protection has enabled Todd to design and to build a check writer that will protect your personal checks by the same scientific methods used by big business. Economies in manufacture have brought the cost of this machine so remarkably low that no one with a checking account can afford to be without it!

Gives positive protection

The Personal Protectograph shreds the amount into the very fibre of the paper. It writes, in large, clear figures, with indelible ink. It operates easily and quickly. The large, closely spaced figures give positive protection against raising the amount by "pen changes," the clever method that does not need erasures. Erasures are guarded against by the shredding in the paper and by the indelible ink forced through and through the paper.

The Todd Personal Protectograph is in every way a Todd product—Todd in invention, Todd in quality and manufacture, Todd in guarantee. Yet it costs only $15.00!

If you value your business peace of mind—if you take pride in the checks that bear your name—if you delight in orderly procedure in your private financial affairs—you will learn more about this remarkable little machine—and about the Todd System of Check Protection.

Write for free booklet

Your name on the coupon will bring to you a copy of "Check No. 197," an interesting booklet, as well as detailed information on the Personal Protectograph. The Todd Company. (Established 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph and Todd Checks.*

THE TODD COMPANY
1144 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen—Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197" and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

Name

Address

1

The Protectograph, it is estimated, eliminates at least one-third of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

2

Todd Checks, with their patented self-canceling features, eliminate another one-third of possible check losses by preventing *change of payee's name, date and number* and "*counterfeiting*." Todd checks for business and personal use are reasonable in price—even in small quantities.

3

Standard Forgery Bonds cover the remaining check-fraud possibilities, namely, *forgery of signature* and *forgery of endorsement*. Qualified Todd users receive policies at the most advantageous discounts from the Metropolitan Casualty Insurance Company.

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION

© 1925, Todd Protectograph Co., Inc

(Continued from Page 171)

a bit of turf beside one of the tiny marshy streams in the thicket and filled his pipe and lighted it. His hands were shaking, and he watched them curiously. Now and then he licked his lips, which seemed to be unnaturally dry. His brow was furrowed and his mouth was drawn; he wore the countenance of a man engrossed in thought.

Domes was, in fact, thinking very carefully and accurately, remembering, cataloguing his memories, arranging them, studying his own actions in the past and planning them for the future. That which he meant to do was in the doing simple enough; but it required a proper background. This background he had been at some pains to build; he was studying it now, seeking to discover whether there was in it any flaw.

He could find none. No living soul knew that he hated Gender; no one could conceivably guess the atrocious ferocity of that hatred which was shaking and destroying him. To the world, he and Gender were the best of friends. He spent half an hour satisfying himself that, in this respect, all was as it should be; that there had been nothing to give rise to the smallest rumor of gossip. Secure in this conviction, he descended to details, checking them off in his mind. Burgin had heard them plan their day's hunting; had heard them decide that Gender should go to the Knob and stay there; and Burgin could not know of their later change of plan. Upon this simple circumstance his own security depended. Domes had a sudden fear that some black chance might take Burgin away from the cabin—might lead him to walk north along the Spine. He perceived in this possibility a definite peril, and in the end he decided that against this mischance he must take precautions.

About an hour after he and Gender parted, Domes accordingly returned along the way he had gone, climbed the Spine, descended into the covert on the other side, and worked down toward the cabin. As he approached it he heard Burgin chopping wood and felt a swift relief at the sound. With Burgin thus located, the way was clear.

But it was not yet time for him to act. He must wait till late afternoon, so that it might reasonably be suggested that Gender had tired of hunting the Knob and had incautiously adventured into the territory allotted for the day to Domes. So Domes crept into a thicket from which he could watch the cabin, and he stayed there till noon came and went and the sun began to descend the western sky. Now and then he had glimpse of Burgin. The guide was busy about the cabin. Domes became possessed of an increasing exultation. Matters were going so exactly as he planned.

About mid-afternoon he left his hiding-place and went swiftly northward through the woods. It occurred to him to consider the question of tracks, so he took some care to leave no conspicuous traces of his passage; and after a time he swung to the east into the thicker forest and found a rocky ridge there which he knew, and followed the ledges for half a mile, cutting his trail. Then he turned at last back toward the Spine, pursuing a northwesterly route. He came presently to a little brook which he knew; it joined the larger stream in the open growth just below the windfall where he had directed Gender to post himself. This spot was now no more than half a mile ahead, and Domes hurried his steps, full of a ferocious impatience. His hand that gripped the rifle was so tightly set his knuckles were white as snow, and there was sweat upon his forehead.

When he came within a quarter mile, it occurred to him as wise to lay aside the red coat which he wore. It might betray his coming. He laid it under a low hemlock and went on, still without caution to temper his haste. The leaves rustled about his feet; he had a momentary thought that Gender might hear the sound. But the wind was in his face, blowing from the other man to him. It was spotty, at times dropping almost to a calm; nevertheless he trusted it to carry away the sounds.

When he came within some three hundred yards of the end of the Spine, however, he forced himself to caution. Ahead of him in the lowland there was a thicket of close-growing stuff. He went on hands and knees into this thicket and thereafter crawled, forgetting that he left tracks as he went, intent now only on the purpose of his movements. From a certain point ahead, he would be able to see the windfall, little more than a hundred yards away and above him—would be able to see Gender.

But when he came to the spot he found his vision unexpectedly obscured. There was a bowlder on the hillside, in the way. Still on hands and knees, he began to crawl to the right to get a better view. He came thus at last to a spot from which he could see the windfall, and a black and damning disappointment struck him dumb. Gender was not there!

Gender grew very weary, sitting all day so still, ears keen to hear the faintest sound. Nevertheless he persisted in his vigil; and whenever a squirrel scratched among the leaves, his nerves drew taut and he turned his head as slowly as the unfolding of a leaf, to look toward the sound.

Noon passed and the afternoon began to wane, and it grew a little cooler. Gender put on his coat again; it flamed scarlet among the more sober colors of the wood. He became tired of sitting, so he moved to where a tall oak reared its head and stood against the trunk, motionless and as inconspicuous as possible, his eyes searching the woods, his ears attuned.

Late in the afternoon, he heard something in the lowlands to the southeast, as though a heavy footfall stirred the leaves there. From where he stood he could not see in that direction; so he moved his vantage, crossed to the brow of the slope and lay down on his stomach, only his head visible as he stared in the direction of the sound.

The fitful wind defeated his attempt to hear it again; nevertheless he held his post. And by and by he saw a low hemlock sway in a fashion that seemed to him unaccountable; and then, a little nearer, a bough flew back as though something had brushed it; and Gender, watching so acutely, perceived that something was moving quietly and secretly through the thicket below him. A moment later he caught a glimpse of a brown body; but it was only a glimpse, not enough to guide his shot. He recognized what he had seen as the flank of a deer, and his finger on the trigger trembled as he waited for a better view.

He could, by the occasional movement of a twig or branch, trace the progress of the deer; and he realized that if it kept on, the animal would come out into the open. But the creature came to the margin of the thicket and stopped there; and after a few minutes it began to move again, to one side, along the fringe of cedars. Gender was quite sure this moving creature was a deer. He had himself passed through that particular thicket a day or two before, knew the height of the low growth. The animal of which he had had a glimpse was too big to be anything but a deer or a man; if it were a man, his head would have been visible above the little trees. So Gender knew it was a deer, and waited for his shot that had been so long in coming. He waited so long that his nerves steadied and his excitement gave way to a cool intent.

By and by the movement among the little cedars and hemlocks ceased; and Gender stared at the spot until by the very intensity of his scrutiny he began to see the color of the animal's flank, and then the outlines of its body. A small deer, he decided; probably a doe, since he had seen no horns; nevertheless, a deer. He remembered that one should shoot for a spot just behind the shoulder. He saw, or thought he saw, the contour of a fore leg descending from the horizontal body; and with this firmly in the notch of his sights he pressed at last the trigger.

For a moment thereafter he waited for the bound of the stricken animal, his rifle ready for a second shot. But there was no movement. Looking closely, he thought he could see the body of the deer, prone upon the ground; and he rose exultantly and cried, half aloud, "Dropped in its tracks! Never kicked! That's the way!"

So he went swiftly down the hill.

Burgin's keenness of observation, coupled with Gender's analytical mind, served to piece out the story and save Gender from a lifetime of bitter regret; gave him instead some insight into the ironic humor which at times lies behind the workings of the fates.

Burgin showed him how Domes had crept so stealthily toward the spot where he expected Gender to be waiting. Burgin found the coat Domes had abandoned; and Gender's recollection of the change in their hunting plans and of how Domes had urged him to take off his own red coat, completed the tale.

"He'd have just claimed it was an accident," said Burgin, and spat to one side with a movement of infinite scorn.

Gender passed through the phase of horror; he came to accept the tragedy with some philosophy. But one aspect still puzzled him; and when, at home again, he told Mrs. Gender what had happened, he spoke of this to her.

"For the life of me," he declared, "I can't see why he did it."

She said thoughtfully, "I believe I know."

Gender was at first doubtful; but after a while he began to remember little things.

WANTED!

Men Who Want to Sell and Make Money Doing It!

So as to cut out the necessity of a lot of correspondence, I am going to tell you right here just what the proposition is that I have to offer. Take five minutes and read it over—then after you have read it give it plenty of thought because I don't want a man to be with me a short time and then change his mind. When you've made up your mind send for our application blank so you can get busy in your home neighborhood.

For years, I have been manufacturing roofing and waterproofing materials. My factories have grown so big that I want to sell my products through men that are directly responsible to me so that the users of Leitch Products will have the kind of service and interest that only dealing direct with the manufacturers can give.

There are over twenty million dwellings, over twenty-five million farm buildings and over a million factory buildings in the United States and when you figure the cost of a new roof, you can realize the tremendous market there is in each locality for a product like mine. Every home is a prospect—every factory—every garage—in fact, every building with a roof on it.

Our composition fibre roof covering can be applied to over 95% of the roofs in common use. A roof never wears out—it always dries out.

Are *You* One of the Men We Want?

We need hustling men in every section of the country to represent us in their home neighborhoods. The opportunity for making money is unlimited but the chance of joining me is limited to real men who intend to give their customers attention and to sell the goods on an honest basis, as well as giving their time to building up a big volume for themselves.

"Succeed with Leitch"

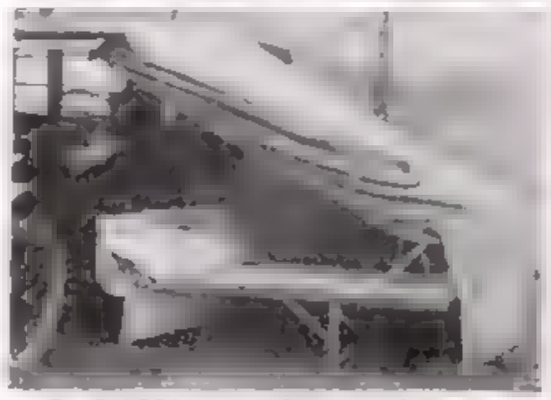
Write Today for particulars of our whole proposition. Get the facts. Territories are now being assigned in the order in which applications are received. To get the territory of your choice, you must write us at once.

C. A. Leitch, *Pres.*

C. A. LEITCH MFG. CO.

342 Madison Avenue

Dept. P New York



Schilling Auto-Camp

THE QUICK AND EASY WAY

A [illegible] Frame constructed of pressed steel, all [illegible] nished. Only Mattress Fabric with support [illegible] and resting surface woven into one [illegible] Not the canvas cot type [illegible] CANVAS COT KIND. Waterproof tent Outfit set up or collapsed in 3 minutes. NO HOLES TO BORE. NO STAKES TO DRIVE. Furnished either set up with or detached from car. FROM FACTORY TO YOU.

For 1924 Catalogue address Dept. P.

L. F. SCHILLING CO., Salem, O.

View Across Skaneateles Lake, One of the Finger Lakes of New York State

NIAGARA BLUE RIBBON

IS your bedroom restful—your living room cheerful—your dining-room hospitable? You can be sure they are if you re-decorate with Niagara Wall Papers. High in quality—popular in price.

Style Book

Send 10 cents for this new book—full of decorators' [illegible]

Niagara Wall Paper Company
1302 Walnut Avenue
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

WALL PAPER

CASH and PRIZES

To any boy (in U. S. A.) who sells me each week to folks he knows! Easy, too, for I help! To start write The Saturday Evening Post Sales Div. 456 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Old Faithful Geyser
Yellowstone National Park
Arm in Arm with the Spirit of Adventure
in these Peerless Playgrounds of the West
Ever been West? No? Why, "man alive," you're *not* alive. Don't you know out West—there in the Colorado Rockies and beyond, all the way to the Pacific Coast is the greatest of God's breathing spaces? There is romance! Thrills! Adventure! Beauty! Magic! Wonderment!
The earth holds no stranger marvels than Yellowstone's geysers. No climate so seductive as California's. No flaming canyons and jewelled amphitheatres so colorful as Southern Utah's.
Be a pioneer—let your pioneering spirit expand out West this summer. The very name Union Pacific breathes adventure!
See something *new!* See these places:
The Colorado Rockies—Pikes Peak
Rocky Mountain National Park
Mesa Verde National Park
Yellowstone National Park
Yosemite—Sequoia—Tahoe
Mount Rainier National Park
Hawaii National Parks
Pacific Northwest and Alaska
Great Salt Lake and the Canyons of the Wasatch
Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon
Cedar Breaks, Kaibab Forest, Grand Canyon
Idaho Mountains, Lakes and Rivers
Cheyenne and Pendleton Frontier Festivals
Crater Lake National Park
Ask those who've been there!
Any one of these places is worth a trip across the continent. But on the Union Pacific you may combine as many as you wish at little cost in one wonder tour. Let us tell you how to do it.
Send For Free Travel Booklets
Indicate places you wish to visit, and we will send you free descriptive booklets, maps, full information about low summer fares and generally help you with your plans. Write today.
Union Pacific
Great White Throne Zion National Park
Bryce Canyon Southern Utah
Cedar Breaks Southern Utah
North Rim Grand Canyon
Nisqually Glacier and Mt. Rainier
Longs Peak Rocky Mt. National Park
Gates of Yosemite
Sequoia National Park
Crater Lake National Park
Alaska—Via the Inside Passage
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
SPOKANE
BUTTE
PENDLETON
BOISE
WEST YELLOWSTONE
YELLOWSTONE NAT'L PARK
MINNEAPOLIS
ST PAUL
POCATELLO
CHEYENNE
OMAHA
COUNCIL BLUFFS
CHICAGO
SACRAMENTO
OAKLAND
SAN FRANCISCO
SALT LAKE CITY
OGDEN
GARDNER
DENVER
LINCOLN
ST JOSEPH
ST LOUIS
TOPEKA
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
GRAND CANYON NAT'L PARK
Address nearest Union Pacific Representative, or General Passenger Agent at
Omaha, Neb. :: Salt Lake City, Utah
Portland, Ore. :: :: Los Angeles, Cal.

TO PLEASE THE LADIES

(Continued from Page 9)

the office and do his thinking. Finally he confessed that, of course, he really wouldn't quit the job till he had seen the next edition to press. In a couple of hours the thaw was complete. The water was dripping from the eaves of both employer and employe. They shook hands and declared that they would stick together till they both dropped in the harness.

"And now, Joe," said Reeves—"now that we understand each other, I'll tell you what I want you to do for me, old man—for me, see?—as a favor. Maybe this little idea of mine will be a quince. In that case you can come into my office and tell me where I live. But let's see it through. Mrs. Sheets is coming in here with her hand-picked staff on Thursday at eleven in the morning. Of course they don't know anything about making up a paper. You've got to be on deck and probably do more than half the real work. I'll have Harry Frawn and Johnny Murphy stand by with you—you can hold the whole staff ready if you want to. Let the lady do any blooming thing she pleases. Don't contradict her. Tell her she's great. We're going to kill two birds with one stone. She'll get out the rottenest newspaper ever seen in the world and that'll be the finish of the forwardses and the upwardses, and we'll sell about forty thousand extra copies as curiosities. To please the ladies, Joe; to please the ladies. See?"

The boss winked a Brobdingnagian wink at the city editor, who replied with a feeble and defeated groan.

"I bet we have our second-class postal rating taken away," choked Jolliffe. He was silent a moment. Then a new objection came to him. "Boss, it's dangerous," he insisted. "Maybe you can sell a few extra papers. I guess perhaps you will. But there are other papers in town, and suppose some big story should break. This onward-and-upward skirt don't believe in big stories. Now take that Emmons case. That story is hanging over us and likely to drop any minute. Just think of us missing that story, and the Chronicle and the News plastering their front pages with it! Boss, you better ——"

"The Emmons case!" repeated Reeves, without understanding at once.

"You ought to spend more time in your own town. French Lick is all right, but we got no circulation there. I mean Emmons, the president of the Rolker Trust Company, who got away with three-quarters of a million last month. It's true they haven't traced him, but you can't ever tell when they'll nail him, and it'll be the biggest yarn we've had in months. We've got pages of morgue stuff in type ready to print when they arrest Emmons and start him back here. It's queer about this defaulter Emmons, boss. They know he bought a ticket for New York the day before the crash came, and he boarded the 4:24 train with two suitcases, and then the earth opened and swallowed him up. They've combed New York for him. Every outgoing ship has been searched. He's just clean evaporated."

"Oh, well," replied Reeves breezily, "it's only one chance in a million it would break that day. Besides, probably Mrs. Sheets would see that it was a big story ——"

"That's just it!" broke in Jolliffe gloomily. "It being a big story, she'd kill it." Suddenly the city editor brightened up. "Say, boss, I've got an idea myself. This idea thing is getting contagious. Couldn't we, now, print off a couple thousand copies of Mrs. What's-Her-Name's purity periodical for prudes and prunes, and meanwhile I'll be making up a regular front page as per usual, and then we'll ——"

Reeves grinned and gave a prompt negative.

"No, Joe, we'll play the game. Let her blazon her ideal newspaper to the world. It'll be the talk of the state."

By the time Thursday morning got around, Joe Jolliffe's spirit was quelled to the point where he ceased to choke whenever he spoke of Mrs. Percy Sheets. Indeed, that morning he even put on a brand-new necktie, and went around to the barber shop and got an extra-close shave and a haircut. If the thing had to be done, he was going to keep up the credit of the Record office. He had thought it all over. After all, Ben Reeves was a decent fellow, and Jolliffe wasn't going to throw him down. Maybe the boss knew best, from the countingroom angle. So Jolliffe took a solemn oath that he wouldn't let butter melt in his mouth for the next twelve hours. He'd do anything Mrs. Sheets asked him to do. He wouldn't be a grouch.

In this subdued and unusual state of mind Joe Jolliffe arrived at the Record office about 10:30 Thursday morning and plunged into an aroma of sachet, new-mown hay and kindred perfumery. Mrs. Percy Sheets, with her entire staff, was already on deck. Benson Reeves was mopping his brow with a handkerchief and trying to talk with them all at once and listen to Mrs. Sheets at the same time. Jolliffe opened the door of the city room and marched like a hero into that No Man's Land. He felt like a shock troop.

As soon as Benson Reeves saw the reënforcements coming he rushed over to Jolliffe and got the city editor by the hand.

"Let me introduce my city editor—Mr. Jolliffe, Mrs. Sheets. Mr. Jolliffe will give you all the assistance you happen to need. He's been here a good many years and knows the ropes. Joe, I've asked Harry Frawn and Johnny Murphy to come in about eleven. If you don't need them you can send them home. You see, Mrs. Sheets has brought a pretty big staff with her."

Mrs. Sheets had done that. She had with her, besides the entire roster of officers and the entertainment committee of the Everton Forward and Upward Society, the following promising journalists:

Dr. Franklin J. Noddick, a local eye, ear and throat man, who had written a paper on the Eustachian tubes to be read at the County Medical Society's last meeting. The paper was not read because the program proved too long and Doctor Noddick was at the bottom of the list. The doctor had the paper with him this blessed Thursday morning. Mrs. Sheets had promised him that it should not be cut.

Miss Fannie Travis, teacher of æsthetic dancing in the Everton Academy. Miss Travis wore a short skirt, with flesh-colored silk stockings, and at the sight of her Jolliffe became almost cheerful. There was a Chinaman's chance, he thought, that Fannie might cut loose with a few Ruth St. Denis steps. It proved to be only a Chinaman's chance, however.

Walter Perkins Wickman, a young photographer, wearing a Windsor tie and corduroy trousers. Jolliffe had observed this young man several times on the public highways and had thought of doing something about him. It developed that Mr. Wickman was going to probe the art situation in Everton and cut deep. He was going to give the Philistines a showing-up.

A young man whose name Jolliffe, months afterward, had not yet caught, but who was a nephew of Mrs. Sheets, just home from a theological seminary. He had supplied a pulpit in Fredonia, New York, one Sunday, and had the sermon with him. He was willing that it should be printed in the Daily Record.

These were the big figures. They were the star reporters. In addition, there were several high-school teachers, a settlement worker and a representative from the Everton Woman's League Laboratory Kitchen.

While the assemblage was telling one another what they were going to do, Joe Jolliffe tried to have a few words with Mrs. Sheets. Mrs. Sheets was wearing a peculiar hat with a trick feather, which stuck in Joe's eyes no matter where he stood.

"As I was saying," went on the city editor bravely, "this big book here on my desk is what we call the assignment book. Maybe you won't care to use it, but we find it handy to keep track of things."

Mrs. Sheets inspected it and declared that it was not a bad idea. This encouraged Mr. Jolliffe to proceed recklessly:

"Well, now, for instance, we always have some reporter cover the police news."

"Police news! Well, I'll have nobody cover the police news!" snapped the new editor. "There's enough crime and trouble in the world without dragging the messy details into our homes and thrusting them under our noses."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Joe humbly. "I forgot about that. I was only telling you what we had been doing before you came. Of course you wouldn't want any of your young ladies to associate with policemen. But I dare say, now, you'll have somebody cover the courts. There's a great deal of human interest ——"

(Continued on Page 178)

Again we say:

"Date Your Mirro Aluminum"

So many women deny themselves really good cooking utensils—just to save a little extra *first* cost.

Yet, if they knew, they might be enjoying beautiful Mirro's wonderful cooking qualities and work-saving qualities, and still be money ahead!

For it isn't the first cost that counts: it's the cost by the year. *Mirro costs less by the year*—it lasts longer. Let this simple test convince you:

Buy any Mirro utensil and *date* it with the month and year you bought it. Long before it has even begun to wear out you will know that Mirro is amazingly economical.

Mirro utensils are extra durable because they are made of extra thick, strong aluminum. They resist denting and scratching. And their hard, mirror-polished surface is always easy to clean.

There is a complete line of Mirro utensils to make every kitchen task easier and pleasanter. Be sure to ask for Mirro next time. Most good stores sell it.

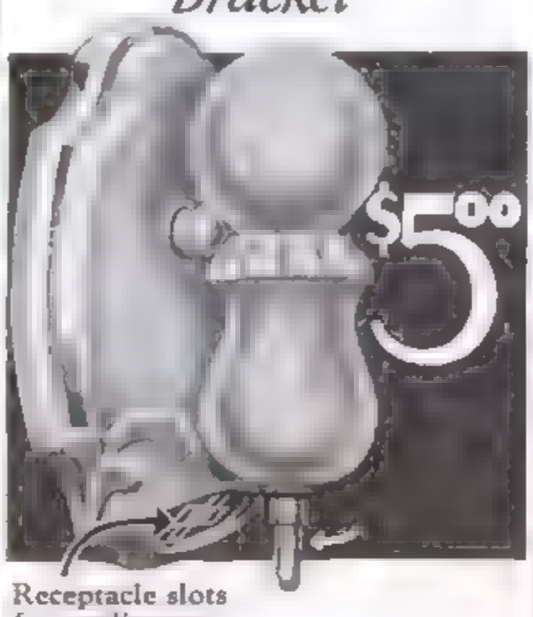
Write for this different recipe booklet

A fascinating little book of unusual recipes—"Food Surprises from the Mirro Test Kitchen"—is waiting for housewives who love to make an art of simple home cookery. Send ten cents in silver or stamps for it.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

MARKEL
TWO-4-ONE
Bracket



Receptacle slots for appliances

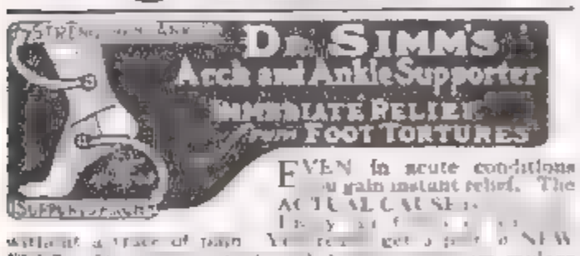
A beautiful bath-room bracket with convenient outlet for attaching curling-iron, heater, hair drier, vibrator or other appliance. No need of base receptacle. Durable. Handsomely finished in white enamel. Order from dealer, or sent direct for $5.00 (bulb not included). Folder on request.

MARKEL LIGHTING FITMENTS, Inc.
43 East Eagle St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Write right!

LONGHAND is out of date. Coronatyping is quicker, easier, more legible—and provides carbon copies. The latest portable Corona has the standard four-row, single-shift keyboard. Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 117 Main Street, Groton, N. Y.

CORONA



EVEN in acute conditions ... gain instant relief. The ACTUAL CAUSE ... without a trace of pain. ... NEW FEET. Dr. Simms' Arch and Ankle Supporters replace ... the arch in position, immediately relieving painful pressure, and as you walk the weakened muscles are strengthened and foot troubles corrected. Physicians and Surgeons recommend them. AT YOUR DEALERS or sent postpaid, $1.50 each, $2.75 a pair. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or money refunded. State shoe size. FREE descriptive circular on request.

CHARLES QUENZER, Inc. *Est. 66 Years*
Suite 201, Quenzer Bldg. 79 Reade St., N. Y. C.

SANFORD'S
The original
FOUNTAIN PEN
INK

ALWAYS GOOD
ALWAYS THE SAME

THE IONA FOOT IN-HEATER

... quickly, and without removal of shoes. An entirely new principle evolved. Other electric appliances, as well as hot water bags, etc., conduct heat to your feet, whereas ...

THE IONA COMPANY
16 Busch Building, Los Angeles, Calif.
Send for interesting Circular

PATENTS
BEST RESULTS
BOOKLET FREE
HIGHEST REFERENCES
PROMPTNESS ASSURED
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 644 G St., Washington, D.C.

(Continued from Page 174)

"—— of a vulgar and depressing kind," added Mrs. Percy peremptorily. "Thank goodness, we can read one issue of the Record without such things staring us in the face!"

"Of course there are all kinds of courts," persisted the city editor. "Now, for instance, Judge Hemenway, in the Superior Civil Sessions, is going to hand down a decision today on certain riparian rights which existed in the Bellows River thirty years ago, before the river dried up and disappeared. They say it will be an important decision. He's been writing it for six weeks."

"Well, that's different," replied Mrs. Sheets in a friendlier vein. "That's the sort of things people should read. Rotarian rights, did you say, Mr. Jolliffe? I know something about them. My late husband was one. And I certainly never let him belong to anything unless I knew it was clean and decent. Do you think the judge will let us print the whole decision?"

"I think so. Judges are only human," sighed Jolliffe.

"If he will, that will be splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheets. "I'll put it in the first two columns on the left-hand side of the first page. "I was going to put Doctor Noddick's article on the Eustachian tubes in that place, but I'm sure the doctor wouldn't mind. I think the Rotarian decision would attract more attention, don't you?"

"I don't know," replied Jolliffe, swallowing hard. "I dare say there's a good deal of excitement about cauliflower ears and things these days, and maybe the doctor has put some words in it that will help folks on their cross-word puzzles."

Mrs. Sheets looked hard into the face of the city editor, but there was nothing to be read in that dazed map except an utter willingness to oblige.

"Well," continued Mrs. Sheets, opening a bulky brief case and taking a quantity of papers from it, "I'll leave those first two columns open. I suppose I'd better plan out my first page now, hadn't I? You can help me with that, for of course there are certain technicalities I've never learned. But," she continued, "I have made up my mind definitely to one thing: I want to print this poem right in the middle of the first page, surrounded by—you know—dark lines—like this."

With one of Jolliffe's blue pencils Mrs. Sheets indicated a square spot in the center of the dummy first page Jolliffe had provided.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I see. You mean you want to print the poem in what we call a box."

"I suppose so. Here's the poem. I think every newspaper should print something beautiful like this on the first page every day."

She passed a typewritten sheet to the city editor. Jolliffe, with strange, limp emotions, read:

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne,
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

"Isn't that sheer loveliness?" asked the editress.

"Well, I'm no judge of poetry, ma'am," replied Jolliffe. "So far as I could say, it sounds good. J. Keats. Some local boy, I suppose. I'm for boosting the home-town poets as well as anyone. This young fellow is likely to be syndicating his stuff, like Edgar Guest and Walt Mason, one of these days. I can see he has the knack."

Again Mrs. Sheets looked searchingly into the city editor's face. There was not the semblance of sarcasm or of guile to be seen there.

The lady said acidly, "If you haven't heard of John Keats you haven't heard much. That's just what I've been saying all along. That's the trouble with our newspapers."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," gurgled Jolliffe apologetically. "I'm tied pretty close to this desk and I don't get to know the young folks about town. But I do get this Darien allusion, though. I've been through there, coming up from New York."

"Through where?"

"Through Darien. It's one or two stations the other side of Bridgeport, Connecticut."

Mrs. Sheets sniffed.

"I can judge from that remark about how much help I can get from you," she rasped.

"Yes, ma'am; I mean no, ma'am," replied Jolliffe gently. "I'll be of such service as I can. Is there anything else for the first page?"

"It's been my opinion for a long time that the activities of the Women's League Kitchen should get some prominent notice in our papers," went on the editress. "Here is a recipe for mince pie which has been tested in our laboratory kitchen and has been found quite wonderful. I wish that to go at the top of the column next to the Rotarian decision, if we can get it from the judge."

"A recipe for mince pie on the first page!" came from the startled city editor before he could suppress it.

Mrs. Sheets turned upon him swiftly.

"Yes; why not? I suppose you'd rather see the beastly details of some murder there instead."

"No, I don't know as I would," replied Jolliffe reflectively. "Maybe you've got the right idea, after all. Maybe this mince pie will be just as good."

"And last of all," continued Mrs. Sheets, picking up the bulkiest manuscript of all, "I have a short story here. I don't want to seem egotistic, but everybody who has seen this story has said that it should be printed. I wrote it myself. I took Professor Baumgarten's course in the writing of the short story, and this received the honor mark of the class. This is Professor Baumgarten's criticism pinned to the first page. You'll see that he says it has a wonderful element of surprise in it. I shall have it start on the last two columns, the right-hand columns, of the first page, and continue over into some other page."

Jolliffe read the title—The Tangled Web.

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

"They could be making this into printing type now, couldn't they?"

"Certainly, ma'am," admitted the city editor. "The more stuff you can send up now the better. There are a couple of early linotype men up in the composing room now, setting on horse."

"Sitting on horses! I don't believe you!" snapped Mrs. Sheets. "Do you take me for a fool?"

"No, ma'am," Jolliffe hastened to explain. "What I mean is—you see, it's just an office way of speaking—slang, you might say; it just means that whenever the linos don't have any news copy to work on, they set up filler stuff. We call it horse."

"Very well," said Mrs. Sheets, not quite satisfied.

Jolliffe was glad of this opportunity to get away. He lurched up the stairs with an armful of manuscript, including the Eustachian tubes, the Keats poem, The Tangled Web and a dozen other novelties for the Friday special edition. When the swinging doors of the composing room had closed behind him Jolliffe began to laugh. It was not a wholesome laugh. There was something decidedly pathological about this laugh. It was rather too much like the laugh one hears in passing certain brick buildings maintained by the state, where the windows are barred with heavy steel gratings.

"Well, Joe, how's the skirt special going?" was the greeting from Webster, the fat copy cutter. "Got some stuff ready for us?"

"Yes, this," faltered the city editor. "Wally, this edition is going to be something different. People are never going to forget this. The city room is flooded with Mrs. Sheets and her bunch of pillowcases, and they're spilling poetry and cooking recipes all over the place. We're going to have a swell article on diseases of the ear, and a sermon about nothing delivered by nobody; and here's a marvelous short story written by Mrs. Sheets herself, with a bang of a surprise in it. It looks to be about nineteen columns long. But she says it's a short story. Set up two columns of it for the first page and put a slug at the bottom, Continued on Page 24. We've only got fourteen pages in the morning. That'll give everybody a whale of a surprise, including Mrs. Sheets. Wally, you know I haven't touched a drop of liquor for fifteen years, but I've got to have some hooch. Know any bootlegger?"

"Yes; but it might kill you," responded the copy cutter.

"Wally," said Jolliffe faintly, "this is one case where the quality of the liquor is no consideration. The sting of death has been pulled."

When Jolliffe came down to the city room again he felt strong enough to proceed. Mrs. Sheets had already sent most of her staff out upon assignments. The assignments were not precisely what Joe would have chosen, but they were in line with the new editor's policy of creating a newspaper which would be fit to enter the home. They ranged from an interview with the chief of the fire department about the careless use of kerosene stoves, to a write-up of the dangers of telephone wires to migratory birds.

Jolliffe sat down at Harry Frawn's desk, crammed his corncob full of cut plug and lighted up. He sat for a few moments in peaceful, salutary thought.

Then he heard an acidulous voice asking, "What do I smell burning?"

Jolliffe sniffed automatically. He couldn't smell anything.

"I smell something burning," went on Mrs. Sheets. "It smells like cloth."

Then it occurred to the city editor that the only combustion in the city room was in his corncob.

"I guess it's my pipe, ma'am," he explained. "Would you rather I wouldn't smoke?"

"I don't mind tobacco smoke so much," said Mrs. Sheets. "But what you have there is poisonous. I like to see men smoke cigars, if they smoke anything. Still, if you could get along without smoking anything just now ——"

Jolliffe knocked out the ashes and slipped the offending corncob into his pocket. He was a vanquished man. The tidal wave of journalistic feminism had rolled over him and he was washed high and dry. When the telegraph operator who handled the Associated Press wire service came in and said that the wire was just opening, Jolliffe mooned at the operator and said:

"Take it for practice, Bill. We won't need it. We aren't printing a newspaper any more. If the A. P. has anything snappy about new ways of making doilies out of flour sacks and lobster shells, tell 'em to send in full. We could use a couple of columns about the late President Garfield's flower gardens, maybe. But lay off the fires and assassinations and such like. We want this paper to be fit to go into any home, whether they read it or not."

"There is a six-million-dollar fire in Memphis ——"

"Bill, how dare you suggest we'd print such a depressing thing! Haven't I told you this is a nice paper now? Wait till you see our article on Bird Retreats in Louisiana. It'll knock your eye—I mean it will alter the normal position of your optical instruments."

"What would we do if a war broke out, Joe? asked the operator, grinning.

"Deny it," replied Joe. "Now go away, Bill. There is something offensive about your presence. You've been near some news and got it all over you."

But after the operator had disappeared Jolliffe discreetly wafted himself through the same portal and caught the telegrapher.

"Take it all, Bill," he said. "Get the service in full as usual. Slip it upstairs to Johnny Murphy. He's in the proof-readers' room. He's going to edit the A. P. and put heads on it, in case something should happen. Mrs. Sheets may run shy of material before the day is over. If she does we can slip over a few pages of vulgar illiterate news on her."

"I get you, Joe. This is going to be a funny paper tomorrow morning, eh?"

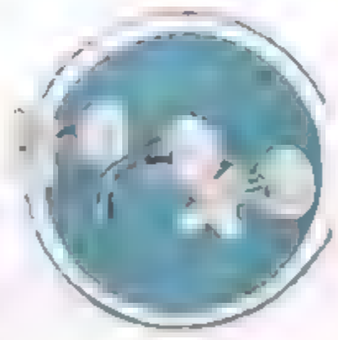
"I'll say it is. The biggest comedy since the Japanese earthquake," replied Jolliffe. "We're going to put the comic-strip artists out of business. If you hear anybody crying, Bill, it's me laughing."

A few minutes before six o'clock Benson Reeves sauntered in immediately back of a big Havana cigar and wearing a fine proprietary smile. He slapped Jolliffe on the shoulder merrily.

"Cheer up, old man! The news dealers have all doubled and trebled their orders, and we've got a real publicity stunt this time! Of course it won't be a newspaper,

(Continued on Page 179)

These Vital Spots must be safe
in hotels and public buildings



Above all else the plumbing system must be safe in big hotels and in public washrooms. The entire system must always function properly. The faucets, especially, must be leak-proof and fool-proof. In hotel plumbing the faucets are the *vital spots*, just as they are the *vital spots* in home plumbing.

In many of America's leading hotels and public buildings these *vital spots* are safeguarded by Mueller faucets. Why? Because Mueller faucets possess the utmost refinement in design, are positive in their function and always close tight, without the slightest leak or drip.

Is the American citizen's home less worthy of protection than the hotels he patronizes? Are the faucets of his plumbing system less *vital* than the faucets in public buildings? Should home owners have greater toleration for noisy, leaking, splashy faucets than the hotel guest?

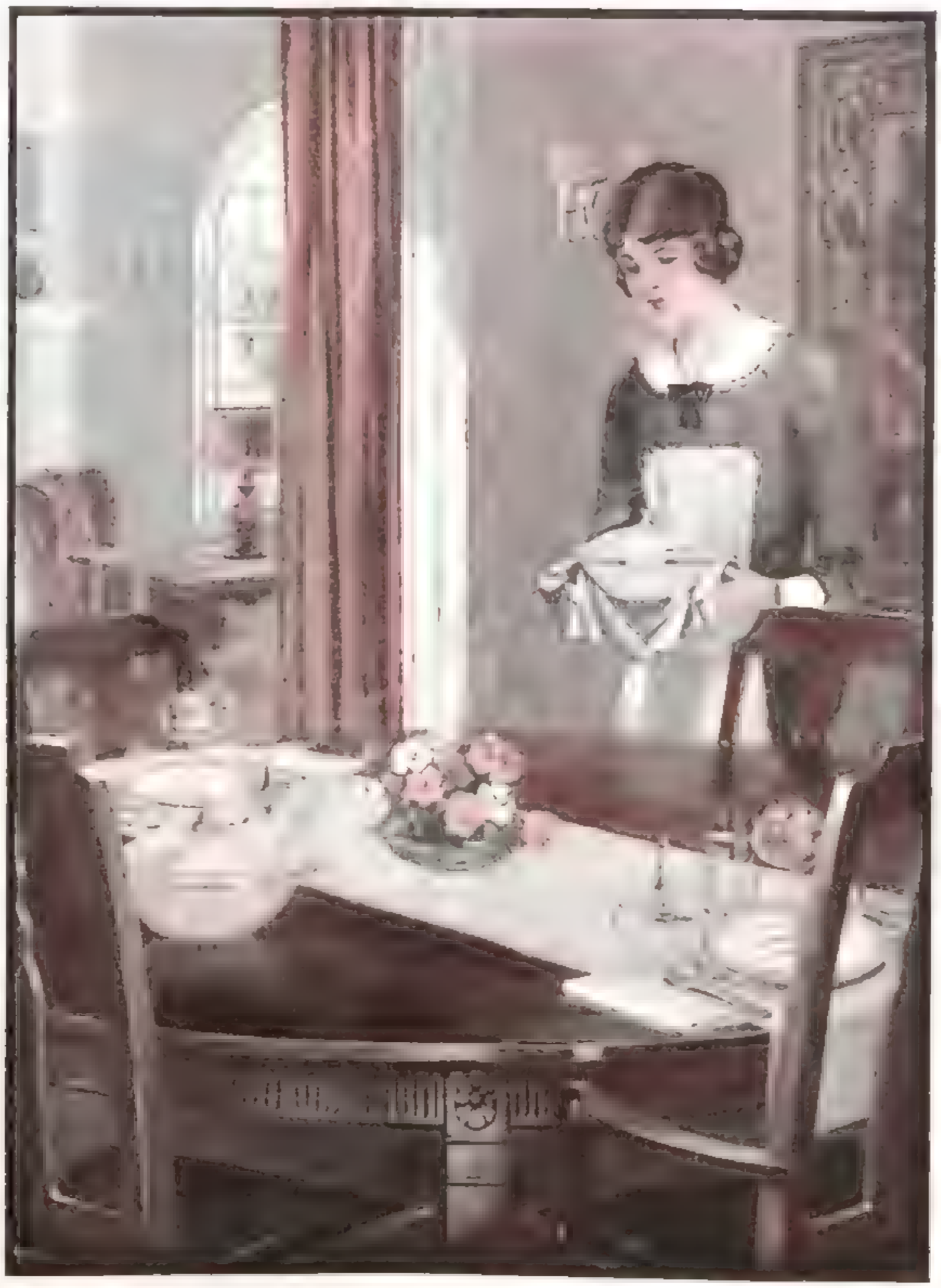
Certainly not—nor must they! Mueller faucets are as easily available to the home owner as to great hotels—and just as economical. Leading plumbing supply jobbers everywhere distribute Mueller products to the expert merchant plumber in practically every city, town and village in America. You can get them easily.

Are the *vital spots* in your plumbing system fully protected? Are your faucets pounding, thumping, leaking or splashing? Is the service of your bathroom, sink or laundry ever interrupted at these *vital spots* of service? Then you will find it good economy to have your plumber replace them with Mueller faucets—famous for years as "faucets without a fault."

MUELLER CO. *Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan; Sarnia, Ontario
Branches: NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES
Established 1857

MUELLER FAUCETS
faucets without a fault

A Zapon finish withstands the unusual



HEAT that would blister an ordinary finish will not harm, not even mark the lustrous surface of a Zapon finished table. Moreover, a Zapon finish never gets "sticky." It never prints. It will not show doily marks.

Used for furniture, Zapon gives a finish that is deep, rich, velvety, lustrous—a beautiful surface that always can be cleaned merely by rubbing with a damp cloth. Zapon never requires cleansers or polishing materials.

High grade furniture products finished with Zapon now may be seen at furniture stores. Ask your dealer to show them to you.

THE ZAPON COMPANY
Park-Lexington Building, Park Ave. at 46th St.
NEW YORK CITY
Branches: Chicago, Los Angeles, New Haven

Ask for furniture finished with

ZAPON

the finish the world has waited for

(Continued from Page 176)

but what do we care? Have you seen Mrs. Percy's dummy of the first page? It looks like the old Waverly Magazine my folks used to subscribe for when I was in didies. It's a scream."

"Yeah, I'm screaming," said the city editor dully. "I ——"

The outer door opened and the face of Harry Frawn peered in furtively.

"Come in, Harry!" cried Jolliffe. "The editor has gone out to eat her dinner. What's doing?" he asked nervously.

"We're all right so far, Joe. I've been the rounds of the police stations and the undertakers and the hospitals. There's absolutely nothing stirring. The Potomac was a riot compared with Everton today. Not even a dog fight. So I guess we're not losing much."

"The A. P. is quiet, too," said Jolliffe, brightening. "If this thing hangs on till we go to press, we're saved. But you can't tell. Anything can break between now and two A. M. Boss, Mrs. Sheets tells me that she's going to close down the works at 10:30 and slip the old Record to press. I tried to tell her that newspaper men stay up later than that as a rule. She wouldn't listen to me. She says 10:30 is late enough for any decent newspaper to sit up. Are you going to stand for that?"

"We've got to," replied Reeves blandly. "Let her have her way, Joe. The quicker she's through, the better. What are you kicking about?"

"I don't leave this joint till the other papers are on the streets," insisted Jolliffe doggedly.

"Well, that's all right. But let Mrs. Percy quit any time she wants to. The presses don't need to start till the ordinary time. The stereotypers don't come on duty till midnight anyway. Has she got enough to fill the paper, Joe?"

"She's got enough to fill three papers," groaned Jolliffe. "A distinguished-looking clothing store dummy with a purple beard floated in here this afternoon with a book he's just written on Aztec pottery. She's going to run a couple pages of it. It's lucky this fellow Gibbon that wrote twenty volumes about Rome doesn't live on her street. We'd have to hire in a new pair of presses. . . .

"Do you smell anything like cloth burning, Harry?"

"No," replied Frawn, sniffing.

Jolliffe gazed affectionately upon his corncob, which he had lighted up clandestinely.

"If you see the lady coming in when you go out, give a whistle. She doesn't like my pipe. Send me in a bunch of sandwiches and some coffee, will you? I'm going to sit on this wreck till she goes down by the head."

True to her determination, Mrs. Sheets ceased operations about half past ten. She was in high spirits. At ten o'clock she came around to the city editor and spoke almost affectionately.

"Please smoke all you want to, Mr. Jolliffe," she said. "I'm sorry I said what I did about it this afternoon. I was nervous and irritable, you understand. It's quite a new experience for me. And I do appreciate all the help you've given me. But don't you really think I'm going to have quite a nice newspaper now? Can't you see what I am aiming at?"

"I think you've done mighty well with what you have to work on, ma'am," replied Joe Jolliffe, not to be behindhand in the olive-branch business. "Yes, ma'am; though it'll be different from our regular paper, it'll certainly attract a lot of attention."

"I'm going home very soon," went on Mrs. Sheets. "There are a few little things which haven't come in as I expected, but I'm sure it won't make any difference. If any of my staff should telephone in, you'll take down their reports and put them in the paper, won't you? But I don't think they'll telephone now. Anyway, it's not important. I did want to get a few lines about the Playground Association meeting at Mrs. John Fleming's house. Daisy Fleming—that very bright girl with the red cheeks who came in with me this morning—promised to bring in a full account of it. I suppose she forgot all about it. Girls will be girls, you know."

"Yes, ma'am," said Joe, "I've had reporters who forgot to get back to the office too. But that was mostly in the old days, when beer was five cents and five per cent. If Miss Daisy telephones I'll take it myself."

Mrs. Sheets went out. The last of the special staff of writers had gone some time before. From upstairs there came the rhythmical lip-lipping of the linotype machines, putting into type the treatise on Aztec pottery and equally stirring matter. One by one the regular reporters, who had been watching for the departure of Mrs. Sheets, filed into the office, burbling with joy over the prospects of the forthcoming edition. They attempted to joke with the city editor, but Joe was not in the humorous mood.

"Kid yourselves all you want to, boys," he said wearily. "This thing is a flop from any point of view. I'm going in the boss' room and have a smoke. If anything big breaks let me know. Otherwise, leave me alone."

Jolliffe was let alone about seven minutes. Then the door of Reeves' office opened and Pete Leach looked in.

"A young lady wants to see you, Joe."

"Tell her to go home. I don't want to see any young ladies. I don't want to see any more women as long as I live. Send her away."

"She says she must see you, Joe. Her name is Fleming. She says she promised Mrs. Sheets to write something."

"Oh, confound it!" growled Jolliffe. "I promised to take her story, whatever it was. All right, let her come in—and leave the door open. I don't want to be compromised by any of these forward-and-upward females."

"Oh, Mrs. Sheets has gone, hasn't she!" exclaimed the pretty and breathless girl who fluttered into the Reeves office.

"Yes, Mrs. Sheets has gone. Sit down and give me the facts and I'll write your story for you. She told me you were going to get a little story about—what was it?—a Playground Association meeting."

"Yes," replied the girl, seating herself. "You're Mr. Jolliffe, aren't you? Nobody thought to introduce me to you this morning."

"Nobody thought anything," replied Joe brusquely. "Nobody's thought anything since either. . . . What was the story?"

"I've wanted to be a newspaper reporter so much, Mr. Jolliffe. It's so exciting."

"Wait till you see the story on Aztec pottery in the morning paper, and you'll think so. . . . Now where did the meeting take place?"

"When Mrs. Sheets asked me to report this meeting for her I was so excited. I've always wanted to do something for a newspaper. I'm very sorry I was delayed, but I couldn't help it, really. If you knew the circumstances ——"

"It's all right, miss. If you'd come even half an hour later the door would have been open. . . . Now you say this meeting was held ——"

"Oh, yes, at our house. My mother is president of the association, you know. The street? Oh, you know where we live, don't you? Why, I thought everybody knew where we lived. Father's father built the house ——"

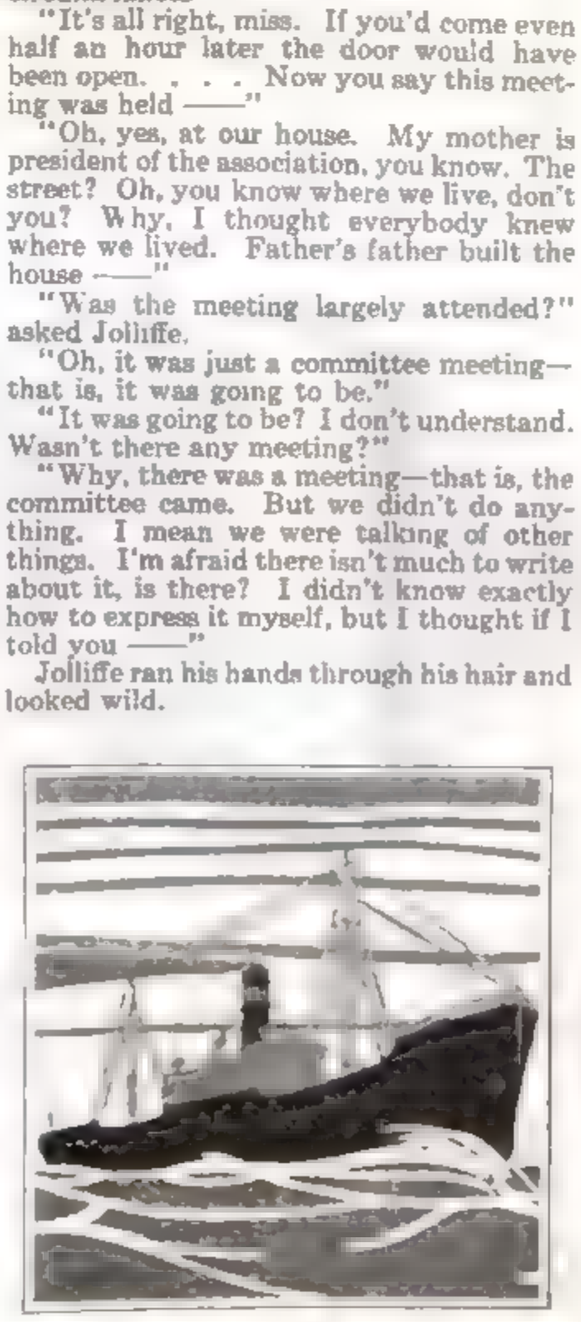
"Was the meeting largely attended?" asked Jolliffe.

"Oh, it was just a committee meeting—that is, it was going to be."

"It was going to be? I don't understand. Wasn't there any meeting?"

"Why, there was a meeting—that is, the committee came. But we didn't do anything. I mean we were talking of other things. I'm afraid there isn't much to write about it, is there? I didn't know exactly how to express it myself, but I thought if I told you ——"

Jolliffe ran his hands through his hair and looked wild.



"Young lady, this is a good story you've got here. This is the kind of a story Mrs. Sheets would have put on the first page if she'd known about it. You had a meeting about playgrounds at your house, but there was no meeting because you met and talked about something else. I'll feature this as well as I can."

"Now you're making fun of me, Mr. Jolliffe. It wasn't my fault. I did so want to do a piece of reporting, but the committee couldn't talk about anything except what was going on next door. We live next to the Emmons house, you know."

Mr. Jolliffe had been tilted back in the swivel chair. At the name "Emmons," he dropped forward and looked at the young woman closely.

"You live on James Street, don't you?" he asked, with an air of pleasant unconcern.

"Yes."

"I know the house -oh, yes. And there was something going on next door -anything important?"

"Well, I guess you'd think so. Mr. Emmons came back tonight with another man. I think the other man is a lawyer. Mr. Emmons came in an automobile, and got out on the road back of the house and came in his back door. Nobody would have known it, but mother happened to be over there to borrow their chafing dish because the handle of ours came off, and so they had to tell her, you see. Mr. Emmons is going to give himself up to the police tomorrow morning. I don't know where he's been, but it's a long way off; but he decided to come back, and he brought a lawyer with him. It's terribly interesting, isn't it? We can hardly wait till morning to see what happens. So, you see, I did have a good reason for not making a nice report about the playgrounds meeting, didn't I?"

Joseph Jolliffe gazed upon the innocent face as one might look upon a babe sleeping in its crib. He was awe-struck. The colossal unsophistication of this revelation nearly made him faint away. He had barely energy enough to ask, with a cracking voice, "Have—I mean, do many people know about this? I mean, besides the committee."

"Oh, we promised we wouldn't say anything about it till morning. You see, it would be awfully disagreeable for Mrs. Emmons, wouldn't it?"

"Awfully. You're right about that. I wouldn't say a word about this to anyone, young lady. You go right home now and let all those folks know that this must be kept a secret. It would be terrible if it got into the newspapers."

"That's what we thought," began the young woman, and Jolliffe clutched the desk for support.

"I'll get a reliable taxicab to take you home, Miss Fleming," the city editor concluded. "I'm sorry you didn't have better luck with your playground meeting. Try a piece of reporting again some day. Don't give up. . . . Here, Harry, get a taxi for this young lady, will you? See that she gets home all right—and then stick around. I want to see you."

"Murphy-y-y! Johnny! Come in here a minute! You too, Earle! Smith! Come on! Throw that cross-word puzzle away; it'll make you foolish. Boys, stand by! We got a story. We got a story that may be all our own story—what we used to call in the old days a scoop. Ever hear of a scoop, Johnny?"

"Yeah; something the fiction writers write about when they write newspaper stories."

"You're right, Johnny. But this may be a real one. It depends on how many people the Playground Association has told. Pete, you go down to the press room and tell 'em to get ready for an extra. Let 'em all stand by. Sure, we'll run Mrs. Sheets' edition, Pete! Print a million of 'em! But there wasn't anything in the contract to prevent our getting out an extra edition on Friday morning, was there? Harry, get out all the stuff there is about David Emmons, who cleaned out the Rolker Trust. Tell the art department to pull out all the used cuts and get busy on the new ones right away. Earle, you go over to police headquarters and wait there for me. Keep your mouth shut till I come. Understand?"

"Have they got Emmons, Joe? Have they got him?" asked all the reporters.

Jolliffe didn't answer. He looked upon his crew fondly for a moment, and his eyes shone with a look of pure rapture.

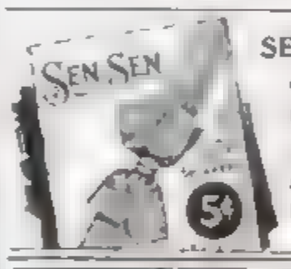
"To please the ladies, boys!" he cried. "We'll get out an extra edition to please the ladies!"

Keep up the old pep with Beeman's—men on the road find its use

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S

Pepsin Gum



SEN-SEN *to sweeten and perfume the breath*

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers

for Boys

EXTRA MONEY

WHAT are you doing next Thursday afternoon after school? You can earn from Fifty Cents to a Dollar (hustlers even more!) in an hour or two then—by selling *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal*. 40,000 other boys do it; they say it's fun, for we help find customers. Extra money each week for Number 40,001 (that's YOU), if you mail this ad, with your name and address, to

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Sales Division
483 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I've been building fine clothes for the best tailoring trade for 22 years. My work has a nation-wide reputation. Now I'm going [illegible] I want good representatives in every locality to take orders for **David Park Tailored-To-Measure Clothes** direct from men who want fine clothes for less money. Men with me now [illegible]

$100 to $150 a WEEK

You've wanted a real job, here it is. No experience necessary, no capital required. Any good, clean, intelligent man can handle it and [illegible]

DAVID PARK
1043 West 6th St., Cleveland, Ohio

You Can Cut Your Own Hair
any style—feather edge if you wish

Over 50,000 in use

Write for Free Trial Offer

COWAN, Hair Cutter, Dept. 85 Indianapolis, Ind.

188 Pounds On a Paint Brush!

(*Photograph of an Actual Test*)

Truly a severe test. Far harder usage than is ever called for on any painting job.

But doesn't it show how Wooster puts the bristles in to stay?

Whether expert or not, you get splendid painting results when you use a Wooster brush. A poor brush can spoil even the finest paint. A *good* brush produces a *good* job. By looking at a brush, you cannot always tell whether it is good or not, but you are sure of a first-class paint or varnish brush when you get a Wooster. The experience and reputation of three quarters of a century are built into Wooster paint and varnish brushes, known for quality the nation over, and every one guaranteed.

THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
Since 1851—One Family—One Idea—Better Brushes
WOOSTER, OHIO

The Wooster Shasta Brush—an excellent general purpose Brush for varnishing, enameling, painting. Ask at the paint or hardware store
PATENT NO 1038562
WOOSTER BRUSH CO.
SHASTA
XX
The Better the Brush, the Better the Work!"

WOOSTER BRUSHES

FOR PAINTING — VARNISHING — KALSOMINING

THE FAKING OF OLD FURNITURE

(Continued from Page 44)

Theatrical furniture is the explanation of a lot of picturesque, old-looking, sketchily made things. Shakspere is responsible for a lot of battered chests and Richard III chairs and trestle tables. Sheridan accounts for eighteenth-century Chippendale outfits. It has not been always possible or necessary to command the genuine to stage The Rivals, nor did a public formerly view the scene with so critical an eye for chair legs and backs as an audience of today, when probably one-third of an audience seeing such a play, are from collecting families. A theatrical storage house was the source to which some curiously low but well-proportioned "antiques" were traced. They had been used by an actor who had had them made to order to scale, smaller than usual, to make him look larger by contrast!

Here is another origin of the old—and a quite common one. "You haven't been up to see my things lately," says an inveterate collector. "We've got the four-poster up and —— Why, you haven't seen our pine dresser! Cutest little H hinges and scalloped sides. It has three open shelves, and cupboards below!"

"Where'd you get it?"—a question of friendly interest only.

"New Canaan. Twenty dollars. The dealer, when he saw it standing with all my glass in it on that wide oak floor by the old fireplace —— Say"—here a look of heaven-sent joy overspread his face—"he offered me seventy-five dollars on the spot."

This man's salary is probably about that every day, but there is no such ecstasy in a salary.

"He sold you a dresser with scallops on the side for twenty dollars?" We are old friends, and I could be brutally unbelieving if I wanted.

"Oh-um; well—I wouldn't want everyone to know, but it was a closed cupboard. It had doors. Gad, it was easy to do! I took off the doors and drew my scallops on the side, one to meet every shelf, and had 'em sawed and rubbed smooth before I let anyone see it. Old ——"—he named a well-known authority on the primitive American—"said he couldn't have done better himself!"

He is far from the first enthusiast who cannot refrain from doing a little touching up, a little make-believe of his own.

Living on the Garret

Open-shelved dressers of pine are as much the fashion in antiques with collectors as bobbed hair is with girls, and both are easily attained by cutting-off methods. There are a few real ones. A genuine one came out of a cellar a mile from where I live, drawn by the magnet of twenty-five dollars. It went to a waiting client for four hundred. The original owners wish they had it back, for it held canned fruit better than any set of shelves they will ever get made. They mourn their forefathers' dresser that used to hold the trenchers and pewter, and saw the great log fires of the old kitchen, the feasting, the spinning, the fireside sitting for more than a century before it fell to cellar use. It has gone to feed the new passion for the primitive, for the pine of the pioneers.

All the Atlantic States, to judge by the thoroughfares, are trying to sell gasoline, sandwiches, antiques and pedigreed or hot dogs to the passer-by. The gasoline arrives by motortruck. Some of the dogs are born on the premises. Where do the antiques come from? Old houses, antedating the Revolution, have had their garrets picked pretty bare. Many an old lady has lived on her garret from her sixtieth to her eightieth year. "I've sold forty chair frames out of this house," said one. She is down to churns and wool reel now, and her pantry shelves have nothing older than octagonal ironstone china.

Take a man with a flair for finding, in some old state formerly full of fine desirable things. Perhaps he began twenty-five years ago to pick up, hold a while and sell again. Several such men have homes that are veritable museums. They become known locally, and then to a wider and wider field of collectors. Their possessions whet the appetite of callers: "Get me one like that." "Get me a three-part Sheraton dining table." "Get me eight matched Chippendale chairs." "Six Queen Annes, and I don't mind what they cost!" "Send them to me when you get them." A man of this type usually maintains a sort of connoisseur-amateur attitude. The love of the thing figures in his affairs, but he hates to lose a client. He has to do a lot of thinking. There is the visitor who wants a gate-legged table with sausage turnings. He came five hundred miles for it, and will come again if he gets it. What a pity he didn't like the plain-legged one! The only one in the neighborhood went at a country auction to a museum. There are rivals that will get that man if the sausage legs are not forthcoming. A deep snow on the ground, the old back-barn workroom, a good fire in the cannon stove—well, there is a table with the desired turnings, and there is not a plain one.

A genuine table? It has every earmark of age. It is old, but it has been tampered with by an expert. The best man—or the worst to produce a successful fabrication is he who has handled them coming and going, half a lifetime. The knack that gave a state the reputation for wooden nutmegs does not pass away in a few generations.

As long as American antiques sold for less than a new piece of fine furniture—they used to—there was not much incentive to clever work, but there is now. Early reproductions were openly, patently, blatantly new. They were merely copies of form, while color and surface were just as new things would be finished.

When Experts are Deceived

The barn workshop, with never a sign on it or an open door, is a fertile field for "antiques." The rafters and lofts of these mysterious ateliers hang with decrepit fragments, with backs and legs and frames. In seclusion and privacy, short-legged chairs grow long; tables, like lobsters, grow missing claws on their feet; fragments give authority to entirely new highboys, harness closets turn into open dressers, early pianos of tawny mahogany come out as slender-legged Hepplewhite sideboards. Instead of a missing part being pieced out, the new is created around the fragment.

Restoration has been stretched and stretched until it reminds one of the French rabbit patty. Horse meat was suspected, but the restaurateur indignantly declared he never passed the fifty-fifty point—one horse and one rabbit.

How are we going to know the cleverest fakes—the ones that are so well done they can be sold in the rough? It is a highly educational experience to talk to a dealer, someone you know pretty well, who has been taken in himself. Behind the scenes dealers live a sort of frenzy of denunciation of rivals they have quarreled with. "He's going around saying he took me in!" "He went to my client and said it was made in his workshop and he could prove it!" They get so mad at one another in their reminiscent mood, that they let a dozen cats out of the bag! One sees none of them is too sure, and the cleverest of them can fool a fellow fooler now and then.

Some of the honest old-timers will show a table or a chair that took them in. Such a thing is a gauge for any buyer, a make-believe that an expert thought real and rare

The chagrin and rage of a collector when he has been taken in are as nothing compared with the wrath of a dealer so caught. A Madison Avenue dealer told me how he bought a print one day, in a sort of aside while he was showing and selling to a wealthy patron. As soon as he had time to look at it he saw it was a copy. His rage was such, a year after, in telling of it, that he ran around his shop in circles. It was not that he lost money on it, for he sent it to a sale and made good—a comment on sales. It was that the young man had bragged among all his rivals that he had done So-and-So, and all had laughed at him!

Once I was shown an eighteenth-century portrait three weeks old. The decorator who was going to use it was so proud of it that he had to boast. It was made a block away. It had been baked, stained with licorice root, smoked, cracked by checker folding.

"And even flyspecked," I said.

"Those are genuine flyspecks! No use faking them. Just wash on a little goo and the flies will come!"

I remember reading of a sampler someone had found that had the last figure of the date picked out. Little Sarah who made

INCORPORATE in your building all those things which stand for satisfaction lasting through the years. Hospitable entrances. Sturdy, well-formed doors. Well-proportioned windows, thoughtfully placed and plentiful to be sure.

And locks and hardware of solid brass or bronze! At the very beginning, provide definitely for hardware which will contribute to your convenience and security as long as the house stands. Handles and knobs that are beautiful, harmonious, faultless in operation. Lock sets that give unfailing protection. Adequate, uncomplaining hinges. Window catches that are always smooth-working and secure. These bear the Sargent name.

With your architect choose the Sargent Hardware which is most suitable for your new home. "The Colonial Book" shows many desirable designs. It will be sent to you free. Write today.

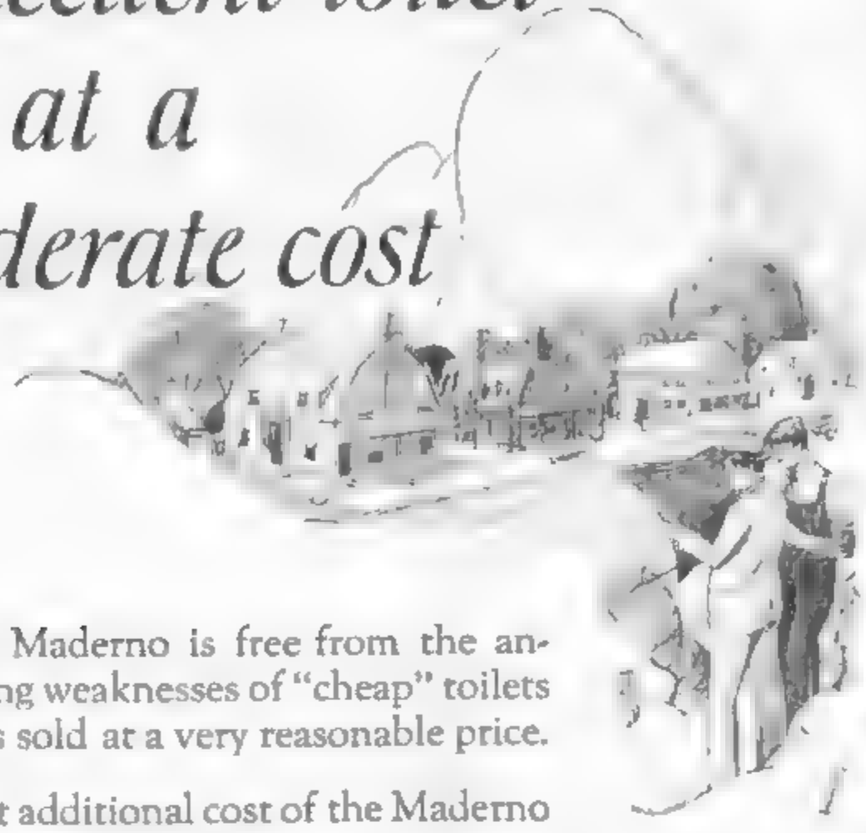
SARGENT & COMPANY

Hardware Manufacturers

33 Water Street New Haven, Conn.

SARGENT Locks & Hardware

An excellent toilet at a moderate cost



THE Maderno is free from the annoying weaknesses of "cheap" toilets and yet is sold at a very reasonable price.

The slight additional cost of the Maderno is soon saved by the absence of repair bills. The tank mechanism will not cause trouble or expense, because it is expertly made and thoroughly tested under water-connection.

You are invited to write for our new booklet, "Maddock Bathrooms." This booklet gives suggestions for placing different combinations of fixtures in spaces of various sizes and shapes.

Why vitreous china

In Maddock toilets the tanks as well as the bowls are made of vitreous china. These tanks can never corrode or leak, because vitreous china is practically everlasting. Its hard, glassy surface cannot be marred; even acids will not harm it.

THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS COMPANY, *Trenton, N. J.*

MADDOCK

Bathroom Equipment

Avoid doctor bills by more intelligent use of the plumber

it wanted to appear a few years younger or hide a futile fib. The picked-out year gave zest and interest to a simple sampler. A year afterward I saw a little pile of samplers in a shop. "There are several rare ones in that pile. So many ask for an old-maid sampler now. They have the date picked out, you know." It had been touched up cross-stitch comes out easily—into a piquant antique with a story. How often does a collector want a story name to a thing: A "courting" mirror, when it is a Chinese painted frame brought home in a slide-lidded box; a "love seat," when it is a double splint-bottomed wagon chair for the old farm cart; a "courting" chair because some heavy old lady needed a very wide rocker. But the name sells.

Glass does not permit of much restoration. A few nicks can be ground out. Pressed glass can be rubbed with something to make it almost luminously lustrous. But glass is either old or it isn't. A great many astonishing flip glasses have been showing up lately, big ones, some with lids, and a discreet few fine pieces of Stiegel glass in amethyst and blue. Such fine pieces had almost reached the exact position of old listed portraits, with pedigree and past ownership known. Czecho-Slovakia makes storefuls of reproductions, but these were a finer product. I had a hint of Massachusetts as the place of origin. Curiosity took me to a glass factory. It was courteously open. Their warerooms are arranged in color. Their designs are not meant in any way to cater to antique faking. Their colors, however, are close and successful studies of old American glass, of Sandwich and of Stiegel. They would fill orders for any design or match anything I brought. Someone had availed himself, I felt sure, of the opportunity to get a little Stiegel that the baron never saw, and float it slowly on the antique market.

A dealer who searches in Canada for Windsor chairs every year, called attention to an innocent but disturbing source of the "old." Such chairs have been the subject, in great quantity, of careful, accurate reproduction by a well-known lover of the old and genuine. His Windsors are made and sold as new, to fill the need of beautiful, strong, comfortable chairs. But a thing can be sold more than once! Those chairs—especially the writing-arm ones and the long settees—are passing through the antique shops now, after a few signs of the wear of the centuries have been battered on to them!

Prices in the Good Old Days

I asked a man—third in descent in a chair-making family, a man who can produce a Windsor with all the secrets of dry wood sprung upon green, and green wedges for dry wood and dry wedges for green wood: "What per cent of these antiques that are sold along the roads are make-believes?"

He was much more pessimistic than I expected, but he lived where crates of pickle-jar flower vases are sold as old. "Eighty per cent are not what they ought to be!" He was willing to have faith in half-and half until this last summer. "Now there are as many antique shops as there were houses in the time of the Revolution. They can't go on selling shopfuls of the genuine at that rate!"

There is one point to be considered, though, in favor of the appearance of many honest-to-goodness treasures. Years ago it was small temptation to anyone to sell a fine desk for twenty-five dollars if it was in use. Yet that sum would buy one before motoring days. Ten dollars for a fireside chair, fifteen for a fine Chippendale—these prices emptied garrets and barn lofts, but left prosperous homes untouched. Now that a few hundred dollars is the magnet, the drawing power reaches the well-to-do inheritor, the small and early collector, the family desirous of new plumbing or a better car. It is another field altogether.

This change in values has affected the antique dealer. He, too, has changed. No longer is he a snuffy, shabby, old antiquarian. Oftener he wears English tweeds, has a carefully cultivated accent and memorable neckties.

It isn't a new idea, this making of old things. In Exodus it tells of "carving of wood, to make any manner of cunning work"—probably an ark of gopher wood in the style of early Genesis, and shoved off on a wealthy Israelite of that day.

The Pride of Creation

"I made that one!" said Michelangelo when, as a youth from Florence, he was being shown a collection of antique marbles housed in a great gallery by a patron, a Roman cardinal, to whom he had been recommended.

Sforza-Riario turned as red as his robes in his wrath. His antiques were genuine. He had paid for the excavations—seen them taken from the soil.

Michelangelo poked his finger at a Sleeping Cupid. "I made that!"

"I paid two hundred ducats to Baldissare!"

Madder than the cardinal when he heard the name, Michelangelo screamed, "I sold it to him for thirty ducats!"

Now, as this was in 1496, the sequel was that Michelangelo told the process of his antique faking, how he had treated the marble and buried it in the ground to make it look as if it had been there for centuries. The cardinal had the antique dealer arrested as an extortioner and made him disgorge, probably after half a turn on the rack. Then Michelangelo demanded the statue back. And the cardinal gave it to him. The story flew around Rome, for those were fine gossipy days, and Cesare Borgia came and bought the Cupid. Thus Michelangelo's first fame and opportunity came by his antique fobbed off on the most famous collector of the day.

It seems as if the time comes surely when the maker of an antique just has to crow and tell how much cleverer he is than those who buy. To come down to our own day. In Providence a Mr. Pendleton gathered together all the furnishings that he thought a great gentleman of the mid-eighteenth century might have had. It was the work of years, and he left it all as a museum for posterity. He considered himself a high expert on the old, and was so considered by others. One day he stood in a group of friends—experts, too, on old houses and old things—and boasted that he could not be taken in. He knew the genuine. His words were: "I can tell a fake bandy-leg and claw-and-ball foot across the street. No one can fool me!"

A cabinetmaker known to them all was in the group. He couldn't stand it; he couldn't keep still; he couldn't resist giving himself away.

"I've fooled you in my shop! You've bought a Chippendale chair from me that I made with my own hands!"

Looking Down on Salmon River, British Columbia

One climbs —
the other creeps
and the only
difference is in
the carburetors
The Stromberg Specially Engineered Carburetor gives any motor greater power, real pep, easy starting at a lower fuel cost because it is designed exclusively for that particular motor.
Special
Stromberg Carburetors
convert all of the fuel's energy into actual mile making and hill-climbing force. The car jumps ahead where it has to be "jockeyed" along with an ordinary carburetor. Waste is eliminated. Gas consumption reduced.
130 representative American manufacturers use them as standard equipment.
Over 3,000 service stations in the United States.
Prices of special carburetors and complete equipment:
Buick $24.00
Cadillac 32.50
Chandler 24.00
Chevrolet 19.50
Chrysler 24.50
Cleveland 24.50
Dodge 19.00
Durant 19.00
Essex 24.50
Ford 15.75
Hudson $28.50
Jewett 24.00
Maxwell 19.50
Nash 32.50
Oakland 32.50
Oldsmobile 19.50
Overland 17.50
Reo 24.50
Star 18.00
Willys-Knight 19.00
(Prices slightly higher—Pacific Coast and Canada.)
See your dealer—or call on the nearest authorized Stromberg Service Station—or mail your check to us and we will send you a Special Stromberg Carburetor direct. Be sure to mention make and model of your automobile or truck.
THE STROMBERG MOTOR DEVICES CO.
68 East 25th Street
CHICAGO

CAPTURED!—BAKED!—SEALED!

The full fresh flavors of wheat!

The flavors of flour evaporate—did you know that? Both before and after baking.

Like coffee, the rich essence of flour (Wheat) is contained in aromatic oils. These oils are delicate, volatile. Ordinarily when coffee or wheat is ground, the oils begin to evaporate rapidly and the finer flavors are lost.

The aromas of fresh-baked bread and of fresh-brewed coffee that you know so well are simply an evaporation of these aromatic oils.

Now for the first time a process has been perfected which almost eliminates this loss, both before and after baking.

The Edgemont Process ***captures*** these rich oils—***bakes*** the full fresh flavors of Wheat into crackers—***packs*** these crackers hot from the oven—***seals*** the flavors in and ***keeps*** all moisture out. So that you have delivered to your table ***fresh***, crisp Edgemont Crackers with flavors that you never before have tasted.

Only Fresh-Milled Flour is used in "Edgemonts"

Wheat is ground in the Edgemont Bakeries one day and goes out as crackers the next.

No other crackers are so made. Because cracker bakers have a fixed idea that flour cannot bake right unless it is aged.

But we discovered long ago how to bake fresh-milled flour. Due to this process, Edgemont Crackers have for years been the most popular in the territory where they were sold.

Then came the discovery of a way these full-flavored crackers could be delivered across the World in as fresh and crisp condition as across the street!

Packed Hot from the Oven Guaranteed Oven-Fresh to You

Visitors to our bakeries always sample Edgemont Crackers. Hundreds have stood in these great white rooms and said, "If we could only get crackers like these at home."

To supply this need so universal and so often expressed, we began three years ago to develop a package that would be air-tight, moisture-proof and economical.

After two years, we succeeded.

The Edgemont Package, into which our crackers are packed hot from the oven, *keeps* the flavor in and the moisture out.

As a test we shipped crackers to South Africa to be returned—crossing the Equator twice. After four months, they returned in their original condition.

We left packages out in a driving rain all night. Others we immersed completely in water for twenty-four hours. When opened, the crackers were just as crisp and fresh as when they were packed.

So that now we have eliminated a great loss of flavor both before and ***after*** baking.

We guarantee every package to deliver to your home oven-fresh crackers containing the full, fresh flavors of Wheat.

AN APPRECIATION

Of the Wholesale and Retail Grocery Trade

"It is a wonderful thing to have the enthusiastic support of Wholesale and Retail Grocers

"To the vision of this trade—to their understand

[illegible]

Let this be said in appreciation

THE GREEN & GREEN COMPANY
"Only to Selected Wholesale Grocers"

[illegible] President

For the first time you may enjoy these flavors

Nothing is quite as delicious as a fresh, flaky cracker. And perhaps without knowing it, you are like millions of others who *hunger* for the taste of them.

Then consider what this new service means to you, your family, your friends—to all people who prefer fine foods.

A new delight in crackers has come and come to stay. ***Perishability***—the nuisance and waste of stale goods has gone.

Crackers now gain a new importance. For "Edgemonts" offer this new deliciousness at all times.

People Now Serve "Edgemonts" as Bread

It is amazing how quickly the American public appreciates new service in a fine food.

People write and people tell us that since Edgemont Crackers are Wheat in the original purity, they are serving them as bread.

If you haven't yet served Edgemont Crackers as bread, you have a pleasant surprise in store. For you will find a new satisfying touch that adds appetite and zest to the entire meal.

Just remember this—

1. Nature, through the sunlight and the soil, stores fine flavors and high nutrition in Wheat grain
2. To be healthful, food must be enjoyed. The enjoyment is in the flavor.
3. The essence of Wheat flavors are contained in rich, aromatic oils. These oils evaporate and perish with age.
4. The Edgemont Process captures, seals and delivers these oils which contain the full, fresh flavors of Wheat.

Edgemont Crackers are for sale where good foods are sold. They are packed 1¼ lbs. to the package and the price is very little more than that of ordinary crackers.

THE GREEN & GREEN COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio

EDGEMONT *Crackers*

SERVED AS BREAD

Who's Who—and Why

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Susan Meriwether Boogher

PHOTO BY HUBELLO ST. LOUIS

Susan Meriwether Boogher, Whose First Post Story, Dolls, Was Published in 1921

AUTOBIOGRAPHY has always seemed to me an incredible literary form.

How can one write about one's self when one is not one's self, but innumerable selves, each of whom is but a shadow of the others, who are shadows, too, of shadows?

How can one write about one's self; does one's self exist except in the consciousness and imagination of others? If the cataclysmic convulsions that shook the primeval earth were utterly soundless because there was no ear to hear sound, we, too, perhaps are utterly soundless, nonexistent, except as we impinge upon others, influence and mold them.

Which is the I to write of? The child I was and still am, or the old soul, sick with an intuitive foreknowledge of existence?

Which is the I to write of? The I interested in the League of Nations and modern education and literature and sewing and straightening bureau drawers, or the I that hates ostriches and grapefruit and golf?

Personality has so many facets. Shall I tell that writing stories is very hard work, and very heartbreaking work, and very happy work? Shall I tell that I consider the reading of poetry better for the circulation than exercise, and a baby more fascinating than any book, and the companionship of a child one of the most completely beautiful things in the world? Shall I tell about my child, and his quaint comment on Robin Hood ——

Autobiography has always seemed to me an incredible literary form.

Albert Payson Terhune

I AM not an author. I am a professional writer. There is a world of difference between the two. I think the advantage is with the professional writer.

For example—to save my soul I could not write ten thousand or a hundred thousand words about psychic concepts or soul complexes or about characters who think luridly and who do nothing. It is an art to write these things. I do not possess that art. I am too low-browed even to want to attain to it.

All I can achieve is the writing of stories wherein folk do things instead of being content to think them; stories wherein something happens and happens hard. Not idyls of self-analysis or autobiographic psychology.

Moreover I am moron enough to believe that most readers would rather be entertained by interesting yarns written in everyday English than edified by superliterary gems couched in far better style. Perhaps I am mistaken in this gross belief Perhaps I am merely jealous of those who can write as I can't

From the time I was ten years old I planned to write stories for a living and to live here at Sunny Bank and raise collies. I was stirred to the story-writing urge by Mayne Reid and by Treasure Island.

It cost me precisely thirty years of uncongenial work, to fulfill that dual ambition. It was well worth the time and the toil.

In the interval I went through college, which bored me; through the Near East, which thrilled me; through twenty endless years of newspaper work, which I detested and of which I have not one pleasant memory.

During most of that apprenticeship I was trying to break into fiction writing. With half the time and effort I could have broken into every bank in America. But the contents would not have given me half as much happiness.

Here I live, in the country, writing for a living; and with my collie chums about me. It is great to come home from a ten-mile cross-country tramp with a swirl of these disreputable and friendly collies; and then to sit down to an eight or nine hour day of story writing.

It is infinitely greater to send out into the world a story which shall enthrall or delight several million people.

Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to write such a story. Meanwhile, it costs nothing to hope so.

Albert Payson Terhune, Showing "Sunnybrook Explorer" at the Englewood Dog Show, October 4, 1924

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail the coupon below and your foot measurement

We guarantee to stop them

In 10 Minutes

FOOT suffering is unnecessary. It is now easy to be freed of all pains and aches in the feet and legs.

There is a new, simple way to stop foot troubles. It is the result of scientific discoveries and countless tests and experiments. Two million or more foot sufferers have been freed of their pains this way. *So can you.* And to avoid doubts and delays we offer you a free test. If our method fails it costs you nothing. So why suffer needlessly when you can make this test without risk?

When forward arch sags the bones spread as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results

This shows condition corrected, and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace

Imagine the joy of being able to walk all day, dance all night, stand for hours, enjoy vigorous sports, without a pang or twinge of pain! And the relief is *permanent.*

What science now knows

The 26 bones of the foot form two arches. One, so slight you hardly notice it, between the big toe and little toe. The other is the instep arch. These arches are held up by bands of muscles and ligaments. Overstrain or illness may weaken these muscles. They fail to function properly and the bones spread. The arch sags. Sensitive nerves and blood vessels are crushed by the displaced bones. Pain results

This sagging of the arches may be so slight you can't notice it. But if your feet hurt give them instant attention. The pains are indications of fallen arches which impair efficiency, lower vitality and often unfit you for business or pleasure.

New scientific correction

Scientists have now found a new and simple way to correct arch strain. Instead of the old-fashioned stiff arch props metal plates and bunglesome pads, science now offers you a simple, light, porous but firm and durable band of super-elastic webbing which is worn around the instep This binds the spread bones, removes the strain and restores the foot arches to normal. The pressure on the nerves and blood vessels ceases **The pain vanishes like magic.**

This simple band is the Jung Arch Brace. We spent years in perfecting it. Tests and experiments were multiplied. Noted authorities were consulted. The secret of its great success is in the stretch and tension of the band, in its contour and design. It slips on and off like a garter. Is worn unnoticed over or under the hosiery and **with any style shoe** [illegible] kes up no room in the shoe. Makes the foot smaller so you can actually wear smaller, more stylish shoes

How pain is banished

Over two million foot sufferers praise the Jung Arch Brace They tried it, largely on advice of physicians, and now their feet are free of all pain What it does seems almost miraculous. Your step becomes springy, strong and youthful again. You can walk, dance, stand for hours—you just don't get tired And because it seems incredible that so much can be attained so easily, and with such a simple device, we repeat—**Make this test at our risk.** We don't ask you to believe. We ask you to **convince yourself by actual trial**

No matter what other appliances or other braces you have tried, try a pair of Jung Arch Braces and learn what real foot comfort means Soon can discard the braces. You won't need them again

Make this test at our risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, return them to your dealer and get your money back. You run no risk

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you With a strip of paper ½ an inch wide, measure around the smallest part of [illegible] of the toes, where the forward [illegible] the brace is shown in the diagram above Mail us this measure with coupon properly filled out. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" style) to fit you. You pay the postman $1 and postage. Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend the "Miracle" style, extra wide, $1.50. Specify which you want when ordering. Make this test at our risk. If you don't get delightful relief in two weeks return them and get your money back

If you have tired, aching, burning sensations of the feet, if your shoes feel uncomfortable after wearing, if you have pains in the heel, toes, instep, arch or ball of the foot, if you have a dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee, if you have cramping of the toes or callouses on the soles of the feet, or shooting pains when you step on uneven surfaces, then *make this test at our risk.*

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.
143 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada address Kirkham & Roberts, 143 Hamilton Trust [illegible], Toronto
Canadian prices
Wonder style [illegible] Miracle style $1.75
C. O. D. shipments in U. S. only

Write for this Free Book

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.—

JUNG'S "The Original" ARCH BRACES

©J A R Co 19[illegible]

Tear This Coupon Out Now!

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.,
143 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked. I enclose foot measurement.

[illegible] Wonder Style, $1.00 per pair
[illegible] Miracle Style, $1.50 per pair

On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles"

Name [illegible]
Address [illegible]
P. O. [illegible] State [illegible]
I wear size [illegible] shoe [illegible] width of last
My dealer is [illegible]

Ask your Ford Dealer to let you drive a Ford car equipped with the new 4-speed Warford Transmission.

You have a new driving thrill coming.

If your dealer hasn't it—ask the nearest Distributor

Atlanta-Houdaille Co. - - Atlanta, Ga.
C. G. Spring & Bumper Co. New York City
George Dietrich - - - Spokane, Wash.
Dine DeWees Co Canton, Ohio
Dyke Motor Supply Co. Pittsburgh, Pa.
Foster Warford Co Auburn, N. Y.
Hall Warford Co - Charlotte, N. C.
Hammel Gerke Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Kenney Equipment Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
M. N. Knight Supply Co. Oklahoma City, Okla.
Houdaille-Polk Co. - - - Dallas, Texas
McGee-White Corporation Minneapolis, Minn.
Massachusetts Warford Co. Haverhill, Mass.
Motor Specialties Co., - Denver, Colo
Price Auto Service Co., - Wichita, Kan.
Sieg Company - - - Davenport, Iowa
Transmission Sales Co. Stockbridge, Mich
Wade and Dunton Motors Inc. Lewiston, Me.
Sieg-Warford Co. - - - Chicago, Ill
Warford Eastern Co., - Philadelphia, Pa.
Warford-Equipment Co. - Seattle, Wash
Warford Pacific Co. - San Francisco, Cal.
Warford-Sales Co. of S. Carolina Columbia, S. C
Warford-Western Co. - Kansas City, Mo
Wayne Spinks Co. - - Memphis, Tenn.
Wholesale Auto Supply House, Tampa, Fla.
Woodward Sales Co. - - Portland, Ore.

Warford
AUXILIARY TRANSMISSION

The Warford Corporation - 44 Whitehall Street, New York
World's Leading Producers Of Auxiliary Truck Transmissions

Neither the Warford Corporation nor its manufacturers has any connection whatsoever with any company manufacturing motor cars.

Through My Window

By THOMAS McMORROW

Strong and Silent

WE HAD to elect a president of our incorporated village last fall, and my candidate was this newcomer, Drennan. The old crowd had to go; there was altogether too much good-fellowship and back-scratching about their methods. They gave the contract to lay sidewalks to Joe Whelan's concern because everybody liked Joe; well, everybody didn't like Joe's sidewalks, and nobody liked Joe's bill for extras. It was a high-class work of fiction, if you ask me, and Joe ought to have published it in a magazine.

Drennan was my man. One of these close-mouthed fellows that smile only with their eyes, and have their eyes wide open. A big strapping fellow, too, that looked the part, and would do us credit. Very little to say for himself; he walked into our meeting, and everybody looked at him, and he sat down and kept his mouth shut while everybody talked, especially the women. Preserve me from women in politics. I had my eye on Drennan—a carefully dressed man, about forty years old, with finished manners; and I sized him up at once as a man of affairs. He had bought a small house, six-room stucco Colonial, at the end of the village; probably for his summers. He took a seat right up in front, like a man used to consideration, and he never said a word. Well, just once, "Mustn't increase taxes," he said, tight-lipped, biting off the words; but there was the whole thing summed up in a nutshell. Epigrammatic, you know.

We needed new blood and a compromise candidate—you know how bitter politics is in a village—and I had a hunch that this was our man, if he could be drafted. We're all commuters and in business, and we don't pay our president a salary. I got hold of Buffet the real estater who'd sold Drennan the house, and found out that Drennan was a partner in a big silk house on Fourth Avenue; he'd told Buffet as much as was necessary. He introduced me to Drennan then and there, and I picked up some of my crowd with the tail of my eye. Drennan made an excellent impression on us. He was one of these strong and silent men; he spoke in monosyllables and never smiled. Quite cordial, you understand, but collected.

I had a talk with Drennan—if you can call it such when he merely listened and punctuated my remarks with epigrams; nothing flashy, but just good common sense, like "Good sidewalks are a good thing"; "We don't want to waste taxes"—speaking with one large and capable hand over his mouth, caressing his square chin. I liked his motions very much, and I canvassed about for a day or two, and then I headed a committee to put it up to Drennan and ask him if he wouldn't please take hold.

I got the shock of my life. He met us with a whoop and a flashing smile, showing a perfect set of teeth, clapped me on the back, shook our hands by twos, put his arms around us and drove us into a corner of his porch, and then began to tell us our business. What that man thought he didn't know wasn't worth knowing. All in perfectly good humor, and nobody could take personal offense, he was evidently so well-meaning, but I could see the committee looking at me to know what they'd been let in for. Oh, what a windbag!

I got Drennan in the house and put it up to him to know what had hit him. He colored up like a girl and said, "Don't mention it, Martin, but I walked into a door in the dark and knocked two teeth out in front. I just got them put back. See them?" And he skinned his teeth at me. There they were, a complete set.

He was a necktie salesman; offered to fix us up at cost—a good fellow, really, but an awful empty-head. We untangled ourselves from him and backed away down the walk, saying, "Yes, yes. Absolutely, Drennan. Thanks, old man!"

We didn't make him president of our village. I guess he didn't walk into that door hard enough. But the way he had us going there for a while, I judge that if he had got his knock while picking up a mule's hind foot we'd have backed him for President of the United States.

The Tightwad

I LOOKED out of my window just now and saw some boys standing behind Leffert's garage and pegging snowballs at a snow man in Leffert's back yard. Whango! And off went his head at last—coal eyes, corncob pipe, plug hat and all. I had a good laugh; I like to see boys have fun. I didn't see Leffert's little girl right away; she was flattened against her house wall and was bawling for her snow man—but, pshaw, children must learn to be good sports and not selfish with their toys.

Leffert came bursting out of his back door and chased the boys away. He didn't laugh a cent's worth; he was hot about it. That's Leffert all over; he couldn't even make a snow man without wanting to keep it. I bet he went inside to pray for more cold weather.

I don't cotton to Leffert. Oh, I have nothing against the man, but he's just not my sort. He's too tight; he has a way of putting down a dime so that it seems to hang to the ends of his fingers. If he as much as buys you a cigar he thinks you ought to buy him one back; yes, and I wouldn't put it past him to remind you. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, I suppose.

It's not like as though he needed the money; he has as much as I have, or mighty near. But he simply can't bear to part with it. Say, he was short-changed by accident last week; the druggist gave him change for a one instead of for a five, and Leffert came back that evening, and the druggist naturally gave him an argument. And darned if Leffert didn't tell him the number on the five and identify it. Can you beat that?

He's a little cuss, small and neat, nothing left over. He dresses well on two suits a year, and his children always look smart, but he does watch the pennies. He grows his own vegetables and eggs, spoiling the look of the neighborhood, and when his hens lay an egg I know it. I can hear Leffert crowing.

He doesn't mean badly, but he simply can't do things in a large way. There was that case of Fred Moakley; Fred's a good fellow, but he and Mrs. Moakley like a good time and aren't just forehanded and calculating, and he came to me last spring for a loan to pay his taxes. Well, now, I haven't got any seventy dollars to throw away, but I did what I could for him. I clapped him on the back and cheered him up, and said, "Fred, old-timer, you can have anything I got, and you know it. Only it just so happens that I can't spare a red, at present. I'm sorrier than you are, Fred. Why don't you go over and hit Leffert? He's got all the money he ever had."

Well, he didn't want to go, saying he didn't know Leffert so awfully well, but I said, hang it, he didn't have to know him so well in an emergency like this; and he finally went. Well, sir, from all I hear, Leffert made a perfect tramp out of him. Oh, he let him have the seventy dollars, but he rode that poor fellow, and abused him, and made him feel like a beggar. He followed poor Fred out the door saying, "Now, look here, Moakley, I want that money back, and don't make any mistake. Understand that, don't you?"

Well, Fred naturally had a little celebration, and wasn't ready to pay Leffert back on the dot, and darned if he didn't get after poor Fred, and hound him, and telephone to him and call on him and lay for him and make him miserable. We were all disgusted with him. Fred hates the sight of him. Nothing large and whole-souled about him—small, picayune man. Oh, he may mean well enough, but I don't cotton to a man like that.

Making Night Driving Safe for All America

Everywhere you now see on more and more motor cars the two softly-glowing amber headlights which make night driving safe and free from nerve and eye strain.

These E & J Type 20 headlights—the latest contribution of optical science to the automobile industry—are now multiplying with great rapidity. They are worth immeasurably more than their cost. They provide magnificent illumination, and you have your lights on full *all the time*, because they absolutely eliminate glare.

They show up the road distinctly for 500 feet or more—*twice the distance of ordinary lights*—and far on either side. With them, you see *right through the glare* of on-coming lights, and through fog, smoke or dust.

E & J Type 20 is life, and nerve, and car insurance—for you and for those approaching—and it also assures compliance with the law. Eighteen states have already recognized the danger of dim lights and of glaring lights and have put rigid regulations into force.

These massive lamps, beautiful in line and in finish, improve the appearance of any car. Cowl lamps in the same design. Any one of 7200 motor car dealers or E & J stations can install them on your car in 30 minutes. Learn the scientific reasons behind E & J Type 20. Write to Edmunds & Jones, the largest motor lamp manufacturers in the world.

When ordering a new car, specify E & J Type 20 headlights and the car dealer will give you credit on the regular equipment.

"The Safest Light in Motordom"

(Manufactured under the Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

Only complete confidence gives you relaxed motoring

99% won't do

Relaxation Refreshes — Tension Fatigues

IN YOUR easy chair you are perfectly comfortable because you are perfectly relaxed —there is nothing to cause you to be otherwise—experience has taught you that no unseen force will come along to throw you out of that chair or cause you to be disturbed.

But seated in the equally soft cushions of your motor car you are unable or unwilling to relax—your motoring experience has taught you to be ever prepared to brace or hold yourself against some force which may come along to throw you. As a result you are *always* holding yourself more or less tense even while travelling over smooth roads. Over smooth roads you could afford to relax maybe, but you are not able to relax because experience has made you ever expectant and hence you hold yourself ever in readiness.

Relaxation in motoring can come only from confidence. You must be confident that no road conditions, however they may come, can throw you from your seat. And this confidence must be complete. When hundreds of miles and days and days of motoring have firmly established this confidence in your mind, then you will sit back, cease to brace and hold, and enjoy the greatest refreshment you have ever known—relaxed motoring.

And that is exactly what you buy when you buy Stabilated motoring—implicit confidence that no force can reach you to throw you off the seat.

All have recognized the wonders of Stabilation over rough roads—the uncanny ability of Stabilators to keep you on the seat has made them famous. But the work Stabilators do for you on city streets and boulevards and concrete stretches is equally important—they eliminate that uncertain floating motion which, because of its very uncertainty, causes you to hold yourself always tensed and in readiness for something worse.

A Stabilated ride is a firm ride. In a Stabilated car you ride always relaxed—unconsciously relaxed—your riding instead of tiring you refreshes you—your motoring becomes a real benefit. And Stabilators give you this complete relaxation because Stabilators inspire in you that implicit confidence. If Stabilators were only 99% sufficient then they could not enable you to relax because you would always be anticipating that one time when they might fail you. Relaxation can come *only* when your confidence is complete—100%.

After you have driven a Stabilated car for a month and have hit all the different kinds of possible bumps and thus know that no bump can cause you to be thrown, you then know you can trust your Stabilators and you then allow yourself to relax—and only then.

The Only Force which can Throw you off the Seat is the Force of Spring Rebound

The force of spring rebound is determined by the extent of spring compression. And the size and power of the Stabilator brake are likewise determined by the extent of spring compression. Thus the Stabilator brake is proportionate to, and always in complete control of, any rebound force. That is the simple reason why no force can get by the Stabilator to throw you. The construction of Stabilators is patented and exclusive.

John Warren Watson Company, 24th and Locust Streets, Philadelphia

WATSON

STABILATORS

You Learn To Trust Them

THE MAJORITY MAN

(Continued from Page 29)

politician's club or a Christmas tree. All he asks of government is that it shall stick to its business of being a government.

And one thing more—the majority man knows that, as between administration and legislation, he wants administration.

Make no mistake—the majority man, long before he speaks, is tired of too much parliament, too much chamber, too much house of deputies, too much congress. He wants the factory of government to produce honest goods of quality at the minimum of unit cost. He does not want the organization to extend its line to novelties and gewgaws for the holiday trade. The hunger of the majority man for administrative ability as distinguished from legislative invention, legislative blab, and legislative stalemate, is responsible for Baldwin in England, Mussolini in Italy, Count Bethlen in Hungary, for the willingness to get back Caillaux in France—and for Coolidge. When the majority man wants anything, intelligently and enough, he gets it.

Just now the majority man wants less government, less legislation, less political pulling and hauling around rather futile and sometimes silly and trouble-making and sometimes flabby parliamentary bodies.

I said, everywhere I went in Europe, "But democracy rests on parliamentary bodies."

And everywhere there was the answer, "It may. The machinery of political democracy is something we are glad to have, but sometimes it may be most useful in the garage. It is not necessary to ride it all the time. It ought to be a convenience and not a nuisance carrying with it useless repair, tire and fuel bills."

In Europe I have received new confirmation of a belief which has been growing for a long time. It is that the majority man throughout the world, if he could register his will by returns from two hemispheres and find some way to take care of the bare legislative routine necessities, would vote three to one to close for a five-year breathing spell every parliament.

In Europe, one who makes a comparison between administrative government—the management which puts into effect the policies and regulations already determined—and legislative government—which changes or adds to the policies and regulations already formed—finds that administrative government in terms of dignity, absence of nonsense, efficiency and importance, has now, in the estimation of the majority man, run far ahead of parliaments, congresses, houses of commons, cameras and chambers of deputies. The first is considered a necessity; the second, a good deal of a fraud and a bore and a garrulous nuisance.

Windy Conflicts

It may be that this idea is growing in the United States. I think the tendency is that way. I am certain that I have found in England of today a distinct majority-man opinion; that the English Parliament has lost much of the popular esteem, and has lost if for definite reasons, just as administrative government, which the British apparently are skillful enough to keep as free as possible from bureaucratic shirt stuffing, commands the respect and trust and pride of the nation. The British have had a long practice in administration. I am told that it is possible to find books on the administration of British finance written in the thirteenth century!

I have just been told by a former member of the House of Commons who has been a political observer and critic for a third of a century: "The way of parliamentary government has interested me more and more as the signs of it are more obvious. Let me tell you these signs. You probably have them in the United States. Tell me if I am wrong.

"First of all, go to the publishers of the daily press. Here in England forty years ago newspapers printed debates in the House. Why? Because the readers wanted them. And why did the readers want to see these debates? Because they were important debates. Today much of the time is taken in low-grade, windy conflicts over bones which have no meat. As a result, the intelligence and the interest of the people in really vital matters, particularly if these matters are not emotional, have dropped. As a result, the politician in the Commons who wants to attract attention devotes himself with zeal to the questions which involve controversy, personalities, sensation—all the highly colored material. The real business of the British Empire is made secondary. One result is a government by talk. And the people in a vague way are disgusted with government by talk.

"Well, that is not all. The next result, and you will find it everywhere, is that the politician no longer uses his seat in a parliament to express himself. He cannot make his voice carry far enough into the press. So he goes out on the lecture platform, on the stump and even on a barrel, and usually makes a hullabaloo about trivialities So it is that you find the parliaments here and on the Continent no longer the appointed place of government by talk, but you find that government by talk even goes out of parliament on tour, and at dedications of monuments, anniversaries and holidays, grows hoarse about nothing much. And at election time it is even worse. I can remember when our election discussions used to be on a high plane, the thought for the good of the nation, for all of us. Now most of it in Europe, carried on by candidates for parliaments, is an appeal to the selfish interest of the group or minority which is being addressed. One side is trying to govern the country, and the other side is trying to prevent them and to get enough support from adding one minority interest to another to tip those in power out of power. The result is a well-defined formula for cheap politicians: One—avoid big issues. Two—roar at the opposition and be personal. Three—talk about what the government will do for some minority or some locality. Four—always stand with 'good' causes."

Easy Spenders

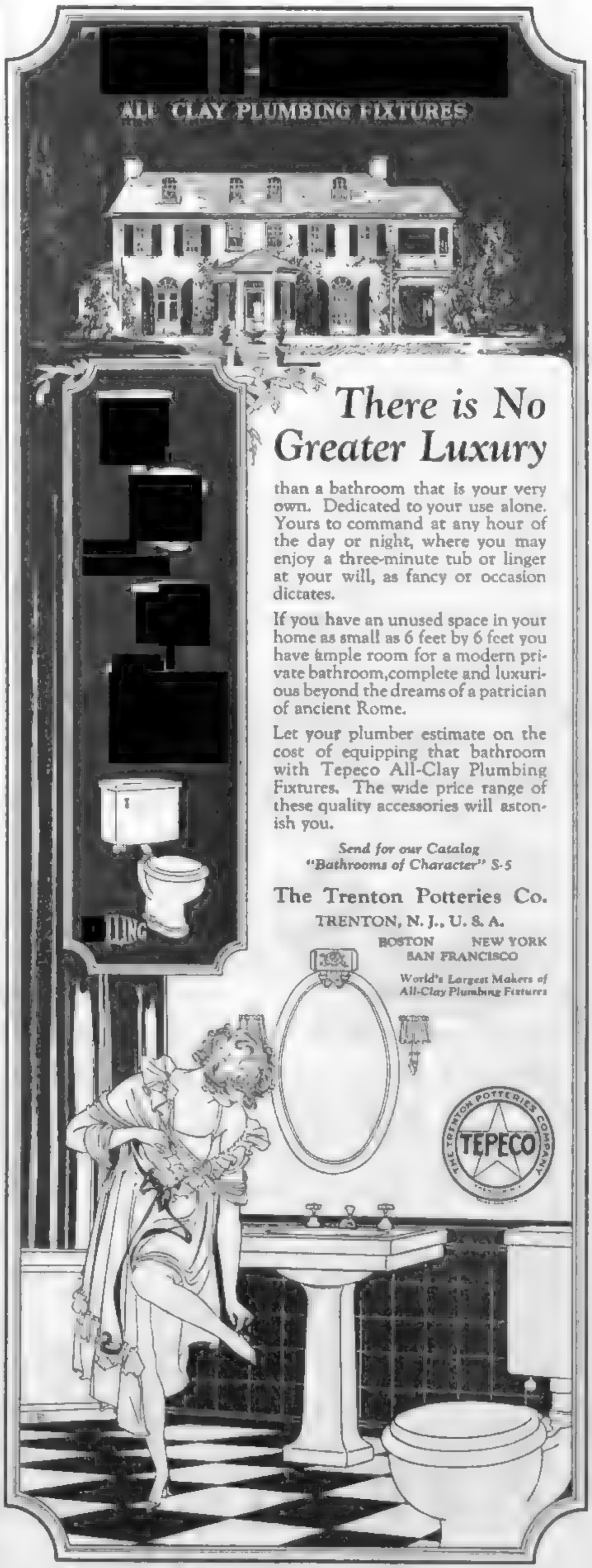
He went on: "I have been watching politics in England and on the Continent for a third of a century, and I have seen politicians suffer from a great illusion. It is, that talk changes votes or even reaches many votes. The chief result of talk is to add campaigning by talk to government by talk."

This opinion I found reflected among various classes in England. And on the Continent I found in France, Spain, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Germany, that eternal election talk and eternal debates in the field of parliamentary activity tend to create the idea that government is a charitable institution—that it has favors to give away to this and that minority. This is because the easiest possible appeal to get a seat or to hold a seat is to promise something. A statesman of France put it in these words:

"It is easier to propose an extension of government functions or to advocate an increase in expenditures than it is to get the foolish taxpayer to realize that he must foot the bill."

In Germany I talked with an ex-chancellor who was ready to admit that in most of the parliamentary governments in existence it would be difficult to limit campaign expenses because "the moment the candidate cannot get money from his friends he begins to promise money out of the public treasury." Administrative officials, the executives in any country, are less likely to make these promises, because they bear a degree of responsibility; the legislator, on the other hand, may obtain the favor he has promised from the treasury or get his piece of crankish reform legislation through with little cost to himself when the time comes to pay for the waste and give an accounting to that poor fool, the majority man, who pays the bills.

It is difficult for one who is abroad observing foreign governments, not to feel, regardless of partisan politics, a means of pride in his own citizenship which overwhelmingly chooses a nonpromise-making President, and which rejects a child-labor amendment of the Constitution, not because child-labor relief is not needed sorely but because the particular amendment tends to increase and extend and centralize the function of government rather than to limit and decentralize government, and is phrased to make the Federal Government a busybody outside questions of child labor. I cannot refrain from quoting an Italian


ALL CLAY PLUMBING FIXTURES
There is No Greater Luxury
than a bathroom that is your very own. Dedicated to your use alone. Yours to command at any hour of the day or night, where you may enjoy a three-minute tub or linger at your will, as fancy or occasion dictates.
If you have an unused space in your home as small as 6 feet by 6 feet you have ample room for a modern private bathroom,complete and luxurious beyond the dreams of a patrician of ancient Rome.
Let your plumber estimate on the cost of equipping that bathroom with Tepeco All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures. The wide price range of these quality accessories will astonish you.
Send for our Catalog
"Bathrooms of Character" S-5
The Trenton Potteries Co.
TRENTON, N. J., U. S. A.
BOSTON NEW YORK
SAN FRANCISCO
World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures
TEPECO

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

As comforting as the shoes themselves is the thought that the rest of the world cannot help but admire your good judgment in deciding on FLORSHEIMS.

THE BRISTOL—Style M-170

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY
Manufacturers ~ CHICAGO

For the man who cares — The Florsheim Shoe

MR.—"*Gosh, Mary, you are wearing a pretty smile these days. Have you found a new disposition?*"

MRS.—"*No, but I've found a new pair of ears. My deafness is gone since I got my ACOUSTICON.*"

DEAF? A post-card restores the joy of good hearing again

FREE Ten Days' Trial of the Amazing New Hearing Aid

Every sensible deaf person realizes that there are graver penalties of deafness than personal annoyance and embarrassment. The constant strain to hear menaces the sweetest disposition, drains the vitality and sears the face with hard lines of irritability.

Health and beauty both show the effects of poor hearing.

And what folly it is to endure deafness when science has provided such easy and proven relief.

Radio engineers have perfected a powerful little personal hearing aid—worn inconspicuously—which immediately restores good hearing.

This device, called the radio-built ACOUSTICON is based upon the same sound-sending, reproducing and amplifying principles of the radio itself with the deaf person as his own receiving and sending station.

Like the radio, the ACOUSTICON has a transmitter and a receiver. But sensitive to a pin drop. So powerful they pick up any sound the human ear can hear and deliver it clearly, distinctly and resonantly to the impaired auditory nerve.

FREE 10 DAYS' TRIAL

The new radio-built ACOUSTICON is a marvel of lightness, comfort and inconspicuousness. A joy to wear and use. We are so sure it will delight you, regardless of what other device you are now using, that we invite you to try it 10 days without a penny of risk. No red tape to go through. No deposit or payment of any kind. Just send your name, address and free trial request to the DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept 1323, 220 W 42nd St., New York City.

The Acousticon
The Perfect Hearing Aid
TRY IT TEN DAYS FREE

statesman who interpreted our presidential election as "the expression of a wise people who preferred an executive who would pull in, rather than a régime which would spread out." He was talking about that usually invisible and noiseless vote in America—the majority man's vote.

The majority man is less favored on the Continent than he is in America or in England. And why? It is because the great hocus-pocus of democracy on the Continent has been that minorities must be represented at any cost, no matter how great. With a two-party system in our own country and usually in England, one party represents, at least to a passable extent, the majority man. When the majority man goes over to the other of the two parties it is because that other party has learned to represent better the majority man, the patient, service-giving, taxpaying, commonsense citizen who has no crank reforms to pass and no special favors to ask. But when there are multiple parties—as there are in France and Germany and most of the Continental countries, and were in Italy and Spain until these countries could stand the travesty on democracy no longer—then the majority man has to choose a party which is powerless to gain the whole administration of the country. The best the majority man can do is to choose a party which will make a bloc or coalition with other parties, not to accomplish any majority-man program but merely to throw down a ministry or administration and set up a new one which has promised beforehand something to every organized minority which composes it. Party government becomes a mere contemptible scramble for power and legalized loot of the public resources.

"On the Continent," said an Austrian cabinet minister to me, "we have had something which may appear as a reaction against tyrannies of the Middle Ages. The idea has been to give every man a representation in government. To do this you will find everywhere the parliamentary governments have degenerated into powerless bodies and even worse than futile bodies, because they are made up of ten, twenty and sometimes half a hundred parties. Few if any of these little parties get what they want. If they do, it is usually a special favor which the majority has to pay for. Something belonging to all is taken by the few. But the business of government for the majority is neglected or bungled. That is why the revolt is beginning against parliamentary government. Take proportional representation, for instance. It has been a shocking failure in the half dozen countries which have recently adopted it. It is another attempt to represent everybody, and results in representing no one, least of all the mass of citizens—the majority."

Forces for Peace

Today in Europe I find a rising tide of opinion against the flabbiness of government by talk and of government by the blackmail of organized minorities as they flourish under the present parliamentary systems. The majority man is baffled by these systems. Slowly his ire is aroused, and the looming danger is that the majority man, instead of rebuilding parliamentary systems—so-called democracy—into better forms, will leap backward to restoration of monarchy, take another look at communism or accept dictatorship as a means to escape utter inefficiency and the breakdown of government strong enough to govern at all.

The result of the many-party system defeating the will of the majority man has few better examples than the one I observed at first hand following the last German elections preceding the holiday season at the end of the year just gone. A good deal was at stake in that election. One set of issues regarding Germany's foreign policy was the most important question before the people. I have already shown in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST that strong forces to create a second armistice between France and Germany were at work. The German people were ready to accept with sincerity the Dawes Plan, there were indications of economic coöperation between the industrial elements of the two countries, and a new era of better will had begun to weave across the national boundaries. As an expression of this, the German people as a whole registered their will for a republican and liberal policy. But this will was not registered through one party; it was registered through many parties. And then the majority man of Germany was treated to the absurd spectacle of the failure of the republican liberal groups to form a government. In the presence of this failure the nationalistic and reactionary elements, representing, one might say, the exact reverse of the expressed will of the majority man in Germany, have had the upper hand in putting together a ministry and in formulating policy. It is a good deal as if Coolidge had obtained two-thirds of the votes in our election and Davis had taken office! This is the kind of burlesque on the will of the people that goes on under the window dressing of democracy in Europe.

Another example—and this one happened when Great Britain departed from the two-party system. In Britain there are about one-third of the voters who are in or around the socialist program of the Labor Party. This question of socialism or no socialism is the dominant political question. Two-thirds of the voters are anti-socialist. But we had the spectacle in 1924 of a year of Labor government because it was permitted by the Liberals. What the experiment gained for anyone is difficult to determine; one fact is clear—the majority man under the departure from the two-party system, instead of being able to avoid having a Labor government, was given a Labor government, like it or not.

The Sentimental Appeal

In the face of these and other examples in infinite variety of the utter failure of the many-party system to express the will of the people, and in the face of the complete baffled defeat of the majority man to obtain effective parliamentary government or even to avoid the very kind of parliamentary government which he tries to vote down, my sympathy has been transferred from the minority man, organized to obtain more from congresses, chambers and houses of commons than he deserves, to the majority man, who pays the bills and gets about everything he does not want.

The majority man believes the multi-party parliamentary system has about reached the end of its rope. Theorists may protest, but the multi-party system of democracy is anti-democratic—probably in its defeat of the will of the people more undemocratic than the government of a wise monarch or a moderate efficient dictator. And, after close study to which I have just added some months of intimate contact and observation, I agree with the rising tide of opinion of the majority man. I see clearly enough the fact that the Continental forms of parliamentary government have been drifting rapidly toward machinery for taking out of the treasury the money contributed by the many, and under fear of organized minorities giving it over to those interests which clamor the loudest or intrigue in silence. I see clearly that this kind of parliamentary machinery, living by an appeal to sentiment under the false label of Democracy, tends to furnish talk, dreams, and to extend government into the functions of a busybody. I see it as a machine forever interfering with efficient executive and administrative government, and one which, by coalitions of minorities tips overboard in rapid, confusing succession one ministry after another. I see it as an instrument to keep up eternal political upheavals and uncertainties and discussions. I see it as a means by which little men scramble for power by blocking bigger men from accomplishment. I see it as a system by which its own membership grows lower and lower in quality and gives less and less encouragement to sizable men to enter ministries or cabinets where they will be submitted to minority blocs created merely to destroy. I see it drifting toward complete helplessness to furnish government of authority. I see it compelling less and less the desire or duty of citizenship, so that peoples fall into lethargy about their own voting franchise, regarding elections as a useless travesty, in the sense that they may be an expression of the people's will. I see it as an opportunity for the looting minorities, and as a factor in the defeat of constructive policy, of order, of performance—as distinguished from program and talk—and of permanence. Whatever else may be said of strong-figure governments—those of Mussolini, Primo de Rivera and Kemal Pasha—one thing may be said—they have lasted longer than any other governments and at least they do govern, and probably govern by the tacit consent of that majority man who has given up hope of government from

(Continued on Page 193)

WHAT'S INSIDE

How a House Became a Home

Nachman Spring-Filled Company

Nachman Spring Units

There are 15,000,000 Nachman Spring Units in America's 25,000,000 homes

Let's Have a Gay and Cheerful Kitchen!

Contentment likes to come and stay in a well-planned, properly equipped and colorful kitchen. Beauty and convenience promote a gayety of spirit that lightens household tasks. But in dreary, drab surroundings kitchen duties often drag into drudgery.

The Nesco Oil Cook Stove brings beauty to any kitchen. In grey and black and with turquoise blue chimneys it is very decorative kitchen furniture. And—it gives full cooking performance with its blue gas contact flame and other unusual features.

Likewise Nesco Royal Granite utensils—beautifully mottled in deep blue-grey—add both color and serviceability. Easy to clean—will not discolor food—safe, durable and inexpensive. Standard household equipment for nearly half a century.

In principle the Nesco Oil Cook Stove is unlike the ordinary oil cook stove. Its intense blue gas flame contacts with utensil just as a gas stove flame does. It fries, bakes, broils, boils, toasts clean, and can simmer. One burner burns 25 hours on a gallon of kerosene.

The patented Rockweave Wick is non-burnable. It needs no trimming—only an occasional cleaning. No priming—no smoke—no odor!

For those seeking new kitchen ideas we have prepared a book of model kitchens with detailed information. Ask your dealer to lend you his copy of "Nesco Better Kitchens" or send us 25c for one containing a coupon good for 25c on the purchase of any piece of Nesco Royal Granite Ware.

NESCO

NESCO Oil Cook Stove
With the Blue Gas Contact Flame

ROYAL GRANITE WARE

NATIONAL ENAMELING & STAMPING CO., Inc., 903 St. Paul Ave.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Milwaukee, Chicago, Granite City, Ill., St. Louis, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore

Licensed Canadian Manufacturers
Dominion Stove & Foundry Co., Penetanguishene, Ontario, Canada

(Continued from Page 190

the old unreformed multi-party parliamentary machinery. That machinery is a failure; the United States ought to know it.

We ought to learn that the best thing we have in our own democracy, probably because of our two-party system, is that slowly but surely the majority man has his way. I was a Progressive in 1912; but looking back on our program, now only a dozen years old, I cannot find much of substance which has not either been put into effect or proved to be a bad suggestion. We are impatient to have our own ideas embodied in government and we therefore fail to realize how responsive a democracy we have. We want perfection and therefore sometimes we grow blind to the almost miraculous constancy with which the majority man has his way without riding down the rights or welfare of the minority man.

It is because I see that we have approached too near the leeching by organized minorities, like that which flourishes under the parliamentary systems in Europe, that I wrote Government by Blackmail in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of August 23, 1924, and followed it up by going to Europe to see what kind of minorities and what conditions encouraging them threaten to replace the interests of the majority man. I went to see the selfish interests of one group added to those of another group until government has no more favors to pass around. I went to see why economy goes, faith in voting goes, why the real will of the people is baffled and democracy is only a sign over the door. I went to see why the representative system falls into complete mediocrity or becomes an instrument for blackmailing or for personal scramble for power or for extending the functions of government so far that organized cranks can fetter the personal affairs and the liberties of the majority man, who, like a fool, pays taxes to have them do it.

Today Europe presents, as examples of the organized minorities which can thwart the majority man, quite definite types. For many of them we can find parallels of growing minority power in our own country, threatening to avail themselves of any drift inside or outside Congress toward the multi-party, logrolling, coalition, bloc system.

Broadly speaking, I find in Europe definite minority types, which either threaten good government for the majority man, set up a basis for corruption, loot the taxpayers' treasury or threaten his liberties. They may be duplicated in the United States, so it pays to consider them.

Victims of Minorities

They are: One—groups of special privilege based on money power. Two—groups of special privilege based on organized minorities of race, class, industrial or geographic selfish interest, which use their voting power to blackmail favors. Three—moral groups, which use religion or sentiment to impose upon the majority man government activities, functions and deprivation of liberties which turn out to be against the will of the people, and sometimes, being wholly outside the realm of the concept of democratic government as a joint undertaking rather than as a paternal institution, bring on the decay of law enforcement.

The majority man of Europe is the victim of the first two organized minority groups, but less a victim of the third group. The spectacle of a docile or silly majority being sheep-herded through the instrumentality of government by a tyrannical organized minority claiming a spiritual or ethical superiority is not so well known in Europe as in our own democracy. I have been asked, for example, in many corners of Europe what will be our end if we continue to allow the incursion of organized movements in our politics in which churches play a major rôle.

A distinguished diplomat who once occupied a post in Washington has said to me: "What is to be the result in your country if churches go outside their functions of worship and interpretation of individual spiritual development, and attempt to become political forces? You have already had church movements for the League of Nations. You have had World Court Sundays. You have had movements which looked very much like organized church lobbies working with extraordinary power in fields other than their own field. Their own field needs everywhere, apparently, all the cultivation possible. What is to prevent your churches from moving on to tariff questions, taxation and any other political question? It is my understanding that the chief support of most of your sects comes from the rich—the classes we would call bankers and industrialists. Will not your masses see in political activity of churches a subtle movement to anæsthetize the workers? If not, then you will say in reply to me that the political activity of churches is on the side of goodness. But can you assure me that it is on the side of the facts and of wisdom also? And what becomes of your boasted separation of church and state if you are going to allow church lobbies to go to Washington and claim to represent more of the Deity in deciding, for instance, your foreign policy than any conscientious congressman dares to claim? And what if one kind of church minority enters the political field for a purpose inimical to the interests of another church? The clash of religious differences which would never take place if the churches kept out of politics is not difficult to conceive if the fashion of volunteering to supply policies of government is set up. Are you as safe as you think you are?"

One gains the impression in any intimate study of foreign legislation that we have gone further than the others in attempting to write individual morality out of the statute books. To the average European mind this appears as an attempt destined to certain failure and hypocrisy, and one which would reduce human beings to a common run, without individuality and deprived of freedom to make their own struggle in self-development.

The Rule of Special Privilege

"The American of the future may live a long life," said a famous Italian journalist to me. "He may have money in the savings bank, but I cannot keep from wondering if your craze to legislate the character of man will not produce a dull specimen, who has fought no battles, has a flat expressionless face, and on the whole would be rather uninteresting. Certainly in Europe, whatever our troubles and whatever our sins and whatever our training under what you call tyrannies, we still have in every country enough individualism in the majority man so that he will not tolerate having his mind, body or soul rolled up politically in some organized minority's cotton-wool dictatorship."

In Europe, however, the organized minority which thrives under the multi-party parliamentary system is adequately represented by the special privilege of money power and by the groups which for selfish interest utilize the power of their voting to gain special favors.

The study of these two groups is of particular interest to those who desire to keep the future safe for our own democratic institutions. Until a few years ago it appeared that special privilege based on money power would threaten our own success. Those were the days when special privilege, used in that sense, was often a phrase on the lips of Roosevelt and other progressive leaders. The era of muckraking—uncomfortable for a time for those financial and business interests who could obtain and had obtained special favors or who could and did maintain business practices beyond the pale of decent profits, decent conduct and decent restraint in exploiting the public—was an era which resulted in great good not only to the majority man but to the business interests as well. Today a careful comparison of the European situation with our own reveals that our Government is more free from the money power than most.

It is true that our tariffs are still made under the influence of those interests which cannot, under any interpretation, be said to place the nation's welfare higher than their own. Carried to its extreme, the man who wishes to have his camphor-growing industry protected goes to Washington and can afford to spend a lot of money to show that his industry is an infant industry in the United States, that his costs of production are many hundred per cent above the cost of production in the Orient, that he cannot compete with imports and live. The consumer of camphor is never present in Washington to reply that camphor growing is a folly in the United States, that there will not be enough camphor trees to shade a dog house, and certainly not enough to supply a thousandth of the market, that protection to this camphor grower will encourage a camphor monopoly, and that the tariff rate proposed will raise the price of camphor about one thousand per cent to

The Greatest Value *for Your Building Dollar*

Complete Standard Buildings of One *and* Two Stories—Flat Roofs—Pitched Roofs Monitor—Sawtooth

All Types of Steel Windows *and* Mechanical Operators for Daylighting *and* Ventilation

PROVE to yourself the economical advantages of Truscon Buildings. Share in the savings made possible by quantity production of standardized products. Get the right building for your exact needs.

Incombustible—durable—100% salvage—quick erection—low cost—Truscon Standard Buildings combine all advantages with many exclusive features.

The whole field of permanent building is covered by Truscon Products, backed by our 50 acre plant, 18 warehouses, 60 branch offices and hosts of dealers.

Consult Truscon Before Building

Get without cost useful suggestions from our skilled organization. Write today.

TRUSCON STEEL CO., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

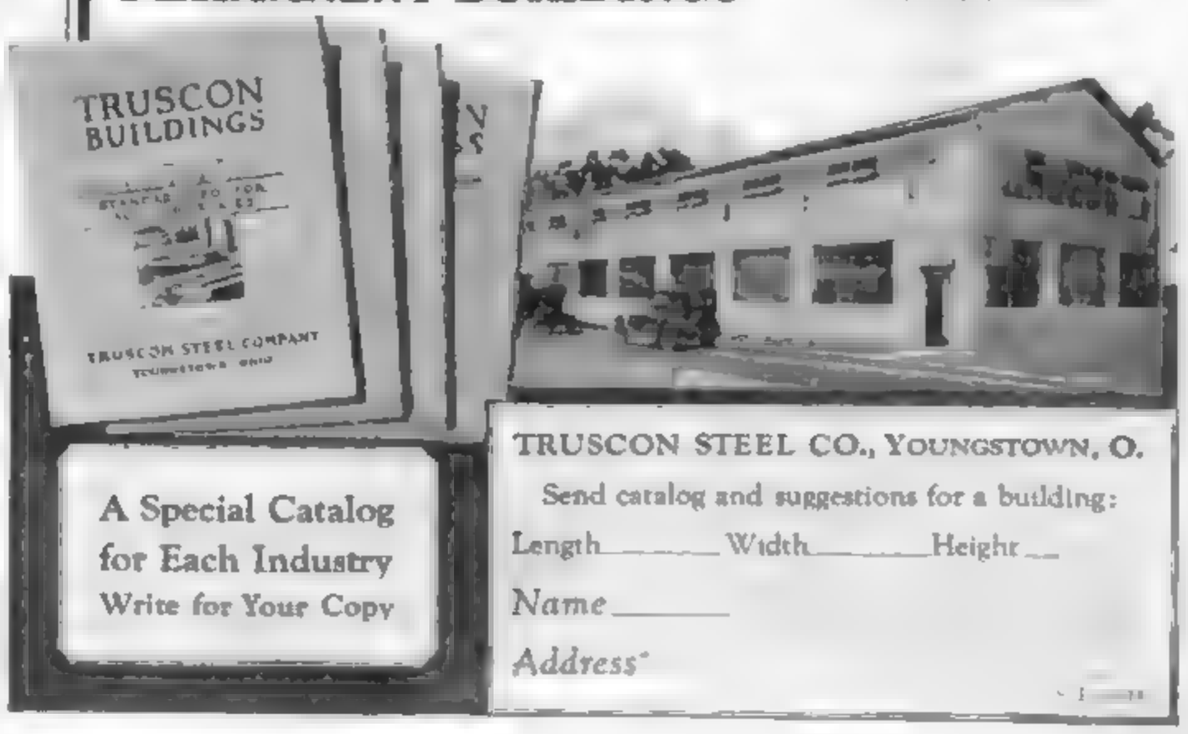
Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities
Canada: Walkerville, Ont. Foreign Div.: New York

TRUSCON
PRODUCTS for PERMANENT BUILDINGS

EVERY STEEL PRODUCT FOR

Industrial
Commercial
Residential
***and* Public**
BUILDINGS

Standard Buildings
Steel Deck Roofs
Steel Windows
Reinforcing Steel
Metal Lath
Steel Joists
Steel Doors
Standard Trusses
Steel Columns, etc.
Steel Inserts
Steel Lintels
Highway Products
Steel Poles
Foundry Flasks
Platforms and Boxes
Pressed Steel Parts



A Special Catalog for Each Industry
Write for Your Copy

TRUSCON STEEL CO., YOUNGSTOWN, O.

Send catalog and suggestions for a building:

Length_____ Width_____ Height__

*Name*_____

Address

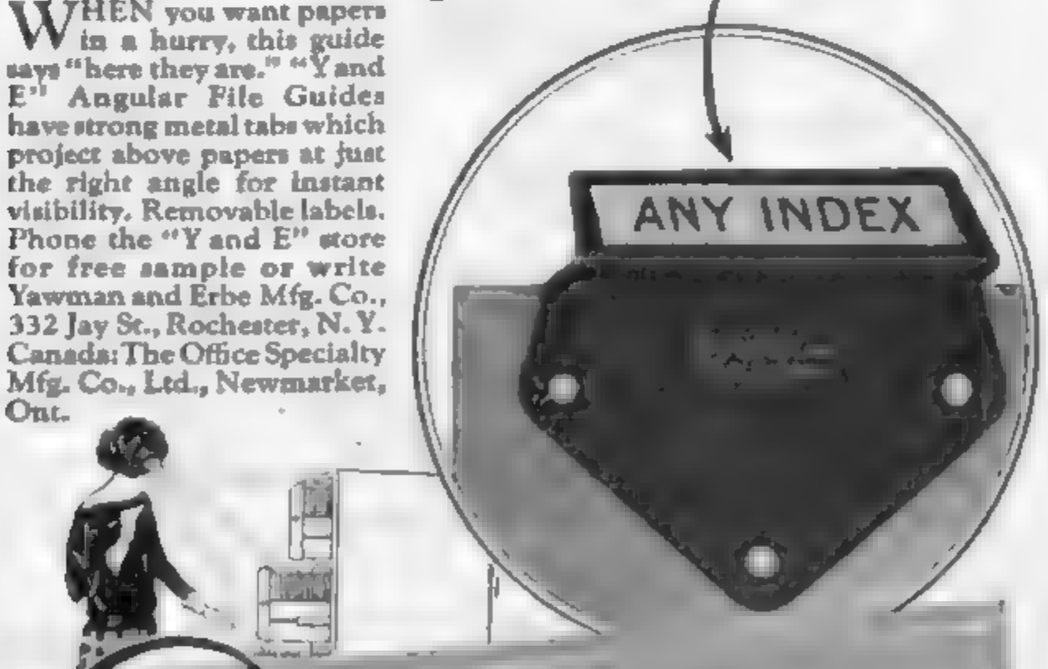
Mello-Felt
Supreme quality
$7

Absolutely—the aristocrat among informal hats. Well-dressed young men will want one of these mello-felt hats. Fashionable for both town and country. All dealers in fine hats have

SCHOBLE HATS
for Style for Service
FRANK SCHOBLE & CO., Philadelphia

Instantly visible
from every angle

WHEN you want papers in a hurry, this guide says "here they are." "Y and E" Angular File Guides have strong metal tabs which project above papers at just the right angle for instant visibility. Removable labels. Phone the "Y and E" store for free sample or write Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co., 332 Jay St., Rochester, N. Y. Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.



"Y and E" OFFICE EQUIPMENT

STEEL AND WOOD FILING CABINETS-STEEL SHELVING
DESKS-SAFES-OFFICE SYSTEMS AND SUPPLIES

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

the consumers. The less exaggerated cases, which follow the principles in this one, are instances in which the majority man in our own country has no look in, and in which well-organized minorities may have more to do with tariff making than any national policy. But, on the other hand, it is probably true that we have advanced farther along the road of keeping business meddling away from government than along the road of keeping government meddling out of our business. So far as money-power minorities are concerned, I find in Europe today many more signs of their power—the power of bankers, industrialists and large land holders—than can be found in our own national life.

If examples are needed it is only necessary to point to the subsidies and favors which have been granted by chambers and parliaments to large interests in France, Germany and Italy; to the control of the press by financial or industrial groups or individuals on the Continent, so that newspapers are often bought and sold for the purposes of special interests and special privilege to a degree that would shock Americans; to the cases in which government contracts cannot be obtained without paying tribute to some deputy or group of deputies who are following apparently the fashion set by the business practices of the money power as it maintains relationship with democratic government.

The organized minority of money power, however, is not so devastating to a democracy as the organized minority of voting power. The first may produce corruption of officials and it may loot the public resources, but the second does both things and in addition corrupts citizenship itself.

Organized Demands

Before Mussolini came into power in Italy the organized minorities based on sectionalism, class or special claims for charitable relief were having their heyday. None of them obtained much of substance because the plate had already been passed so much that there was little left for the latecomers. Then one of Italy's greatest political figures said to me, "The great tragedy of this is the death of political organization based upon our whole national welfare. When a special group forms into a political subdivision to add another party to our already hashed-up Chamber and makes an appeal to the selfish interest of voters by promising that something nice will be taken out of the general welfare and conferred upon them, the crime is no longer one in which a few individuals corrupt a few officials; it is one by which a whole block of citizens are corrupted by their own selfish interests. No—more! The tendency is to make a situation appear in which the whole of our citizenship becomes cynical about all parliamentary government and falls into a lethargy in which a whip is required to drive them to the polls. National loyalty is broken down by the fact that parliaments no longer represent national policy so much as instruments by which organized minorities can blackmail or wheedle until they obtain special legislation. The people learn that they not only have bad government, but also too much lawmaking, too many bills. They turn away disgusted from a parliament which has ceased to express a nation but is a bazaar where favors are peddled out to some section or province or locality or some class or group, as if Rome were a bread line rather than a government capital."

A Hungarian leader who was reviewing the progress of democracy pointed out to me that the necessity to give relief to certain classes of population since the war, in order to prevent a breakdown of society, had intensified the operations of organized minorities. "No matter how necessary each relief has been—the doles to the unemployed in England, bonuses, pensions, and so on, in various countries—each has started an avalanche of organized demands on government. The conception of government as an institution which must require support from citizens has been swung still more toward the ridiculous idea that government is a magic source which owes support to citizens. That idea might vanish in your country, where you have only two parties and either is strong enough, if it wills, to resist an organized minority; but where we have so many parties the tendency instead of being one of resistance is one which even creates new parties around the clamors of organized minorities. I know of parliaments in Europe which have added in their parties one minority to another, each with a separate interest, but how can it be said that any one or all of them together represent the taxpayer?"

Of course, it cannot be said that in practice such a multi-party system represents in any substance the taxpayer, the majority man. That is the reason for his vague restlessness, his oncoming loss of faith in the thing called democracy as expressed by legislative bodies and his preparation for revolt against a system which talks much, tends to pauperize minorities, distends and centralizes government functions, and becomes incapable of maintaining authority.

"The majority man in the United States must be aghast at the spectacle of a war bonus agitated by a minority which, having been made available out of the majority man's taxes for payment to the healthy young men of the land, is not applied for by one of every nine patriots who are entitled to it by the law!" said an English cabinet minister to me. But the majority man in Europe usually is more used to this kind of organized-minority demand. In Europe he had heard Labor Party candidates in England promise away slices of the public resource; in France he may look in the Paris city directory at the lists of associations, societies and unions which are in existence to get something out of the government; in Italy two and a half years ago he could see on every side demonstrations, parades, bill posters and political tickets devoted to the interest of some clamorous minority. Few are the doctrines or Utopias which have not arisen as the program of some political-action group in Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and in all the parliaments of Southeastern Europe. The world, and particularly the European world I have just seen, has passed through a period when causes and movements, short-cut proposals, societies secret and open, lobbies, new political parties which divide and subdivide, have sprung up like toadstools, growing faster in the last six years because they are nourished on the dung heap of war distress and war hysteria. They are not the work or the will of the majority man.

Preying Upon the Majority

Political proposals of these types have tended in Europe of today to make the sane conception of government fade away from the minds of the people because they attempt, without any possibility of success, to turn governments into benevolent institutions which will open the doors of great-hearted generosity to those organized minorities which clamor loudest.

Either it is looting of the treasury which belongs to the majority man—the treasury whose only source of income is the taxes the majority man has paid—or it is the looting of the majority man's liberty of mind and spirit by ridiculous plans to legislate human nature and human progress.

With these two aspirations the majority man has no agreement. He merely pays the bills of government and works for his daily bread and tries to go along that slow, sure and painstaking way which leads to better generations. He wants the least possible government consistent with the proper conduct of public affairs. The majority man will have little sympathy with an extension of government into private affairs, or government which is run as an associated-charities office. When he discovers that the multi-party system of parliamentary government has given organized minorities the chance to displace the national interest and the welfare and the will of the many, the majority man will do something decisive!

It is the majority man who pays for government. It is the majority man who furnishes the services without which government cannot live. Democracy, if it is going to last, may neglect the organized minority if need be; it neglects and exploits the majority man at the peril of its own life.

The shorthand Executives used to say:

"Pshaw! she's gone. I'll have to wait till tomorrow."
"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."
"She's busy now. Let it go."
"Has all she can write today."
"She can't help me with other things."
"Forgot it before she came in."
"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."
"When I most need her, she's gone"
"When here alone, I'm helpless."
"All this saps my initiative."

Hiram Percy Maxim
started with a gun silencer invention and now works greater silencing miracles. He directs the affairs of his Company and is still able to answer numerous other demands on his time

The shorthand Secretaries used to say:

"The 3 to 5 pressure is terrific."
"No one else can read my notes."
"Yes, I do mind staying late."
"Cold notes are maddening."
"Shorthand is nothing to boast of."
"Its routine kills my ambition."
"I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook."
"He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."
"Those awful waits while he chats over the phone!"
"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

Shorthand is not short enough for him

How much more work can a man turn out using a Dictaphone, than a man of equal ability who clings to shorthand?

Some say 50% more; others say no comparison at all! For Dictaphone users find their output startlingly greater when dictation goes so quickly and easily.

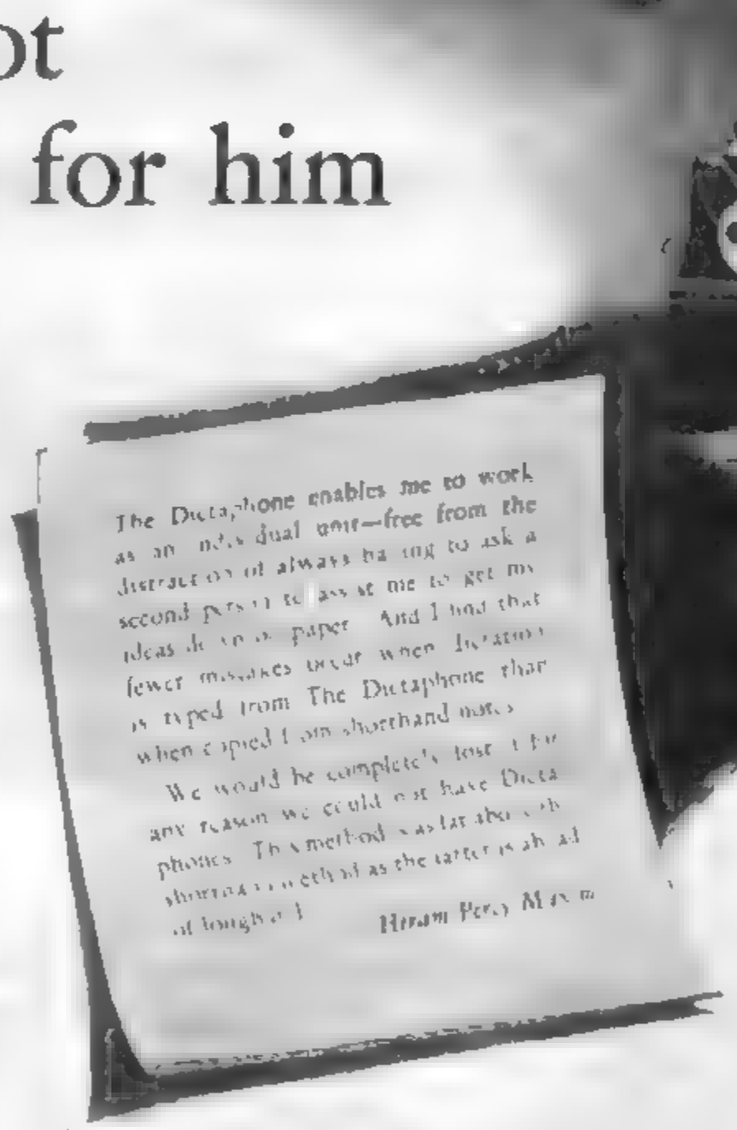
If you want to check personally that 50% figure, do what Hiram Percy Maxim did.

Mr. Maxim had accepted shorthand with all its faults as unavoidable. But he wanted to be free from pick and shovel routine. Most of all he wanted to save the time consumed by vexatious details in order to press forward important matters.

Miss Powell, his secretary, could undoubtedly handle much of the routine as ably as he did if most of her time were not taken up by writing every letter twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter.

The direct voice-recording system! Why not? Instead of the roundabout lead-pencil memory system?

Neither Mr. Maxim nor Miss Powell has ever regretted the three hours spent in learning to use The Dictaphone. It freed them both from the delays and irritating mistakes that are part and parcel of shorthand dictation.


The Dictaphone enables me to work
as an
dual unit—free from the
distractions of always having to ask a
second person to assist me to get my
ideas down on paper. And I find that
fewer mistakes occur when Dictation
is typed from The Dictaphone than
when copied from shorthand notes.
We would be completely lost if for
any reason we could not have Dicta
phones. The method is as far above sh
hand as it is ahead of the latter in all
of importance.
Hiram Percy Maxim

Thanks to The Dictaphone Miss Powell is no longer a drudging shorthand secretary, but actually a partner in the executive details of the Company. She can now show her true qualities as a business woman.

Its routine kills my ambition.

I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook.

He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon.

Those awful waits while he chats over the phone!

Hours wasted while he's in conference.

To Increase Your Successful Hours

The success of every man depends on getting all he can out of the hours in which his real abilities are called into play—solving sales and production problems, planning new enterprises, creating and developing policies.

To prove that The Dictaphone enables you to increase these hours we will lend you a New Model 10. You can try it out at your own leisure and convenience. Three hours will probably show what it can do for you, although you can keep it two weeks or longer without expense or obligation. Just write or 'phone the nearest Dictaphone office and say when you want a New Model 10 delivered.

Look in your Telephone Book for nearest office

DICTAPHONE SALES CORPORATION
154 Nassau Street, New York City

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

The New Auburn 8-88 Sedan $2350—Portrait by Palenske

It is a distinction to own an Auburn. More so today than ever because of the sameness of quantity-production types of cars. This new Eight is especially designed for the men and women who no more want their motor cars exactly like their neighbors' than they do their homes or clothing. They want to express their individuality and good taste in an exclusive, custom-built type of car that only a company of specialists like Auburn can create. Beauty alone would never sell this class of people. They demand quality of materials, fine workmanship, correct engineering and enduring service. It is Auburn's fidelity to the highest quality standards that wins and holds this class of people.

It is not only because the beauty of Auburn's exterior *stands out*, but more, because the construction of Auburn's interior *stands up*. Auburn is not sold because it does 70 miles an hour; nor because it has the finest type of straight eight engine. We do not feature four wheel brakes, a special transmission, or any single unit. It is the sum-total of all the qualities built into it that insures a heretofore unequaled degree of efficient performance and longevity of service. The owner of an Auburn is justifiably proud of his car's distinctive appearance. He is even more proud of his wise investment in de luxe performance and lasting worth. Full information for dealers or owners upon request.

8-88 Sedan $2350 8-88 4-door Brougham $2250 8-88 Sport Roadster $1975 freight and tax extra Also complete line of sixes at moderate prices

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE CO., AUBURN, INDIANA

AUBURN 8 EIGHTY EIGHT

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15

good tax plan. But did the great corrupt newspapers and magazines—did they point out this corrupt conspiracy? No, they did not, senators, because they are owned body and soul by Wall Street.

MR. KNOWSES: Will the senator yield?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from Verhampshire *(Mr. Knowses)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: I will yield for a question.

MR. KNOWSES: The senator probably buys his clothes from a plumbing supply house then.

MR. FIRBOLG: I do not understand the senator.

MR. KNOWSES: Well, since there is a conspiracy on the part of bankers and doctors, there is probably a conspiracy on the part of tailors to make bad clothes for people, so that they will wear out quickly and furnish more work for the tailors. Consequently the senator could not patronize a tailor.

MR. FIRBOLG: Oh, I suppose the senator is trying to be funny; but when the senator comes up for reëlection two years from now he will realize that it isn't so funny as he thinks it is. The senator had better do his talking while he can, because in another couple of years he will have a good deal of trouble getting opportunities to speak at as great length as he now finds himself privileged with to—or rather, as his privileges now permit him to discuss matters of which discussion is more or less restricted in places where senatorial privileges are not so respectfully looked up to by those whom restrictions are customarily imposed on.

But, Mr. President, I will not be turned from my great serious purpose by the contemptuous and undignified remarks of the senator from Verhampshire *(Mr. Knowses)*, for whose integrity and brilliancy and lofty purpose no member of this body has more consideration than do I. It is my intention to address the senators on the menace of the cross-word puzzle craze, and I shall be obliged, much as I dislike to do so, to request the senators not to interrupt me.

Oh, Mr. President, is it not true that nations are very like individuals? Yes, Mr. President, man is born, he grows up, he becomes bald-headed, and in his old age he hangs around the house and bothers the womenfolk. So it is with nations. A nation is born, it grows up, it gets into a lawsuit with somebody and loses its hair and its shirt—or wins the hair and the shirt of the other nations; and finally it grows old and peaceful and yawps about its past glories and maybe gets silly over some sweet young nation that shakes it down for its roll.

Yes, Mr. President, the United States of America is a young nation, but it is well that we should learn from history what has happened to other nations that have grown old and lost their teeth, the way we will some day.

Look at Rome, Mr. President and senators! Look at Rome, conqueror of all the world back in the year zero or thereabouts, and so full of great men that it was impossible to go out on the streets without being run over by at least five men whose names are prominently mentioned in the histories of today.

Look at her—great, proud, wealthy, magnificent, contemptuous of every other nation in the world! And then look at her two hundred years later. Look at her then, senators! What had become of her? Why, senators, she had lost her hair and her bank account and everything else. Her great men had all vanished. Her armies were worthless. She was a total loss, senators!

And why was this, senators? Why had this terrible catastrophe occurred to Rome? I will tell you, senators. It was because the Romans couldn't think of anything but games. Yes, senators, the Romans took to playing games all day and all night, and then Rome fell.

MR. BLOWRER: Mr. President ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia yield to the senator from Flolarado *(Mr. Blowrer)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: I yield.

MR. BLOWRER: I have listened with much interest to the remarks of the junior senator from Texafornia *(Mr. Firbolg)* on the subject of fertilizer; but I wish to say to the senator that Rome did not fall because of overindulgence in games, as the senator states, but because when the Huns and Vandals ravaged the Roman Empire they destroyed the virile force of the soil and lowered its producing power from twenty-two bushels of wheat an acre to three and one-eighth bushels an acre, and when the soil lost its virile force, Mr. President, the manhood of that mighty empire lost its virile force and Rome fell. Oh, Mr. President

MR. BLADD: Mr. President ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia *(Mr. Firbolg)* yield to the senator from Virolina *(Mr. Bladd)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: Mr. President, I cannot ——

MR. BLADD: Mr. President, there is some misapprehension here. I have for many years been a close student of Roman history, and if the senators will take the trouble to examine a few authoritative books on the subject they will learn that Rome fell because of overindulgence in alcoholic beverages. Oh, Mr. President, there came a time at the apex of Rome's greatness when every Roman was obliged to have wine for breakfast, wine for lunch and wine for dinner. Young girls walked around the streets with the taint of liquor on their breaths. Boys fifteen and sixteen years old appeared at dances in a state of disgusting intoxication.

No nation, Mr. President, can maintain its integrity and its power under such conditions. No more could Rome, Mr. President; and so Rome fell.

[MR. GASHWAY, MR. ERGENBLAD, MR. WINKLEMAN, MR. PLICK, MR. STUTTLER *and* MR. SLEPPER *rise.*

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia *(Mr. Firbolg)* yield?

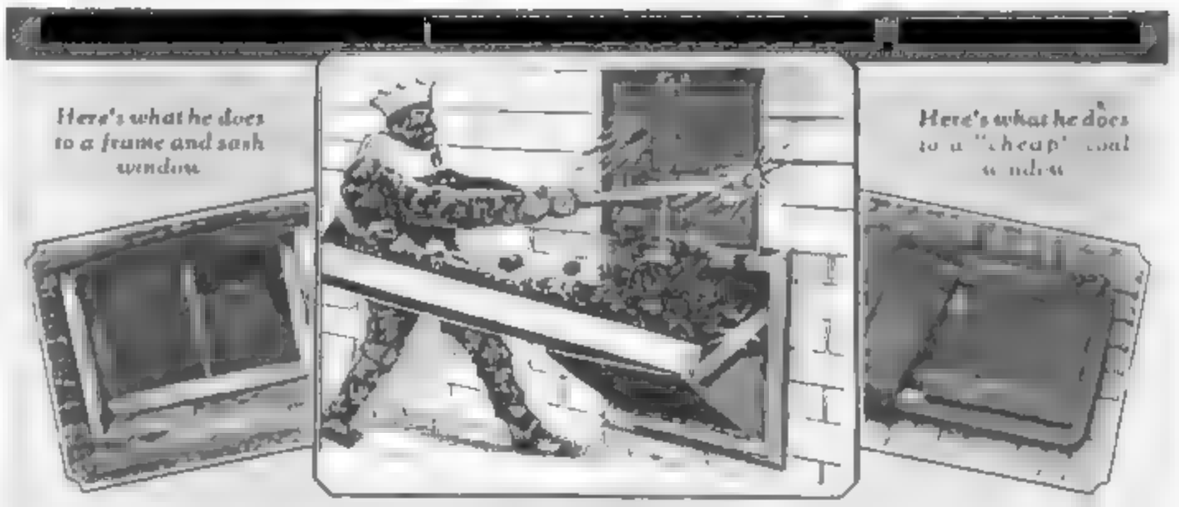
MR. FIRBOLG: I decline to yield in order to permit senators to make petty political speeches.

MR. SLEPPER: The scholarly speech of the distinguished senator from Texafornia *(Mr. Firbolg)* has interested me deeply, as does everything he says; but if he will make a more careful study of Roman history he will discover that Rome's fall was due simply and solely to the policy of the Roman Senate in attempting to pass and enforce too large a number of paternalistic laws. I would like to explain for the benefit of the senator that ——

MR. FIRBOLG: Mr. President, I decline to yield the floor. There are too many senators, Mr. President, who wish to do my thinking for me. I have no doubt that there are a dozen senators who stand ready and willing to supply me with their own reasons for the fall of the Roman Empire, and it is evident that each one of them has a different reason; but the senators forget that I have studied the fundamental causes for Rome's fall, Mr. President, and in my opinion Rome fell just as I say she fell. Other senators may think that they know how she fell, and that is all right, Mr. President, but my opinion as to why she fell is just as good as theirs; and in my opinion, Mr. President, it is better. This is not the time or place, Mr. President, to debate the causes of the fall of Rome; but in order to prove to the senators that I am right, I shall ask for a senatorial investigation into the matter at the earliest opportunity, and establish beyond any question exactly why Rome fell.

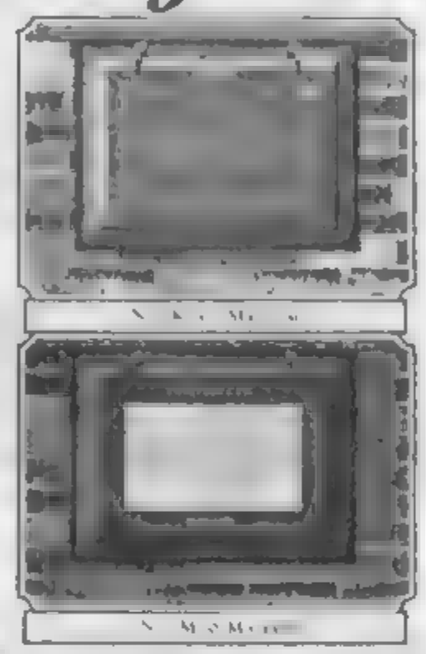
Yes, Mr. President, I shall ask for an investigation in spite of the popular outcry at the moment against senatorial investigations—an outcry, senators, engineered by the piratical and ruthless financial debauchees of Wall Street, drunk with power which was unwittingly given to them in the elections of last November by the misled and deceived electorate of the nation. Fearing that their debauch of frenzied finance may be ended by unexpected disclosures, and that their unlimited license to profiteer and to plunder the American people may be revoked, the piratical beneficiaries of the so-called Republican triumph have deliberately and consistently made merry at the expense of senatorial investigation, spending millions of dollars and entering into a vast conspiracy to place their foul and vicious propaganda on the editorial pages of the nation's newspapers.

Oh, my friends, these thoughtless and money-mad people forget the years of careful research that went into the senatorial investigation of the food habits of American insects, winged and unwinged, and they do not mention the nineteen volumes of highly valuable testimony that resulted from these years of labor. They talk about oil investigations; but why don't they say something



He Can't Faze the *Majestic*

OLD *King Coal* could scarcely be more destructive if he used a sledge. Every time coal is put into your basement, it smashes at your coal window with the force of sledge hammer blows. A cheap coal window breaks. And where a common sash is used as a coal window, the house is battered unmercifully. But Old *King Coal* can't faze the Majestic. It's break-proof—protects your house and your pocketbook. And it's rust-resisting, too! Specify the Majestic when you build—and foil *King Coal* in his costly role.



BREAK-PROOF Majestic RUST-RESISTING COAL WINDOW

Majestic Quality

Other Majestic Building Products needed in every home are Underground Garbage Receivers, Package Receivers, Fireplace Dampers, Ash Dumps.

Write for Catalog and Dealer's Name

Courtesy

Four in One Step Plate

Warns Against Danger

Courtesy Step Plates combine four necessities—for the price of one—a strong, aluminum step plate with non-slip rubber mat—a kick plate, footscraper and Courtesy light, equipped with red, green or white semaphoric lens.

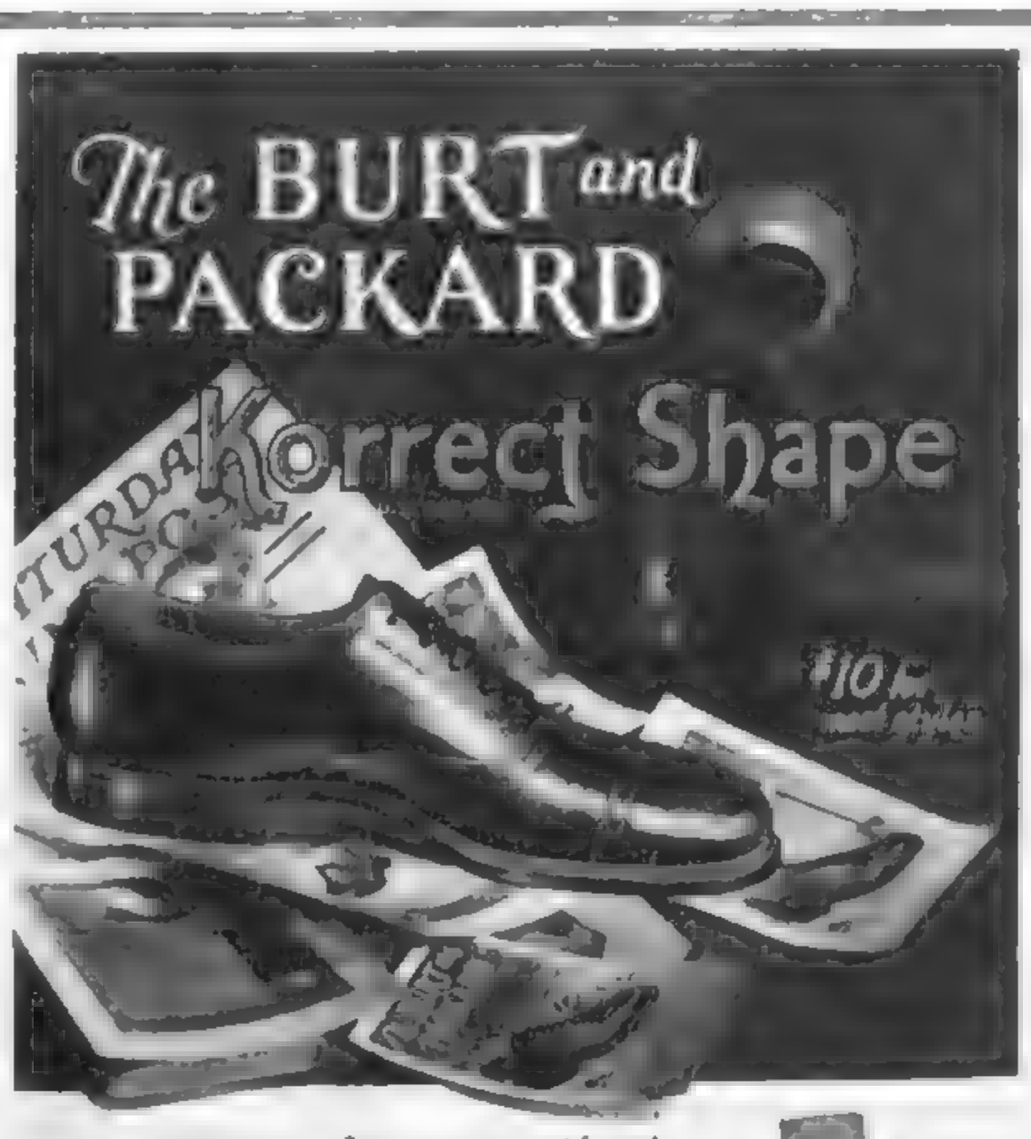
Adds Distinction to Any Car—Insures Safety

Courtesy illuminated Step Plates give an added distinction to even the finest car and not only insure your own safety but warn approaching motorists against danger.

Ask Your Dealer or Write for Circular

which gives complete information about Courtesy Combination Step Plates and describes the model designed especially for use on your car.

The DUNHAMRTER CORPORATION, 232 E. Ohio Street, *Chicago*



The LATEST ~ *Interest grows with each new creation advertised!*

Ask about FOOT-JOY FEATURES

-the greatest accomplishment in shoe construction, we believe, of the century. An exterior possessing Rolls-Royce luxury and style and grace, an interior so perfectly correct and foot-supporting that foot ills will never happen—in a word, Foot-Joy. And the price is surprisingly low. Send for booklet, *"What Shoes to Wear."*

FIELD & FLINT CO., *Makers*, BROCKTON, MASS.

Also makers of the famous *Anatomik* SHOES FOR MEN

Recommended by doctors for all forms of arch trouble and for all heavy men

CATALOG ON REQUEST

The Standard Protection for All Fine Finishes
Including Enamels and Lacquers

Simoniz Kleener is unequaled for removing stains, dullness and blemishes and restoring the lustre. *It contains no acids or ingredients harmful to the finish. It's safe and easy to use*

Simoniz is the wonderful product which provides protection for the finish in all weather. It is inexpensive, too; you can Simoniz your own car for less than the cost of a single washing. *Do it today.*

The Simoniz Company, 2116 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill
70th Street and West End Ave., New York City - London - Paris

Brake-Juice — Stops Squeaking — Makes Brakes Hold

about our investigation of bothriocephalasis in the codfish or that very valuable investigation of the spinach aphis? Why don't they do it, senators? They don't do it because they are afraid of more investigations. But they cannot pull the wool over my eyes, Mr. President, and they cannot swerve me from my determination to investigate the fall of Rome or anything else that I may happen to feel like investigating.

MR. KNOWSES: Mr. President ——

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Will the senator from Texafornia *(Mr. Firbolg)* yield to the senator from Verhampshire *(Mr. Knowses)*?

MR. FIRBOLG: I cannot yield at this time, as I fear I have insufficient time to finish as it is.

MR. KNOWSES: I merely wished to suggest to the senator that he incorporate into his very interesting speech on the fall of Rome a brief résumé of the rule of the Hittite kings.

MR. FIRBOLG: I will say to the senator that during his absence from the Senate Chamber to indulge in his picturesque Verhampshire custom of devouring a lunch of apple pie and cheese, he failed to hear that the subject of my speech was not the fall of Rome, but the menace of the cross-word puzzle craze.

Oh, Mr. President, I wonder if the senators realize the perils that lurk in the present economic situation? Millions and millions of dollars are being wasted, Mr. President, because senators in whose hands lies the solution of our economic troubles do not say to themselves, before throwing down their napkins and leaving the breakfast table in the morning, "What is the economic situation?"

In any consideration of the economic situation, Mr. President, we should take one thousand as the key unit and compile a series of index numbers based upon prices of January, 1892. These index numbers, when coördinated, clearly show that the trend of prices during 1924, inclusive, was highly complicated. In the matter of newsprint paper alone, Mr. President, we are confronted with the staggering figures of $18,875,965. Almost nineteen million dollars, Mr. President, in spite of the fact that the President of the United States and his Amherst College friends are all the time shouting and bellowing for economy in administration. Yes, Mr. President, they travel around in upper berths in sleeping cars and remove half a dozen poor old charwomen from the pay rolls, and everybody looks at them admiringly and talks about their wonderful program of entrenchment and economy; and all the time, Mr. President, that nineteen million dollars stares them in the face and nothing whatever is done about it.

Not only that, Mr. President, but the principal pulp and paper producing countries outside of the United States are Canada, Sweden, Germany, Norway and Finland, most, if not all, of whom are members of the League of Nations or the World Court. And how do we, Mr. President, this great, powerful, proud, wealthy nation—how do we keep in touch with these competitors of ours? Do we do it frankly and openly, with our accredited representatives riding frankly and openly in taxicabs, and sitting down over a bottle of wine in their silk hats with the official representatives of these great proud nations? No, Mr. President, we do not. We go over to Europe privately and secretly, Mr. President, and when the representatives of great foreign nations meet in their silk hats in an upstairs parlor in some great European hotel to discuss openly and frankly over a bottle of wine how much money they wish to borrow from the United States, the representatives of this great proud United States can not meet them frankly and openly in their own silk hats. No, Mr. President, they are obliged to hide under the chiffonier or disguise themselves as waiters in order to find out what is going on. Oh, Mr. President, what a shameful thing for the citizens of this great, proud, wealthy republic it was when our Secretary of State obtained his European information by crawling under bureaus and hiding behind pianos in the upstairs parlors of great European hotels, and smugly referred to that proceeding as his foreign policy.

MR. GRASS: Mr. President, will the senator yield?

MR. FIRBOLG: I yield.

MR. GRASS: I want to inquire of the senator from Texafornia whether any assurance has been given to us that during the strong silent reign of Calvin Coolidge and the Amherst set there will be any alteration for the better in our foreign policy or hiding under chiffoniers and davenports, or *fauteuils*, as I believe they call them in Europe. If any such assurance has been given I have not heard it.

MR. FIRBOLG: Nobody has.

MR. GRASS: And nobody can.

MR. FIRBOLG: Nobody can

MR. GRASS: I will not go that far; I will not say that nobody can; but nobody has given that assurance

MR. FIRBOLG: Nobody has.

MR. GRASS: That is what I object to.

MR. FIRBOLG: Nobody knows.

MR. GRASS: I do not go that far.

MR. FIRBOLG: Well, Mr. President, I will go that far. Nobody has and nobody can and nobody knows. There may be some members of this chamber, Mr. President, who would hesitate to tell the truth about the Secretary of State or the foreign policy of this country, but among those members, Mr. President, I refuse to be one of whom.

Now, Mr. President, I have nearly finished. I have shown the pitiable conditions in the newsprint industry and the absolute refusal of the present Government, controlled as it is by Wall Street, to effect any amelioration of these conditions. I have shown beyond any question of a doubt that Wall Street and the great, sinister, vested interests of this country are absolutely in control of the newspapers and the magazines of the nation. Yes, Mr. President, Wall Street and the vested interests control the great corrupt newspapers and this corrupt Government; and I charge, Mr. President, that Wall Street and these great corrupt vested interests have entered into a conspiracy—yes, Mr. President, a conspiracy to keep the great, honest, common people of the United States, in whose sound judgment and fine intelligent high-minded common sense I would unquestioningly place my fate with, Mr. President, in ignorance of such relations as I am here and now making on the floor of this chamber, senators, unintimidated by the cruel, venomous strength and the great, concealed, villainous, unuttered threats of Wall Street and the vested interests.

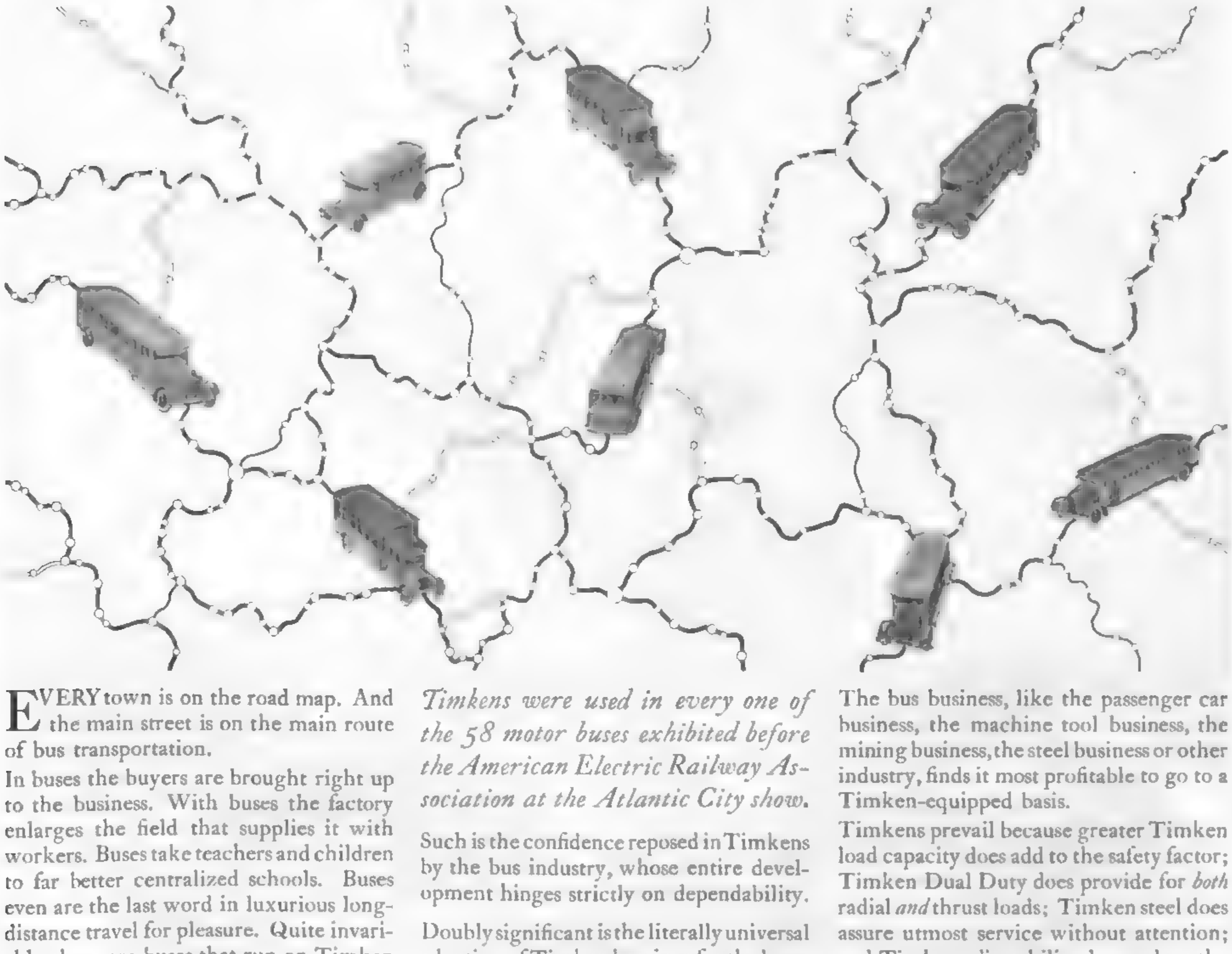
Oh, yes, Mr. President, there is, as I have clearly shown, a conspiracy to keep the great intelligent populace in ignorance of the corruption that exists in high places. The dastardly conspiracy is as clear as anything can be, senators.

And why, senators? Because, senators, every newspaper that is controlled by the great corrupt vested interests—every newspaper, Mr. President—daily prints, in space that would otherwise have to be devoted to such beautiful revelations as I am now making, a cross-word puzzle!

Oh, senators, do you suppose the newspapers of this great, intelligent, forward-looking nation are so fat-headed as to waste good paper in printing cross-word puzzles day after day without some good reason? No, Mr. President, they are not. They have a good reason. The reason is that they want to be able to say, "Look! We haven't enough space to print all the news, because we have to print cross-word puzzles." Yes, senators, and in addition to using up space, the newspapers encourage and incite their readers to numb their brains and fuddle their brains and stoofle their brains over cross-word puzzles so that they will be too weary at the end of the day to think intelligently about political questions and to demand that the newspapers devote their columns to news instead of to cross-word puzzles.

Yes, Mr. President, it may be that I am a dreamer; but in my dreams I can see little children now unborn raising their tiny hands in condemnation of the men in power today because they withheld from them the information concerning corruption that God intended should be theirs. But when I look farther into my dreams I see in the mists a more distant time when oppressed manhood and oppressed womanhood will rise in their might, throw off the yoke that has been held upon them and kept them in practical bondage, reassert their rights as free men and women; when the temples that this gigantic octopus shall have reared shall be torn down and scattered into the streets; when the descendants of the beneficiaries of our disregard for the evil curtain of the cross-word puzzle will be fleeing from excited multitudes of an outraged people, lifting their faces toward the dome of heaven and crying aloud for God to save them from the fury of the mob. *(Applause.)*

The Main Line to Everywhere



EVERY town is on the road map. And the main street is on the main route of bus transportation.

In buses the buyers are brought right up to the business. With buses the factory enlarges the field that supplies it with workers. Buses take teachers and children to far better centralized schools. Buses even are the last word in luxurious long-distance travel for pleasure. Quite invariably these are buses that run on Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. For example:

Timkens were used in every one of the 58 motor buses exhibited before the American Electric Railway Association at the Atlantic City show.

Such is the confidence reposed in Timkens by the bus industry, whose entire development hinges strictly on dependability.

Doubly significant is the literally universal adoption of Timken bearings for the buses built to appeal to rail transport experts.

The bus business, like the passenger car business, the machine tool business, the mining business, the steel business or other industry, finds it most profitable to go to a Timken-equipped basis.

Timkens prevail because greater Timken load capacity does add to the safety factor; Timken Dual Duty does provide for *both* radial *and* thrust loads; Timken steel does assure utmost service without attention; and Timken adjustability does reduce the depreciation item.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

INSTANT KNOWLEDGE OF POSITION THROUGH
ELLIOTT-FISHER ACCOUNTING MACHINES IS THE KEY TO BUSINESS CONTROL

MODERN mechanical science has made the submarine safe. Today the submarine commander at all times has instant knowledge of his position that gives him the power to control his ship. Modern science has created for the commander of a business the mechanical means of knowing instantly his financial position. Elliott-Fisher machines give that instant, accurate, intimate knowledge of position that enables an executive to control the destiny of his business. The flat writing-surface permits Elliott-Fisher machines to do more work and more kinds of work than other accounting machines. The adaptability of the Elliott-Fisher makes standard models fit any kind of business, either large or small. In thirty-one years of successful service, Elliott-Fisher accounting machines have earned a world-wide reputation for speed, accuracy, and adaptability. Today the Elliott-Fisher Company is the largest exclusive manufacturer of accounting machines in the world. Elliott-Fisher Company, 342 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Branches in principal cities.

Kelly Springfield Tire Company says, "The Elliott-Fisher machines used in the Main Office on the customers' accounts, enable us to know each evening at five o'clock the exact amount of our sales, the amount of our cash, and that we are in balance."

Elliott-Fisher

ACCOUNTING MACHINES *with the* FLAT WRITING SURFACE

LOVELORN

(Continued from Page 25)

lifted in a faint tender smile as she turned, with drowsy excitement, to Eddie Bates. She recalled the nervous frightened flush of his face when he'd tried to hold her hand against her wish, and her eyes were very soft. Such an awkward fumbler at masterfulness! Such a little boy!

But—and here she pulled her emotions up firmly as she slid into bed—nobody, not even Eddie Bates, was going to get away with any rough stuff, and soon Eddie, amazed with her circumspection, would have more respect for her—and more love.

Nor did, two days later, the still puzzled gentleman from the Five Points crowd know, as miserably and indifferently he followed his vocation, that in that very day's Ledger, in a department headed Wise Words to the Willing Wooer, were solemn words bearing directly upon his life, liberty and peace of mind. These words were:

"*Dear Anxious:* Your letter raises a matter of paramount interest to young girls, especially to young girls of this generation. It strikes at the very foundations of civilization.

"Oh, dear Anxious, do not permit this young man to hold your hand or to cherish the satisfaction of knowing you are the kind of girl who would let him hold her hand. It is not, dear Anxious, that the holding of hands is in itself, or *per se*, as the poets hath it, so culpable. I can only explain that by saying, with our beloved Wordsworth, that one thing 'leadeth to another.'

"To permit this liberty would be to sacrifice the high regard he holds for you. It would be to destroy his reverence for you. Once let him hold your hand or even realize that he can hold your hand, and he will despise you utterly. He will loathe you, as one careless of her favors. Oh, dear Anxious, make him understand that you are a lady and expect to be treated as one.

"And if he demurs at this, as he may if you have permitted him in the past to hold your hand, do not allow him to have engagements with you for a while. In fact, if he has been importunate already, I believe that it might be better to deny yourself to him anyway for a few days. Then he will realize that you are not to be trifled with, and will return of his own accord, a far better and wiser man, and will apologize to you for his forwardness.

"IRIS MONTAGUE."

Eddie Bates knew only that when he telephoned to Ruth for a date at the Roseland that evening, to be preceded by a visit to the Odeon, she was as oddly detached from interest in him as she had appeared the last time he saw her.

"Say, what are you sore about?" he asked, with a slight recrudescence of masterfulness. Then tenderly: "What's eating you, kiddo? Tell papa."

"I'm not sore, and nothing's eating me." A clear, cool answer over the wire. "I simply said I couldn't see you tonight. You're not too dumb to get that, are you?"

Well, if it had been Chip or Morrie or in fact any of the gang, as Eddie realized full well, he'd have told her then and there where she got off with that high-hat stuff. Morrie would have given her an earful, all right, all right! He'd have told her!

Only, Eddie couldn't. Bitterly he appreciated that he couldn't. He wanted to, but—he couldn't.

"Remember this, buddie," Chip once poured out his knowledge, "never crawl to one of 'em. Just give her a little earful, and she'll come back—see if she don't. And if she don't, there's plenty more. They never give out!"

Perhaps. But, anyway, no more, not one, like—like Ruth Sawyer.

"Sure," he replied humbly; and again, "Sure, I get you. Well, all right, kiddo. 'Night."

He went out of the cigar store from where he had called her, and stood facing the world with a countenance that was no more than skin-deep with bland imperturbability. And presently, when the sky and buildings and pedestrians suggested no recourse but home, he bought a late Bulletin, the comic strips of which were his daily literary pleasure, and headed for South Pryor Street.

III

IT WAS one of the shames of journalism in Capitol City that the other ambassador from the Bower of Love, Samuel T. Hannigan, was no gentleman.

To the readers of the Capitol City Bulletin, Sam Hannigan was Vyvyan Van Dyne, the name that appeared as responsible for the daily department headed Heart-to-Heart Talks on Heart Problems. And just to give you an idea of the kind of man he was, he was flatly ignorant of the fact that the downfall of the Roman Empire, the inglorious end of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, the failure—or was it a failure?—of the Second Punic War, the regrettable culmination of the Battle of Austerlitz, the fall of the Alamo, the wreck of the Hesperus, and the shooting of Dangerous Dan McGrew could all be traced, for cause, to this deplorable tendency on the part of our younger generation to hold hands in the vestibule.

Briefly, he was not fitted for the position of so much responsibility, and he knew it and resented the economic compulsion which gave him only a choice between doing it and never darkening the Bulletin's revolving doors again.

"A fine job for a he man who loves nothing like the great out-of-doors," he snorted to the society editor, as he surveyed his heart-to-heart mail this pleasant morning. "Telling a lot of saps how to make love! And I haven't had a sweetheart since I was expelled from the State Reformatory!"

It was with a fine and sour disrelish that he sat down then, after his regular daily testimony that it was through no desire of his that he was there, and tore open, with savage impatience, the helpless and innocent top letter.

"And yet," he added to the unheeding society editor when he had read it, "I feel awfully sorry for some of these goofs. Just read this."

The society editor, who through long dealings with the flower of Capitol City had the patience of two Jobs, took the letter and read:

"*Dear Vyvyan Van Dyne:* I work in a fish store and for a year have been keeping company with a young lady whom I thought loved me. We have gone to many places together. I love her. Three days ago when I was returning home with her from a ball and banquet she suddenly changed and seemed very cold toward me. If I did anything wrong I do not know it. She said she was not sore, but was just cold toward me. I have called her once and got no date. I do not know what to make of her manner of acting. Do you think it means she is sore on me and what would you do if you were in my place? "BROKEN-HEARTED."

The society editor handed it back. "Poor kid!" she said. "This girl's probably indulging in a little temperament at his expense. She ought to be spanked."

"That's my idea," Hannigan agreed forcefully. "I ought to tell him to send her a razzberry, but he wouldn't; he loves her too much." He studied the letter again. Then he opened his typewriter desk. "I'll give him some good advice," he declared. "I'll tell him what to do." The society editor smiled. Hannigan wrote:

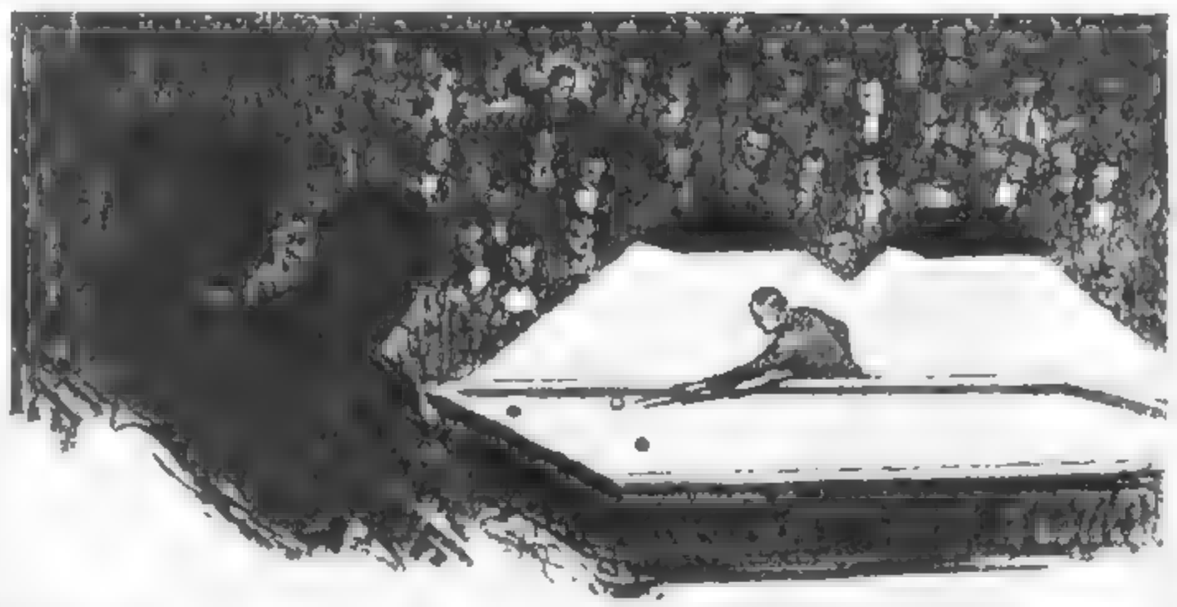
"*Dear Broken-Hearted:* It seems very obvious that this young woman is teasing you. In all probability she loves you and is simply indulging in what we may roughly call a tantrum.

"My advice to you is to leave her alone for a few days. Do not go near her or telephone or write to her. Then, when this fit has had opportunity to die, call on her and take a firm stand. If you love her and want to marry her, say so. Tell her so in no uncertain terms. Do not let her put you off or divert your thoughts or attention from the purpose of your call. Go prepared to win, and force her, if necessary, to listen to you and give a definite reply. You have perhaps been too weak in your attitude toward her. Women favor strong men. Remember that, and do not repeat the error of succumbing too quickly to meaningless gestures. "VYVYAN VAN DYNE."

"At any rate," he explained to the society editor, "he'll know something definite. Either she'll grab him or she'll grab the old family rolling pin and rap him one on the bean. Quick service in love is one of this department's strongest politics!"

From that it is possible to get an idea of just how far from being a gentleman Sam Hannigan was.

But to Eddie Bates, aglow with hope and the pride of authorship as he read his letter



What happened?

The champions were not all off their games

BUT every player's average in the National 18-2 Billiard Championship dropped away down.

That year, for the first time, the Championship games *were not played on tables covered with Simonis Cloth.*

The difference between Simonis and other cloth hurt the game of the best players. Think of what it does to *your* game.

Ask the owner or manager of the room where you play if the tables are covered with Simonis. Tell him Conti's recent high runs of 472 and 477 at 18-2 were both made on this cloth—that almost every important championship is played on Simonis Cloth and has been for a hundred years. Tell him he should use Simonis—that it is best for the tables, for his profits and for *your game.*

We will gladly let anyone know where he may buy Simonis Cloth

Simonis Billiard Cloth

HENRY W. T. MALI & CO., *Sole Importers of Simonis Cloth since 1846* 25 Madison Ave., N. Y.

To keep your hair your favorite way—*use this*

NOTICE for yourself how unkempt hair is disappearing. Literally millions of men and women have learned the magic of Stacomb.

Just thirty seconds in the morning to smooth it on quickly—then part your hair or brush it back. No matter how you wear it, Stacomb will hold it smoothly, naturally, from morning till night.

Without making hair sticky like ordinary pomades, or drying the natural oils, as water did—Stacomb is actually beneficial, especially to the dry scalp. It tends to prevent dandruff.

You can get Stacomb at any drug or department store—in attractive jars, in tubes for traveling, and now also in liquid form. Use a little tomorrow morning, and look your best all day!

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont., Dept. A-55.

Stacomb

KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-55
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name

Address

"No Better Value in the World"

Backed by an iron-clad guarantee

SMARTSILK HOSIERY values can not be surpassed anywhere in the United States. We have this on the authority of one of the greatest retail merchants in the country.

Smartsilk Hosiery is brought to your own home by our direct representatives. These men and women are the sort of people you will be glad to know. They are bonded.

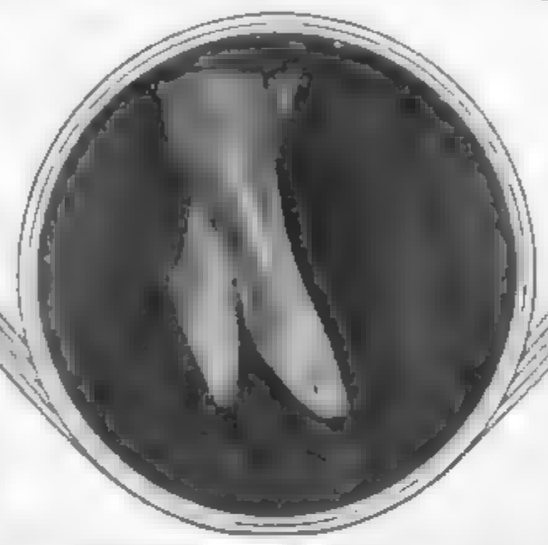
Smartsilk Hosiery is sold under an iron-clad guarantee and back of that guarantee stands the National Surety Company, the greatest bonding organization in the world. You are absolutely protected when you buy Smartsilk Hose.

Smartsilk No. 100 for women, six pairs for $6.00, is an outstanding value in hosiery. You cannot find a better hose at the price.

Every Smartsilk Representative wears this button

SMARTSILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc., Newark, N. J.

Smartsilk Hosiery



Our salesmen offer merchandise of highest value. Hosiery guaranteed and bonded. Responsible positions in our organization are open NOW. Write us today.

Smartsilk Hosiery is made in all the newest fashionable shades. Full-fashioned and mock-seam. There's a Smartsilk hose for every purpose and almost every purse.

Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

$100.00 Extra In One Month

Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

No experience—Yet He Earned $98.90 His First Month.

Harry E. Hutchinson, of New Jersey, began work about the middle of October, 1914. By the end of November he had earned $98.90—and he has had easy extra dollars every year since.

Supplies, Equipment, Instruction Without Charge

You need not invest a penny. We tell you HOW to make money, supply everything you need to do it and pay cash from the moment you begin work. A two-cent stamp brings our big cash offer—no obligation involved.

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER!

The Curtis Publishing Company
477 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please send me your cash offer

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

and its answer in Heart-to-Heart Talks on Heart Problems, Moses himself had brought down nothing finer from the mount.

During the next three days, following advice to the letter, he wrapped fish with a brilliance unprecedented in the whole history of Capitol City fish wrapping. Indeed, several customers, accustomed, through long years of purchasing, to expert fish wrapping, were moved, despite themselves, to exclamations of astonishment. "What a wrapper of fish you are!" they declared. "With you it is truly an art!" And Eddie smiled his Mona Lisa smile and said nothing beyond acknowledging, modestly, their praise. For, ah, there were bigger fish ahead for him!

The clock hands spun around during those three days with the speed of an elevator floor indicator, and were well around on the fourth day's whirl when Ruth herself, without a word or sign of warning, walked into the store and picked up a wall-eyed pike.

"This," she said coolly to the young man who people were beginning to say was the best fish clerk in town—"how much?"

"Ruth!"

Eddie's heart all but stopped still. He sensed in her visit something beyond human agency. Fate itself had taken a hand. The stipulated three days of waiting were up. Some high and ghostly power had led her here at his very moment for being firm. She was before him, talking to him, offering to him, purposely or unpurposely, an opportunity for the decisive step which was to make him the happiest fish clerk in all the whole wide world.

"This wall-eyed pike," she repeated—"how much?"

"Ruth!" he murmured again, oblivious of business matters. "You came by to see me!"

Her face went red, her eyes flashed angrily. She started to reply hotly, he saw, and then, controlling herself, "This pike—how much?"

He put one hand on his heart, over the words from Vyvyan Van Dyne in his pocket, as though to strengthen himself, and with the other he attempted convulsively to catch her hand, but she jerked it back and he caught, instead, the pike, and they held it together.

"Ruth, this is apple sauce." He spoke nervously, hurriedly, words he had memorized as fitting and proper. "You are teasing me, you are in a tantrum. I am very serious about this, Ruth. I demand ——"

"This wall-eyed pike"—her voice was level, unstirred—"how much?"

"You cannot divert my thoughts or attention," he declared firmly. "Now is the time and this the place ——"

"I came in here to buy a pike"—and now the tones were knife-edged, frigid—"a wall-eyed pike. How much?"

"Ruth ——"

"How much?"

He let go the fish. His shoulders drooped suddenly. His eyes grew damp and his face red and then white. His spirits, his whole body sagged, and his gaze, weak and hurt, pleaded, pleaded dumbly for pity.

And, unmoved, she repeated, relentless: "How much?"

He made a weak gesture and tried to smile. "Twenty-two cents," he replied wistfully. "You—you can have it for twenty."

Disdainfully she counted out the full regular price and handed it to him. He wrapped the fish slowly, dispiritedly, not at all like the flashy wrapper he had been fifteen minutes before. She accepted the parcel, started to go, and then turned.

"A gentleman," she said, "does not make love in a fish store."

Then she was gone.

The world about him in ruins, he felt his knees weaken, and, very tired, he sat down slowly in a fresh shipment of channel bass. His nervous groping fingers caught up a scrap of newspaper, and, scarcely conscious of it, he fanned himself.

This, then, was what Vyvyan Van Dyne had brought him to. He was not angry, only dull, defeated, miserable, helpless. He felt no resentment, but overwhelming spiritual fatigue. She was gone, driven away, out of his life forever. Emptiness ahead.

Firmness! Forcefulness! It came to him, after several minutes, that black letters on the scrap of newspaper were knocking at his consciousness. Letters and words—Wise Words to the Willing Wooer. He glanced at the top of the sheet. The Ledger. He couldn't remember ever having seen this before. A spark of something like hope burnt him inside. He smiled bitterly, then more softly. Well, it couldn't hurt. He went into the office.

"Writing paper," he said to the bookkeeper. "Gimme some."

He wrote then:

"*Dear Iris Montague:* I have been going with a young lady for a year and I thought she loved me. Then one night coming from a ball she turned very cold toward me. Today I ran across her in my place of business and sought an explanation off her. She did not give me one, but insisted on discussing business. As she came to my office of her own leave I thought that might mean something in my favor, but it didn't look much like it. I love her truly and would like to make up, but it looks like I got a fat chance unless you can tell me what way to go about making up. I tried another adviser about heart problems like I got, but I might just as well throwed the letter down the sewer for all the good I got out of it.

"BROKEN-HEARTED."

It was five long, almost unending days before Wise Words to the Willing Wooer printed this appeal and Iris Montague's answer:

"*Dear Broken-Hearted:* Your interesting letter raises a question of tremendous importance to the young lover. Shall or shall not a gentleman pursue a lady who has made definite suggestion that his attentions are not wanted?

"Oh, dear Broken-Hearted, do not seek further to give this young woman your love until she gives you some sign that your adoration is not unwanted. If she is trifling with your affections, then she is not a lady and you would not want her for a wife. And in any case, whether she behaves as a lady or not, you should never for one second forget that you are a gentleman and behave always as a gentleman. And gentlemen, dear Broken-Hearted, do not chase ladies.

"Let me know if any new developments arise and I will be glad to advise you. And a million thanks for your graceful little tribute to the little department in which I am trying in my humble way to do good.

"IRIS MONTAGUE."

IV

THE new development came to pass two days later, or exactly a week from the date of a notable sale of twenty-two cents' worth of wall-eyed pike. Ruth impelled it.

The seven days before that Thursday afternoon had not dealt well with her. The eyes that had been so cold and invincible were become soft and understanding and a little dry of hope. She did not smile, as she used to, when Harvey, her brother, threw a biscuit at May, their sister, during the morning's meal. It seemed somehow to her that she would never, never smile again.

Why, oh, why, she had cried to herself a hundred times, had she been so insistent on the fish? How could human nature have been so perverse and imbecile? She had gone there to see him, so why should she have denied it?

Nowhere could she find answers to these things, and day after day had passed, no more than bare stretches of light between periods of dark. His eyes pleading, helpless, begging for mercy. The Roseland, where they had danced, where he had looked so brave among his fellows. Days gone by, perhaps forever.

She had written to Iris Montague—a phantasmic figure looming in her mind as the only one in the world to whom she might turn, and she clung to it madly—a short letter, but almost, in her dejection, beyond her strength:

"*Dear Iris Montague:* I have been going with a young man for a year and recently we had a little fly-up. I am not sore any more, but I have reason to believe he is still sore at me. He hasn't been around for a week and he hasn't called for a similar length of time. Do you think I would be too forward if I was to call him up and ask him if he is still sore at me and what for? He works in a fish store. "ANXIOUS."

It was on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. Parker brought the Ledger in from lunch, that she found her answer printed in Iris Montague's department:

"*Dear Anxious:* Your letter raises an important question for young folks. How far should a girl go in indicating to a young

(Continued on Page 205)

Needles FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts

$2.00
with collar $2.50

NEEDLES
SHIRT
FRUIT OF THE LOOM
COLOR GUARANTEED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WARNING! *You're not getting a genuine Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirt unless the shirt you buy bears this identical label, sewed in and WOVEN IN COLORS*

GUARANTEED *for both wear and color!*

Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts are guaranteed to wear satisfactorily. Further, they are guaranteed *not* to fade, despite any amount of tubbing or exposure to blazing sunlight. Should a genuine Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirt fail to meet this double guarantee the store where you bought it will return your money.

Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts combine America's most famous fabric (specially treated and finished), with the smart, thorough tailoring of a firm noted since 1898 for superlative workmanship. Sold by most good stores. Ask for them by FULL name, and see that the colored label reproduced here is sewed in just below the neckband.

Note: Take advantage of the generous offer made in the coupon below! Mail this coupon NOW.

It takes Needles to make shirts

L. Needles · Brooker Co.
200 · 5th Ave., New York

Gentlemen:

Send me FREE folder showing new Spring colors of Needles-FRUIT OF THE LOOM Shirts, also actual sample of this celebrated fabric.

NAME

ADDRESS

SIXTY-FIVE AND INDEPENDENT

"I DON'T want insurance for myself," she says. "But I think we should provide for our old age together."

No wife ever does want insurance—for herself. But to grow old together—that is different. To wear age with graciousness, in mellow comfort; to help the young folks a bit, perhaps; to take that trip so long hoped for through the struggling years.

Above all, to be independent and to keep a home, realizing that out of ten men who reach the age of 65 only two are not dependent on someone else for support.

Happily there is insurance which will provide for life as well as for death. Among the many convenient forms of insurance arranged by the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company are policies which assure a regular income, beginning at a specified age, or immediately on the death of the insured.

Which of these policies is particularly suited to your conditions and circumstances, a trained insurance man can best advise you. And this is the service which representatives of the Phoenix Mutual are prepared to give in unusual measure.

When you call in a Phoenix Mutual representative, you avail yourself of the knowledge of a man who has been especially and thoroughly trained in all the uses of life insurance. He is a man with whom you may safely discuss your affairs. He is qualified to offer sound and practical advice and to give exceptionally valuable counsel.

A letter will bring the services of one of these men. Now is the better time. The sixties wait just around the corner for all of us.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HOME OFFICE HARTFORD CONN.

First policy issued 1851

(Continued from Page 202)

gentleman that she is not averse to his attentions, if at all?

"Ordinarily, dear Anxious, I should say leave this young man alone, as he has obviously indicated that his heart is placed elsewhere. However, I seem to remember that you have written before—if I am in error, correct me—in which case I should say that you might drop him a brief, courteous note, noncommittal in tone, asking him simply and clearly for an explanation. This is, I should say, not unladylike, and it will give him a fair opportunity to rectify any such error as he has made. But, oh, dear Anxious, do not go further than this, for none of us can tell to what lengths such effrontery might lead.

"IRIS MONTAGUE."

Reading this, something in Ruth's heart bubbled like carbonated water. She was herself astonished at the depths that her spirits had reached, astonished at the amazing flight this grudging license gave them. Mr. Parker's latest yours-of-the-25th-instreed-and-contents-noted had to wait while a brief, courteous note, noncommittal in tone, was composed, a matter that proved to be worth two hours of Mr. Parker's private typist's almost invaluable time.

It reached its destination at an unfortunate moment. In the sodden dreary way that had been his of late, Eddie Bates was on the very point of swinging a deal involving two pompanos, four quarts of shrimps, and an even dozen crabs—in fact the chef of the Radcliffe Hotel had just about set his hand to the agreement—when Pete Waters, the postman, sailed an envelope past him and into the oyster tank.

"One for you, Fish," he called in his derisive, postmanlike manner.

Without dignifying him with a retort, Eddie fished it out and, recognizing the handwriting, ripped it open frantically, to read:

"*Dear Mr. Bates:* I suppose you have an explanation of your actions lately and if so would like to know what it is.

"RUTHIE."

From what followed, the chef could only conclude that the deal had fallen through. The party of the second part, with nervous, fumbling haste, dropped the crabs into the oyster tank, threw the shrimps into the mullet bin, and disappeared into the office. The next second a greenish flash passed through the store and out into the street.

For one block Eddie had no thoughts at all

During the second a jumble of directions and instructions and warnings scrambled in his hot mind, and he slowed down to a gallop.

At the corner of the third block Eddie stopped still and leaned, panting, against a lamp-post.

No, he couldn't do it. He mustn't. "A gentleman, dear Broken-Hearted, does not chase a lady." "A gentleman does not make love in a fish store." "A gentleman should never forget that he is a gentleman." "A gentleman "

What did a gentleman do? Why must he be a gentleman? Why couldn't he —— Oh, he knew, of course! Because Ruth wanted a gentleman. Because he must be a gentleman for her sake.

Suddenly he started rapidly down the street, turned into Peachtree, and swung into the telegraph office. He stuttered in his haste as he pushed, presently, a filled out yellow form to the clerk, who counted the words and read the message in that uncomprehending way that telegraph clerks have:

"Iris Montague, Ledger, City. Girl written favorably. Would gentleman respond? Print answer today. Broken-Hearted."

"Twenty-five cents," she said.

Eddie Bates rode through that afternoon and night, for no sign of his inquiry appeared in that afternoon's paper, on the edges of raw nerves. A dozen times he entered telephone booths, bent on taking the bit in his teeth regardless of everything, and a dozen times he came out without having lifted the receiver. His eyes grew old with worry and bewilderment. He was blind in a mesh of pitfalls. A false step in any direction might plunge him down into the dark, bottomless depths of an ungentlemanly act, one that might mean the end of all. Nervous and frightened, menaced everywhere by these new dangers of conduct, he dared not run the risk.

The night was long and the morning longer, until at noon the Ledger came on the streets. He tore its pages getting to Iris Montague's department; nor did he notice how unusually short it was, consisting of but two letters, and their answers. Before he knew it he had plunged into the answer to the first.

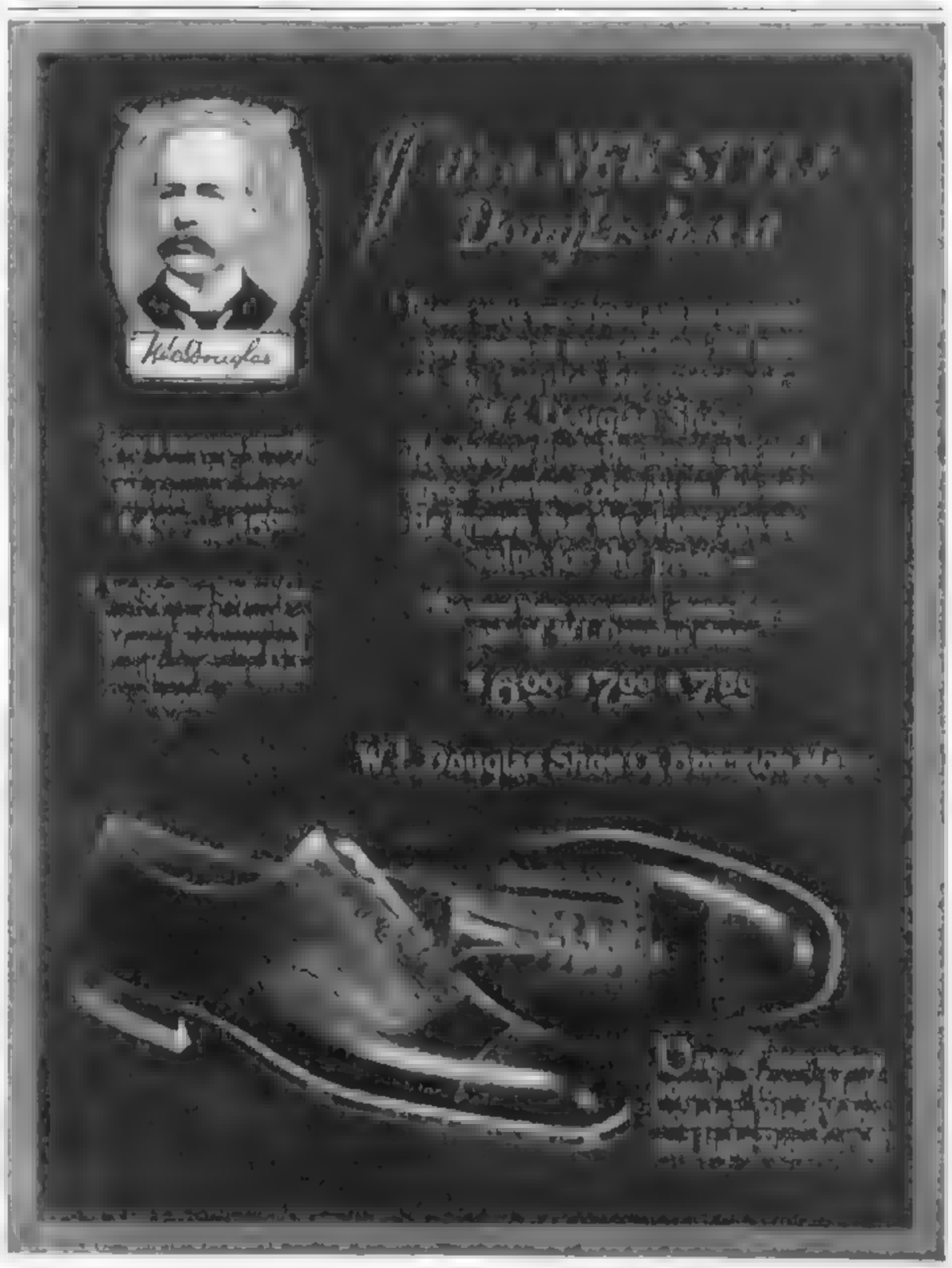
"*Dear Anxious:* Your letter raises a question of deep significance to young people. Is twenty-four hours time enough for a gentleman to make amends or is it not?

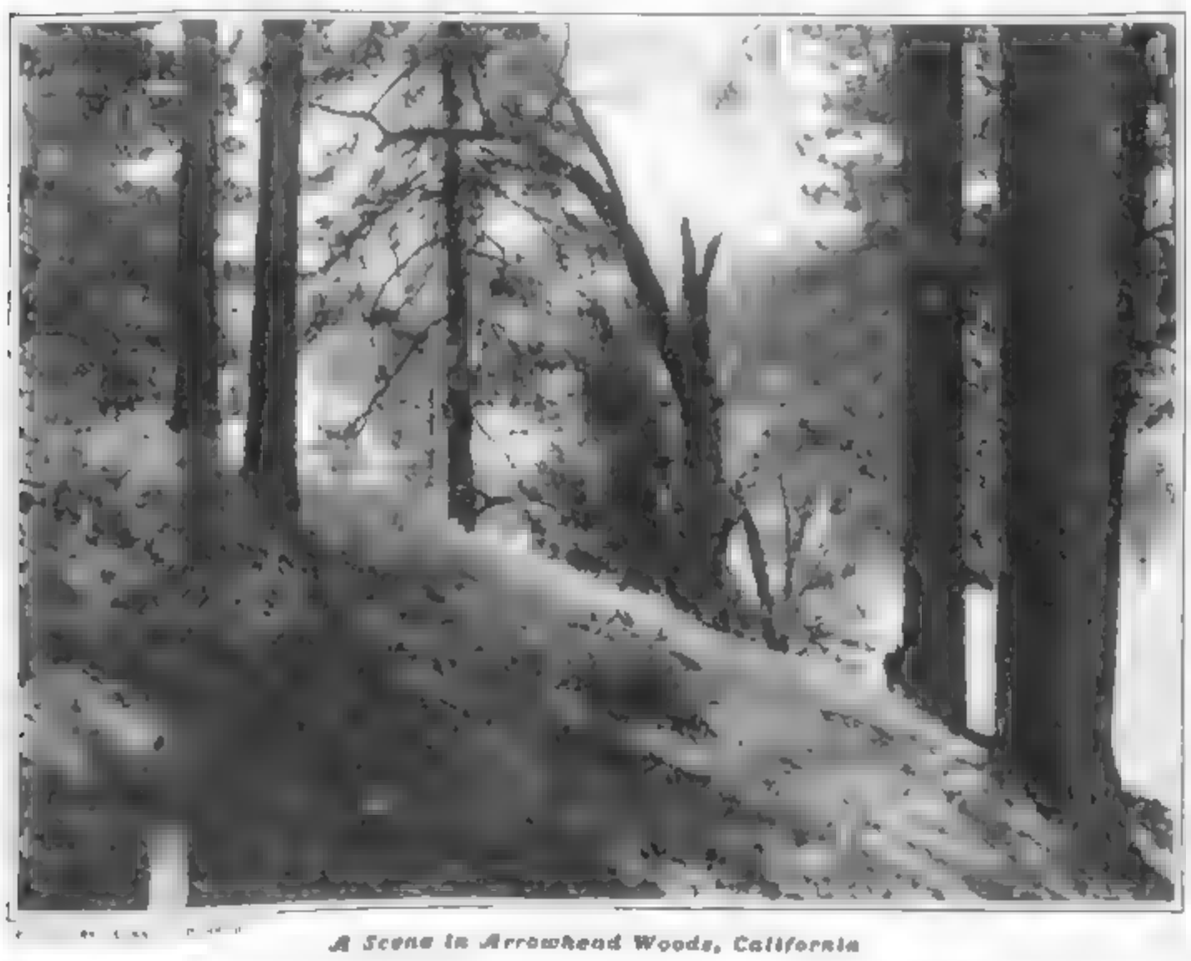
"Oh, dear Anxious, it is. To me the signs in your case are absolutely clear. The young gentleman does not love you. He has had every opportunity to prove that he does, and he has failed. If you are wise, if you wish to act now as becomes a lady, you will put this young man out of your mind as unworthy of your love and unfit to be the father of your children. You had best look around for one more appreciative, as to proceed further in that other direction would be degrading and ——"

That was not his. He muttered impatient imprecations on himself for bothering. Here it was! The telegram and the answer!

"*Dear Broken-Hearted* Your wire but confirms my worst suspicions, which I had withheld from uttering until I got further evidence. It is plain now that this girl is not worthy of your love. No girl who is so bold as to write letters of entreaty to young men importuning them to come back is fit to be the bearer of his name and the mother of his children. Oh, dear Broken-Hearted, it shows her to be fast and an improper recipient of your affection. If you are wise

Here's a Story of Extra Money That'll Interest You
THROUGHOUT the country there are literally thousands of men and women who date their luck from the day they saw and mailed the coupon from some one of the advertisements reproduced here. These people are now authorized subscription representatives for The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. By following the few simple suggestions we gave them, they are able to make many an extra dollar, many times at most unexpected moments.
Easily Earned in Spare Time
While some of these folks have found our plan so profitable that they are now giving their full time, the majority devote only an odd hour now and then, hours which pay them up to $1.50 or more.
There, now, isn't that an interesting story? Wouldn't you like to enjoy some extra money too? The opportunity's yours, if you will but mail the coupon. There's no obligation.
Extra Cash
Bringing in All the Money You Need?
COMMISSIONS $39.50
BONUS $22.00
A Sure Way to Profit in 1925
CASH?
Why Wait Until You MUST Have More Money?
When Edgar Wanted Cash
Want $50.00 Extra This Month?
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
438 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Please tell me all about your cash offer.
Name
Street
City
State





A Scene in Arrowhead Woods, California

Oh boy! I can hardly wait till that Baseball Library gets here. An' it didn't cost me a cent!
BOYS!
WANT to change places with this lad? You can do it! By devoting a few spare hours each week to delivering The Saturday Evening Post to folks in your neighborhood (in U. S.) you can get
Money and Prizes without cost!
It's easy, for we'll help you. To get started, write
The Curtis Publishing Company, Sales Division, 479 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.
The Book of Prizes

CLASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE
METAL ARTS CO., Inc., 7725 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

CLUB PINS—MEDALS—CUPS and TROPHIES
Special New Catalog
KILGORE COLUMBUS, O.

See MT. VERNON via Electric Route
Chair Car Service DeLuxe (10 A. M. to 2 P. M.)
LIMITED TRAINS
The only route of unlimited time
Regular Service Every Half Hour 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Mid-City Terminal: 12th St. & Penna. Ave. N. W.
Heart of the Hotel District. Write for folder.
WASHINGTON-VIRGINIA RAILWAY CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

KINKADE GARDEN TRACTOR
and Power Lawnmower
A Practical, Proven Power Cultivator for Gardeners, Suburbanites, Truckers, Florists, Nurserymen, Fruit Growers.
American Farm Machine Co.
2346 Uni. Av. S. E., Minneapolis, Minn.
Catalog Free

SELL GREETING CARDS
UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to earn $300.00 to $500.00 monthly selling BUSINESS GREETING CARDS. Side line or full time. Weekly payment. Samples Free. Selling experience unnecessary. Get details. Dept. A
JOHN A. HERTEL CO., 318 W. Washington St., Chicago

ERICKSON LEGS
Warranted not to Chafe
Beginners { Get our Test Leg Booklet Free
E. H. ERICKSON CO.
36 Washington Avenue N.
Minneapolis, Minn.
The Beginning—1892

Become an Expert Accountant!
LaSalle Extension University, Dept 371-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

7 TUBE LOUD SPEAKING
ONLY $29.50
FULLY GUARANTEED
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
Agents—Dealers
MIDWEST RADIO CORP'N
Pioneer Builders of Sets
Cincinnati, Ohio

Button off? Snap this one on!
No sewing. Three sizes, 3 colors. A Pilcher Button for every use—on Trousers, Vests, Underwear, Shirts, Coats, Overalls, Rain Coats, Play Clothes, Aprons, Hunting Suits, etc. Many other uses. If your dealer can't supply, send his name and 10c for box of 6 or 25c for full assortment. J. V. Pilcher Mfg. Co., Louisville, Kentucky.
Pilcher's Bachelor BUTTONS

you will put her out of your mind and cast about for one more appreciative ——"

He lowered the paper. The people who passed were strange, unreal. The sky seemed darker. His eyes rested for a long time on a bird hopping about in the gutter. Then he turned toward home.

■

FOR an hour preceding the ringing of the Bates supper bell pedestrians on South Pryor Street had the privilege of seeing on the Bates porch a young man who, stiff and immovable, sat in a chair like a strangely propped up corpse, his unclosed eyes, glassy and sightless, staring straight at the sky.

The elder Bates, a policeman with his shoes off, read random extracts from his favorite paper, the Bulletin. One and all they passed his son by, leaving not a trace on his features, until, presently, the reader, having extracted the juice from a dozen inside features and personal notes and comic strips and jokes, reached the front page, where something there stirred him into Homeric laughter.

"Well!" he roared. "Old Bob Messenger, and he's sixty if he's a day, 's gone and married a burlesque chorus girl and got sued for breach of promise all in one day. That old fool!"

Eddie shifted impatiently while his father mumbled over details and chuckled.

"Listen to this, will you!" he choked. "Listen: 'When seen by ree-porters, Mrs. Andrews, who as Iris Montag' writes advice to the lovelorn in another afternoon paper, was still obviously in a rage. She said Mr. Messenger, who was married early today, had been paying court to her for three years and had asked her to marry him, to which she had given her consent. She said she filed the papers asking one hundred thousand dollars' damages as soon as she heard ——'"

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the corpse came back to life. Behind narrowed eyes his mind attempted awkwardly to function. Iris Montague! Suing for breach of promise! Soured, sore, a bum loser! Loser! She had been unable—she, who had been directing him, on whom he had depended, still depended, believed in -she had been unable—to handle her own—unable to hold her own—she who had been telling him what to do—unable

He rose stiffly from the chair, while his father continued to chuckle over further intricacies of ol' Bob Messenger's plight, and walked calmly into the house, to the phone.

"Oak 7838."

At the other end of the wire a girl who had been staring for an hour out of the window, a crumpled copy of the Ledger in her lap, went listlessly to answer the ring. At the first word, at the sound of the voice, her whole body grew tense.

"'Lo."

"'Lo!"

"Busy t'night?"

"No; oh, no!"

"Come round?"

"Yes, yes, Eddie, yes!"

A pause. Then: "Come round now?"

"Oh, Eddie, do! It's all right! Yes, do!"

As he hung up the receiver Eddie Bates felt in his pocket, touched a clipping. It was from the Bulletin. "If you love her and want to marry her, say so. . . . Go prepared to win." A hand made strong by long handling of heavy fish pressed it tightly.

He walked the first block, then his steps quickened. When he reached the frame house in Auburn Avenue, where a girl stood on the porch, he was running. The girl laughed happily as he sprang up the steps.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

March 28, 1925

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
To Please the Ladies—*Freeman Tilden*	8
The Accident—*Ben Ames Williams*	12
The Opalescent Bore—*Aaron Davis*	17
The Gray Spell—*Grace Sartwell Mason*	18
Tessie and the Little Sap—*Sewell Ford*	20
Lovelorn—*Nunnally Johnson*	24
Hicks, D. D. S.—*Chester T. Crowell*	41
Vote it Straight—*Margaret Culkin Banning*	48

ARTICLES

France Mends Her Stocking With Magic Thread—*Garet Garrett*	3
Speed Cop—*Forrest Crissey*	10
Unfinished Business—*Kenneth L. Roberts*	14
International Courtship—*Maude Parker Child*	16
From an Old House—Spring—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	22
Leaves From a War Diary—*Major General James G. Harbord*	26
The Majority Man—*Richard Washburn Child*	29
The Faking of Old Furniture—*Elizabeth Shackleton*	44
The Modern Magic Carpet—*Marian Spitzer*	47

SERIALS

Dead Birds (In four parts)—*Henry C. Rowland*	6
Power (Conclusion)—*Arthur Stringer*	32
Tillicum (Third part)—*Stewart Edward White*	36

MISCELLANY

Editorials	28
Short Turns and Encores	30
Who's Who—and Why	185
Through My Window—*Thomas McMorrow*	186

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Lockheed Equipped Cars Await You

Every man who drives a motor car now realizes the infinite superiorities of four-wheel brakes.

He likewise knows that their adoption by practically every motor car manufacturer is now, seemingly, a matter of months.

The one identity, the one outstanding success among four-wheel brakes, is Lockheed Hydraulic—already adopted by 40 manufacturers.

Never before in the industry has such a success in equipment business been registered in a single year.

But such success was to be expected.

A year ago engineers, manufacturers and the great buying public were generally demanding a revolution in braking design.

Engineers especially were convinced of the inadequacy of two-wheel mechanisms.

Manufacturers were loath to multiply inadequacies by adopting merely four-wheel brakes.

The Lockheed application of the principle of hydraulics came as the answer to every braking demand.

Today Lockheeds are giving to motorists everywhere the maximum of braking efficiency in a superb power of deceleration equal to the power of acceleration built into modern motors.

So many motor cars—over 50 of them—are now equipped with four-wheel brakes that you will expect front wheel brakes on your next car.

So many manufacturers—40 of them—have selected Lockheed Hydraulics that you will find awaiting you a wide choice among medium and high-priced cars.

Follow this trend of the industry; learn the protection and satisfaction of better brakes; make it a point to study Lockheed Hydraulics; remember that they never need lubrication, that they never need adjustment for equalization. Realize their utter freedom from rods, toggles, and linkages. Note their simplicity and contrast it in your own way with complexity.

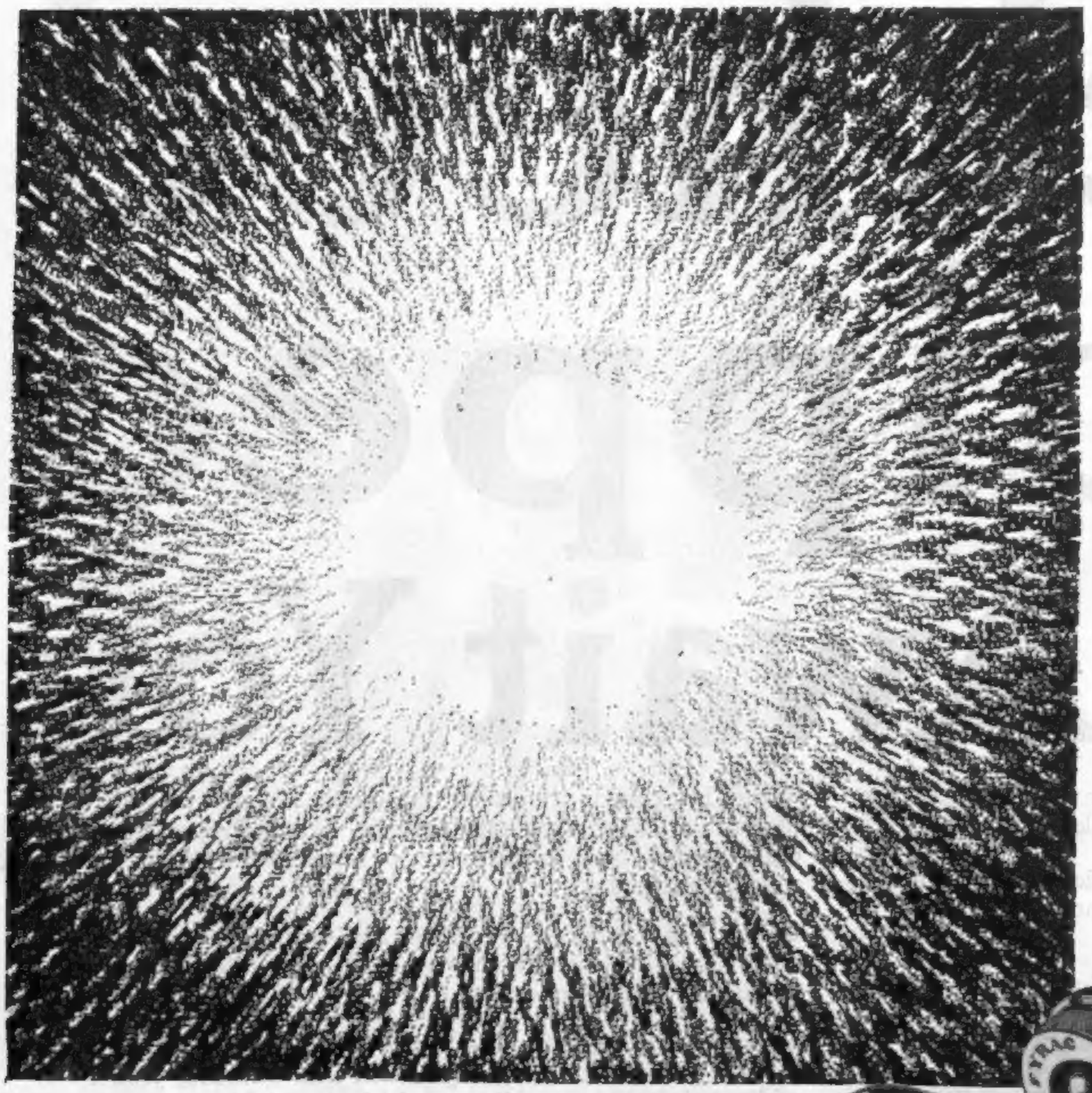
Make it your object to choose your next car from among those which are Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brake equipped, and remember that the only hydraulic brake available is the Lockheed.

Hydraulic Brake Company, Detroit, Mich.

The Answer

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC Four Wheel Brakes

"D——those bright lights"



SUPPOSE a child were playfully to put his hands over your eyes while you were driving your car. You'd scold. "Don't do that", you would say, "unless you want to wreck the car".

No use talking, you cannot drive safely without the use of your eyes. . . . Did you ever stop to think that this is the very reason you "cuss" the bright headlights you meet at night? They rob you of your most needed attribute to safe driving—your eyesight. They blind you temporarily—put you in constant peril.

There is now a way to drive safely when meeting even the brightest headlights. It is through use of the Fyrac Night Guide. A million motorists can tell you its value. Point its beam on the right hand road-edge; then, when glaring headlights approach, you can SEE where you are going. You can keep on the road and out of the ditch. You can avoid pedestrians, cyclists, wagons, construction material or other obstacles.

If every car were equipped with the Fyrac Night Guide, America would be spared many of her 22,000 yearly highway fatalities and her 678,000 yearly motoring injuries. Make *your* car safe for night driving. Install a Fyrac Night Guide now. The cost is insignificant considering the safety it lends. $12.75 installed—*less than a penny a day for safety!*

Fits through your windshield glass

Complies with all state laws

YOU must not confuse the Fyrac Night Guide with old-fashioned out-at-the-side spotlights. It is entirely different. It does not suspend from the windshield frame, but fits through your windshield glass. It is controlled from *inside* the car. Hence it is never shut from use by curtains or closed windows; its beautiful Gun Grip is always at your finger ends. Fyrac's 1500-foot beam may be aimed instantly in any direction, and roughest roads won't jar it from position. Installed by dealers while you wait. Removable in a jiffy for use as a trouble light, and as easily replaced. Get your Fyrac today. Write for circular of 31 uses, free.

The Fyrac Night Guide is also used on motor boats and locomotives

Patented May 15, 1923 and July 15, 1924; others pending

Fyrac Manufacturing Co., Rockford, Ill.

Makers also of Fyrac Spark Plugs

FYRAC *Night* GUIDE

the Legal Spotlight

It doesn't *just happen*—

that eyes are bright, and cheeks rosy, and that little growing bodies are straight and plump and healthy.

Behind this sturdy health is wholesome nourishment—pure, clean, rich milk, building muscle and blood and bone—making bright eyes and happy smiles.

Pet Milk is pure, clean, fresh cows' milk, concentrated—nothing added. It is sterilized—made more readily digestible than ordinary milk—and brought to the nursery free from any germ that can disturb digestion or impair health.

for babies

Diluted to suit the age, Pet Milk is always safe, wholesome food.

for children

Diluted with equal part of water, flavored with fruit juice, sweetened to taste, it is milk they like to drink.

Your grocer has Pet Milk. It costs no more than ordinary milk.

Send for free booklets and formulas.

PET MILK COMPANY
(Originators of Evaporated Milk)
836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

© W. C. Co. '25

No breakfast complete without toast

Hot, fresh, crisp toast for any meal made best from baker's bread. Gold Medal Flour is used by the best bakers everywhere.